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Village Dialogues,

BY

REV. ROWLAND HILL, A.M.

Seventh Edition,

WITH

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUES AND ENLARGEMENTS.

With Twenty-six Tignettes.

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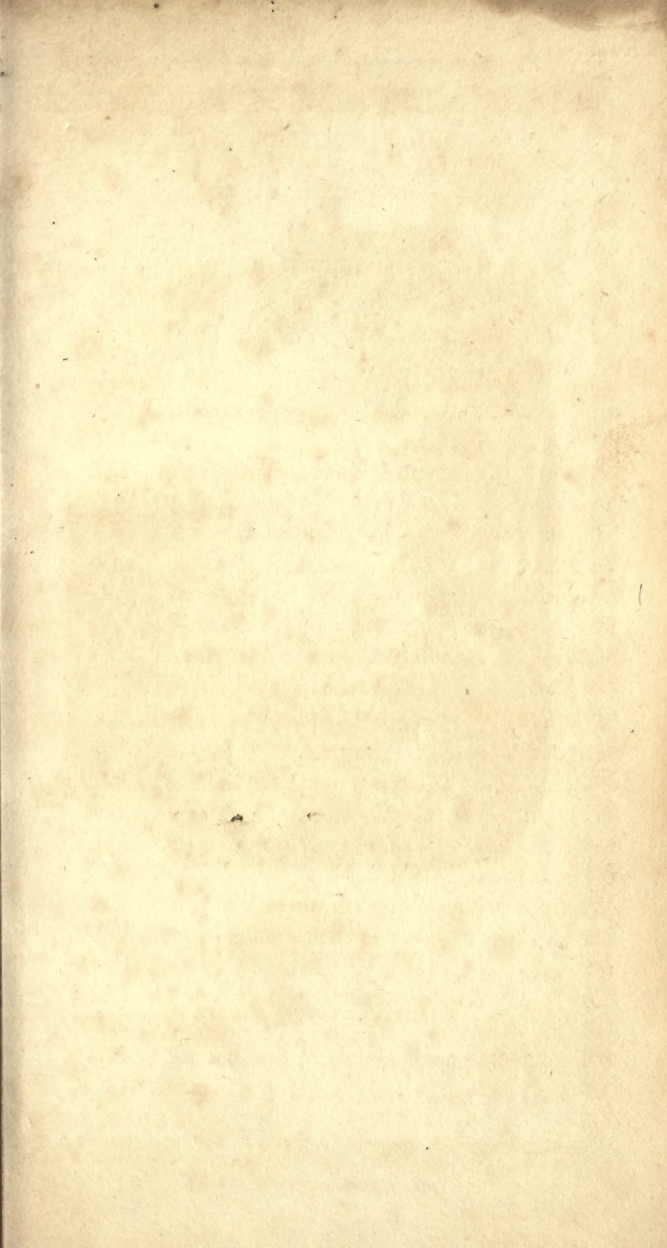
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BROOKFIELD HALL,

THE SEAT OF SAMUEL WORTHY, ESQ.

VILLAGE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE XXII.

MR. WORTHY, MR. LOVELY, AND OTHERS.

THE CONTRAST; OR, CONJUGAL HAPPINESS, FOUNDED
ON CHASTITY, FIDELITY, AND AFFECTION.

EDWARD goes to Brookfield-hall on the following morning, after the arrival of his new guests, while the family were at breakfast, and begs to speak to Mr. Worthy. Edward is introduced.

Edw. Sir, your honor said that I must call on you if the gentleman and lady, who came to our house yesterday evening, wanted any thing. They want nothing but the liberty to walk in your honor's park; and they are so pleased with the situation, and so well contented with our plain way of accommodating them, that they mean to stop over Sunday; for I made bold to tell them, what a *wonderful fine man* we have for the Minister of our Parish, and that it was he who made the verses your honor had put over the door; but I should be ashamed to put them into our pew.

Wor. Well Edward, there will be no difficulty on that score, for though we are pretty well crowded with Mr. Considerate's family and our own, yet my daughters can sit with Mrs. Lovegood, and then we shall have room for them.

Mrs. Wor. But do you want any thing for their accommodation?

Edw. Nothing madam, but Mrs. Trusty's receipt, with your leave, to make some jellies : the lady is in a very poor state of health, and he is so tender of her ! They seem to be a most loving pair.---Poor Mrs. Chipman ! the sight of it quite cuts her to the heart ; she is always saying she might have been as happy as they are, if it had not been for her own folly, and the evil consequences of sin.

Mrs. Wor. Trusty shall send some jellies to your house directly.

Wor. Perhaps a little fruit also may be acceptable?

Edw. Why, the Lady was asking if we had any, and we gathered some cherries and strawberries for them ; but it is not in our way to raise such dainties as your honor has at the Hall.

Wor. I shall tell the gardener to send them a basket of fruit, and I shall call on you to-morrow, and invite them to tea.

Edw. Thank your honor. The dear gentleman, (and I am sure by his kind and good behavior, he must be some downright gentleman ;) he thinks about nothing but his wife : she is very sickly, and he is sadly afraid he will lose her.

Wor. I hope it is not another Sir Charles and Lady Dash's story.

Edw. O Sir ! their behavior is so different, it cannot be :—I am sure it cannot be.

Wor. Have you learnt the gentleman's name?

Edw. Why Sir, when their servant sat down to supper with us, I made bold to ask him.—His name is Lovely. He came from a place called Fairfield, near Grediton. It is amazing what a character the man gives his master and mistress, and what an affecting story he tells about them : I think there have been nothing but affecting stories at our house of late ; *as* how he married against the consent of his rich uncle ; and that he is very angry with him : but I can scarcely tell your honor *the rights of it*.

[On the next day Mr. Worthy accomplished his hospitable design: the first introductory tea-table conversation being not of sufficient importance to be narrated, shall be omitted. After tea, as the weather proved lowering, Mrs. Lovely continued the guest of Mrs. Worthy, while Mr. Worthy and Mr. Lovely took a short walk about the gardens: and when seated in the green-house, the following conversation took place.]

Wor. I am afraid Sir, you meet with very plain accommodations at the Golden Lion, though I am satisfied the worthy landlord and his wife, will according to the best of their ability, make you as comfortable as they can in their homely way.

Lov. O Sir! nothing can delight us more than our present accommodations. As we passed by we stopt to read the poetry; and it struck us so exceedingly, that we thought we would gratify our curiosity by going into the house. We called for tea, and were so astonishingly pleased with the neat and decent appearance of matters, that we at once determined to stop short of Mapleton, where we intended to have slept. Besides, we were so struck with the enchanting scenery from the lovely situation of the village, the neighbourhood being so beautifully dressed by the taste you have displayed about your own house and pleasure-grounds, that we next determined to continue, at least, a few days in our present quarters.

Wor. Have you a long journey then before you, Sir?

Lov. Oh no Sir! I am only taking easy journies from place to place, by the advice of our physician, to see if any thing can be done for the recovery of the health and spirits of that invaluable creature, who has been my wife for about these six months. We are under peculiar embarrassments, [he hesitates and wipes his eyes, then adds,] my relations, some of whom are very affluent, are exceedingly displeased at the marriage, and I am afraid lest I should lose the best of wives by the affliction

Wor. I know Sir, how indelicate it is to ask you questions of this sort, as it seems almost bordering upon impertinence; but may I suppose your only crime has been, that you were captivated by a very amiable young woman, whose birth and education were inferior to your own.

Lov. O Sir! no apology is needed; and our minds have suffered so severely by this event, that it will be a great indulgence to me, especially as I have taken the liberty to enquire so much into your character since I have been here, if you will allow me to be more particular.

Wor. We cannot well leave our present retreat, as it begins to rain; and whatever you communicate shall be in confidence.

Lov. Oh no Sir! no confidence is necessary. The part my dearest wife and I have acted, may be published in every newspaper throughout the kingdom, and it will never put us to the blush.

Wor. Sir, after such a declaration of your honorable conduct, I cannot be less anxious to hear your story, than you are to relate it.

Lov. Sir, before you can fully understand matters, I must first give you a short history of our family connexions. My father has a small hereditary estate, which clears him between five and six hundred a year, and that he might increase his fortune, he engaged with others in a large brewery. He married a Miss Greedy, whose family is very rich, but as it is the scheme of that family, like many others, to hoard up all for the eldest son, her fortune was nothing greater than my father had a right to expect, it being only three thousand pounds. By that marriage my father had five children; my younger brother died almost an infant. So that our family at present consists of myself and three sisters; two of these are creditably married, and for this they have to thank my father, who being a person of strict integrity, never saw it just to make such

a vast difference between his children: and having thus, by care and attention, portioned off my sisters with very decent fortunes, he tells me I have little to expect from him but the family estate.

Wor. Well Sir, I congratulate you in having a father of such integrity and worth. I am surprised that he should have been so displeased at your marriage.

Lov. He displeased at the marriage;—no dear Sir, it met with his highest approbation; and he has not a daughter of his own that he can love better than my dearest wife; she was a creditable tradesman's daughter, or rather in the mercantile line; well educated, and brought into the family with her eight hundred pounds on the day of her marriage. But O Sir! if you did but know half her excellencies, you would say she was the greatest fortune imaginable in herself, inestimable beyond the value of money. It has been the displeasure of my rich uncle, my mother's brother, which has been the cause of our perplexity.

Wor. What was that to him, if your marriage was conducted with so much purity, chastity, and propriety, and with the consent of your parents?

Lov. Sir, it was greediness and family pride. I have tainted the blood of the family, by marrying a tradesman's daughter, when I might have enriched it by marrying the daughter of an Earl; and my mother unhappily joined with him in all his objections.

Wor. But you are not of his family after all; and how could you, with your comparatively small fortune, and when even that was not to be yours till after your father's death, support the daughter of an Earl, in the extravagant style in which they generally expect to live!

Lov. O Sir! but he meant to make me his heir.

Wor. What then, had your uncle no children of his own?

Lov. Sir, he never was married for the sake of an offspring, but that he might enlarge his property. He therefore availed himself of the folly of a rich widow,

who was fifteen years older than himself ; and when he had possessed himself of her fortune, he treated her most cruelly. However, he had plenty of children, as is supposed, by other women ; for he is a most debauched character, and at the same time a most extortionate miser, though he was still fond of making a family show ; and till lately he meant to make a son he had, by a married woman in that neighbourhood, his heir ; as she was, and as they call it, better bred than most of the low women with whom he had been connected ; and the children he had by these, being ashamed to own them, he would have packed off to nurse, at the cheapest rate possible ; and nothing rejoices him so much, as when he hears of the death of any of them.

Wor. How came he to alter his mind, and not make the son you mention his heir ?

Lov. Sir, he educated him for that purpose, but in so mean a way, and introduced him among such a terrible set of low associates, that he turned out quite a blackguard : and being educated under such large expectations, he became also very extravagant : and as his father was too covetous to give him remittances equal to his extravagance, he got himself connected with a set of swindlers ; and that he might be able to pay some gaming-debts, he committed such crimes, that he was obliged to leave the country, or be sent to gaol ; my uncle therefore gave him fifty pounds, and sent him to America, and it is reported, that he died there of the yellow fever.

Wor. What horrid evils are connected with such a life of debauchery, that a man should be such a detestable brute* thereby, as to be ashamed of his own offspring, even so as to wish them dead ! How different the happy state of those children, whose existence is their parents' boast and joy ; how I hate the low libidinous tricks of the present evil, adulterous generations !

* In this respect, man, by his debauchery, is even BENEATH
A BRUTE.

Lov. Sir, I am sure it is impossible to detest them worse than they deserve. However my uncle, after the death of this, his profligate bastard, as I was his heir-at-law, began to think of adopting me as such.—My father could never bear the name of him; yet when he was frequently sending for me, he advised me by no means to insult him by personal incivilities, as his property, according to legitimate right, would next be mine. As my uncle ordered me I therefore went to his house; when the more I knew of him, the more I was disgusted at him.

Wor. Were you obliged to live pretty constantly with him then?

Lov. Not entirely so: for I was always striving to make an excuse of absence; and the argument, which best succeeded with him, was about the brewery; that as my father farmed a good deal of his own estate, he would be a considerable loser in the brewery, unless I kept the accounts; for my uncle never had but two objects in view,—by every means, however base some of those means might be; to enrich the family, and to gratify his impure desires.

Wor. Well Sir, this proved a just and providential excuse, to be as little as possible with such a family.

Lov. But Sir, it was by this favorable turn towards me, that a chain of events was produced, which have proved the most perplexing and distressful to myself and my dearest Ann.

Wor. Really Sir, your history becomes so interesting, that I am quite anxious to hear the result of it.

Lov. Sir, before my uncle's determination had been made known to me, of adopting me as the heir to his estates, a design of marriage had, in a great measure been settled between myself and my dearest wife; and not less to the satisfaction of our parents, than myself. All that he ever said, was, "please yourself, and you will please me; money is no object; happiness in the marriage state consists in something better than money." But when my uncle was determined to make me his heir, I was immediately to be

married to some woman with money, or blood, as it is called. One of Lord Gambleton's daughters was therefore immediately thought of, and though his Lordship had considerably reduced his fortune by his extravagance, yet as for want of a male issue they were co-heiresses, it was judged an excellent match on my behalf; but a more worthless *right abominable* never existed among the right honorables: and thus between his Lordship's blood, and my uncle's money, at all events I must be united to this noble family.

Wor. O this noble blood, and this love of money! what mischief they create! But how did you get over the difficulty?

Lov. Why Sir, I knew that it would not be in my power to deal with my uncle, but by gentle means. When he proposed the match, I told him the connexion I had in a measure formed with Miss Commerce, before he had mentioned his kind design of making me his heir. He started and said, "who the devil is Miss Commerce?" When I told him she was a respectable tradesman's daughter, he immediately began swearing, after the mode of his general conversation: "that he would never allow any of his family to be united to such a set of d——d blackguards;" calling me a low fellow, and saying, if I would not see Lord Gambleton's daughter, he would adopt another heir, and that he would have nothing more to do with me: and that he expected I should first see how I liked the eldest, as that might prove the greatest advantage to myself and the family.

Wor. Really Sir, you had a difficulty before you, not easily to be surmounted.

Lov. Sir, I told him I could have no objection against seeing any of Lord Gambleton's daughters, but that I hoped he would put no restraint upon my affections, as that might prove a source of misery to me through life; and so matters were waved for the present, till I had time to consult my parents.

Wor. Well Sir, and I should hope your parents

did not advise you to sacrificed our affections, for the sake of money or blood.

Lov. O Sir! my father behaved like a father, but it grieves me to say, my mother was just the reverse. She was at once struck with the proposal; observed, what a fine thing it would be to have her son, the acknowledged heir of the family to which she originally belonged, and to be united to such noble blood; and that my present engagement with Miss Commerce, was not so far gone, but that I might break it off.—O Sir! what a hard task was this to myself, and the dear creature to whom I am now so happily united!

Wor. It must have been a hard task indeed.—But how did you succeed in evading the difficulties of this perplexing dilemma?

Lov. You must suppose Sir, I was under the necessity of meeting with Lord Gambleton's family, who came on purpose to visit my uncle; and Lady Georgiana, being the eldest, was the first I was ordered to notice, and who was introduced to me accordingly; and of course, I was obliged to be very complaisant to her in return; while, as I suppose, she was directed to be more than complaisant to me. I cannot express myself how much I was disgusted, even at first sight, at the silly airs, the fulsome forwardness, of this *paltry mess* of noble blood, when brought into competition with the excellent understanding, undisguised modesty, and unaffected simplicity, of my dearest Ann.

Wor. Sir, I confess you would have made a sacrifice much to your discredit, had you, contrary to every just and generous feeling, given up for such motives, an object so worthy of your affections.

Lov. Sir, if I had not taken the liberty to enquire into your character, I should not have been so happy in your approbation of my conduct; I am satisfied it will therefore still meet with your approbation, when you hear the result of these events.

Wor. Dear Sir, I have now no doubt of it.

Lov. After this wretched *bit of forwardness*, ignorance, and self-conceit, was proposed to me, to supplant my dearest Ann, for the sake of money and blood, my uncle presently perceived how much I was disgusted at her, and told me, (I shall not repeat the disgusting oaths he made use of on this occasion,) what a brewery blackguard I was, not to behave more civilly to one of Lady Georgiana's rank; that if I married her, I might, if I pleased, keep the other girl as my mistress; and he was sure a sum of money, which he was ready to advance, would accomplish his wishes and mine; or that he had been dreadfully mistaken in the disposition of women, as far as ever he had to do with them.

Wor. Then your uncle supposed that all other people were as unprincipled as himself; and that every female character was of the same description, as those low objects of his brutal desires with whom he had been connected: though I confess it scarcely seems possible that you could have a stronger inducement presented before you, to behave dishonorably to the good lady, to whom it seems you were so solemnly betrothed.

Lov. Indeed Sir, it seemed next to nothing to me, after a second interview with Lady Georgiana, and Lord Gambleton's other two daughters: for my uncle insisted upon it, that I should go with him to return the visit; and O, the horrid conversation I there heard! the worst that could be, from a proud unprincipled Peer, and a worthless extortionate miser.

Wor. I am afraid Sir, I shall ask too much if I request you to proceed.

Lov. O no Sir! *the Right Honourable* had nothing to say, but that from his free living, according to the rank of life he was obliged to fill, and through some gaming debts, he had diminished his fortune; and that he could get no more from his tenants, as that he had racked up their rents to the utmost penny he could demand: and therefore, as courtly favor ge-

nerally shone on noble blood, it might prove a convenient match to both families. As for loving one girl better than another, *that* they conceived to be all nonsense : and though it seemed necessary to propose the eldest first, yet if I proved rather squeamish about Lady Georgiana, there was Lady Augusta, and Lady Catharine, though there is scarce a pin to chuse between them ; if any thing, I think the preference might have been given to the eldest, but I am sure bad was the best. Still it was by no means against their noble blood that I was disgusted ; let people be as honorable in character and conduct as they are by birth and title, and some such honorable characters are not wanting among the nobility of our land, and I would always esteem them worthy of double honor ; but when these three empty scraps of vanity, were to be brought into competition with my dearest Ann, I confess they appeared the most odious creatures I ever beheld.

Wor. I am sure Sir, that you, as a man of thought, must have felt very severely on this occasion. You cannot be ignorant of the style of education among young persons of rank : look at the plain, honest, country milk-maid ; next contrast her with the vain baubles turned out, not only from the families of too many of the Right Honourables of the day, but from most of our modern boarding-schools ; these from being first mere babies, afterwards get something above it as they grow up towards childhood ; then they are sent to those destructive places of female education, where they are a second time reduced almost to a state of baby-hood ; and in this fool's paradise, they seem happy to live through all their lives, fifty times more offensive babes, than if they had never left their cradles.

Lov. Yes Sir, and three such as these were then presented before me, on account of money and blood, to be preferred to the excellent and intelligent person I now enjoy.

Wor. I should suppose however, you must have

suffered much, before you could have been extricated from these difficulties.

Lov. Indeed Sir, no person could have been called to a more severe contest than I have sustained, between my affection, my judgment, and my worldly interest; for my uncle's principles were perfectly libertine. He would ever be saying, that "the end of life is for every man to gratify himself, as best suited with his natural appetites and dispositions." He was perpetually reading heaps of French publications on that subject: but here was my difficulty; what he liked best, I was to like best also, or else suffer the vengeance of his high displeasure. He had fully imbibed the sentiments belonging to their system of mock liberty, that men should be left to live as they list, without the least controul.

Wor. What government can subsist, where every one is governed by his own abominable lusts and passions! But your mother thus joining with your uncle's views, must have been another very considerable impediment in your way.

Lov. Indeed it was; for she began immediately to act so cruelly and disgustingly to my wife, that she was soon obliged to discontinue all her visits to our house, though before these *golden* promises were made, it was a settled business that a marriage should take place.

Wor. Well Sir, under such circumstances as you have related, neither your father nor your mother ought to have refused their consent; and I am sure, when they had once solemnly given it, they had no right to retract it; and on account of such motives so improperly retracted, it would be equally unjust in either of you to have renounced the pure and chaste promises of a mutual connexion, which subsisted between you. It were well, if both parents and children, would duly consider the proper limits of their reciprocal duty towards each other; but for want of this, how frequently do children and parents distract their own minds, and destroy the peace of

all connected with them ! But what was the result of these matters ?

Lov. Sir, my uncle for once gained a victory over his covetousness, by straining a point in connexion with Lord Gambleton, to see if they could not bribe her, by the promise of a thousand pounds, provided she would be off from the engagement. The accomplishment of this business was to be put into the hands of my mother, and she the more eagerly entered into it, as her head was filled with a set of splendid dreams, that if they could blend the two families into one, whether it might not be possible to procure another patent of peerage, on behalf of the female line, through which the noble blood was still to flow ; and nothing pleased the pride of my poor mother, like the idea that her only son might by this match wear a coronet ; and upon these chimerical principles of happiness, we were called to sacrifice our affections and solemn engagements with each other.

Wor. The feelings of both your minds, must have been seriously disgusted by such base contrivances ; and at the same time so artfully calculated to tempt both of you to violate the solemn promises which had subsisted between yourselves. But how did Mrs. Lovely receive the proposal ?

Lov. Sir, the immediate answer my wife sent, (for we were not then together,) was just what I should have expected from the independent dignity, chastity, and goodness of her mind : “ That to pawn her affections for the lucre of gain, was so much beneath every feeling she possessed, that she at once rejected it with entire disdain ; and that if they could find a chapman in me, for the sake of such rewards to give her up, after the most sacred promises which had passed between us, she should ever esteem it a most merciful deliverance to escape from one of so mean a mind ; and that it would be nothing with her, whether I married any of Lord Gambleton’s daughters, or any one else I might chuse to prefer, though

she herself had not the most distant idea, that I could act a part so unfeeling, so ungenerous, and so vile." Dear Sir, who could not but admire a mind replete with such dignity of thought, and with such a generosity of heart?

Wor. But I hope Sir, that this spirited letter so far settled matters, as that you got rid of these importunities, that you might marry according to your wish?

Lov. No Sir, my uncle still kept up his expectations, that either by craft or cruelty, they might prevent our union; and in order to accomplish this, the next plan was to send me into the south-west of Ireland, where he had an estate, that I might see after his tenants, and collect some arrears of rent, with a merciless, crafty, hard-hearted, wretch of a lawyer, at my elbow, to watch all my motions; and with secret instructions to try to debauch my morals and conduct as fast as he could: but in this, I thank God, he could not succeed; and there I was ordered to continue till my uncle followed me, which as he said, would be in a few weeks.

By this plausible pretext, in first making me the steward of what, according to his promise, I was afterwards to possess, I conceived it my duty to follow his directions. But this was all done, to try if possible, to break the heart of my dearest Ann. Being however, suspicious of their designs, I made it a point to call on her before I went; and after I had told her the difficulties I had to encounter with, I pledged myself, in the most solemn manner, before her and her parents, that whatever might be the consequence, we would unite for life.

Wor. Sir, I love you to my heart for your fidelity.

Lov. But O Sir! I shall never forget what we all felt on this occasion; though what I did was under a positive and deliberate determination, that I had rather a thousand times support myself, as the servant of my father's brewery, or even by daily labor, with such a wife, than be united to the best of the three

noble paltry puppets, that had been exhibited before me.

Wor. Were you obliged to be long absent on this errand?

Lov. Sir, my uncle kept me above three months in suspense; still making some frivolous excuse to delay his coming. And O! what tricks and projects to accomplish their designs of preventing our union. First, the letter-carrier, unknown to the post-master, was bribed to bring all letters which passed between my dear Ann and myself, to my uncle or my mother, and these were opened and secreted from each of us.

One letter she was allowed to receive, written as by my direction, though not in my hand, stating that I had employed one of my comrades in wickedness, to correspond with one Mary Coleman, a common strumpet, engaging to give her twenty pounds a year for the maintenance of a bastard, they feigned I had by her, as I was under the necessity to marry Lady Georgiana Gambleton, from family circumstances; but still that my occasional visits should not be wanting; and this letter was supposed to have been mis-sent and intercepted, and then conveyed into the hands of that good little woman, that it might be the cause of breaking off the match, or of breaking her heart; and indeed it had nearly accomplished the design. Nobody can tell the distracted state of mind she was immediately thrown into, and in which she continued, till the fraud was detected; and the contrary surprise of joy, when the plot was discovered, was not less trying to her tender feelings, than the deep grief she had before sustained.

Wor. What an infernal plan was this, to ruin the peace of both your minds! But could Mrs. Lovely for a moment believe all this?

Lov. Sir, she knew not what to believe, the plot was so plausibly laid. Her nights were sleepless, and her mind was almost distracted. First, she could not account for my apparent neglect, as our letters

were intercepted : and then my mother, being deep in the stratagem, was directed to tell my dear Ann, that she had from my authority to inform her, that our connexion could not take place, as circumstances were so altered since I first became acquainted with her ; and that still a large recompense for her disappointment would be at her disposal, when she chose to accept it. And these accumulated circumstances, at once threw her on a bed of sickness, from which it was expected she would never recover.

Wor. Indeed, if she believed half the stratagem, replete with such dissimulation and craft, no wonder that she should be completely overset by the apparent cruelty of your conduct. But how could they suppose, that a plan of this sort should not very speedily have been discovered.

Lov. Sir, it seems they had other steps to pursue, that their tricks and projects might not be disclosed. During my residence in Ireland, a reverend gentleman was to be sent after me, known by the name of Dr. Cringer, who was to take me out of the way for several months, by conducting me the tour of Europe, and to make me the accomplished gentleman, by teaching me some of the modern European languages. This gentleman was one of Lord Gambleton's chaplains, and possessed a living in his gift ; and since then, I have discovered him to be the most contemptible sycophant, and the meanest *toadeater* to his lordship, that ever existed. However, this plot discovered itself before it was fully accomplished.

Wor. I should be happy to hear how this took place.

Lov. Sir, while my dearest Ann was lying, as it was supposed, on her death-bed, her father wrote to my father, to know what could be the cause of all these strange circumstances : and why he should suffer the loss of such an invaluable daughter, by a conduct so treacherous and unjust in me ? Immediately both our parents met on the occasion ; it would require

some hours to tell you the pains they took to investigate the stratagem; but yet how speedily they transmitted to me the discoveries they had made!

Wor. You must have been considerably struck at this discovery.

Lov. Struck Sir! nobody can tell what I felt under the idea, that the affectionate and generous heart of that excellent creature, was ready to break through my supposed treachery, while I loved her inexpressibly, and was so fully determined to be faithful to my vows.

Wor. But I should hope Sir, your perplexities soon terminated with the discovery of these different plots.

Lov. Sir, I made not a moment's hesitation to travel directly from Ireland to Mr. Commerce's; and, though I took all possible care that matters might be so broken to my dear Ann, as that she might not be too much overcome by the news of my arrival, and by the consideration of the events, which made me take the journey; yet O Sir what a meeting it was! Her tender and affectionate frame was so overpowered, especially during the first interview, as that no words can sufficiently express what she, and indeed, all of us felt: we wept, and sobbed, and thus sympathized with each other for some time, before a single word could be spoken on either side. At length our affectionate parents retired from the room, and when they returned, they informed us, that they had both entered into a firm resolution, that in order to put an end to all those detestable tricks and cabals, we should never again separate from each other, till our marriage had actually taken place, for that they cared nothing for all events and consequences about large estates, and noble blood, as they were determined to make us both happy, by an immediate union.—All this was kept an entire secret from my mother and uncle; and as soon as my dear Ann was sufficiently recovered to be conveyed to Church, we were married accordingly; and O Sir!

the tears of sympathy, of mutual affection and joy, on that occasion, will never be forgotten !

Wor. But I suppose, this must have given considerable offence to your uncle.

Lov. Sir, I did all in my power to soften matters, but in vain ; for immediately after marriage, I returned to the post at which my uncle had stationed me in Ireland ; and though I had found that the worthless lawyer he sent with me, had informed him of my elopement, yet as he could only guess at the cause, I had to reveal the event to my uncle by letter. This I did with as much tenderness and respect as circumstances would admit, assuring him, that if I had displeased him by taking this step, yet that, in every other point of view, I wished to appear respectful, obedient, and attentive to his commands ; but that I most humbly requested him, if he still meant me as his heir, that he would dispense with the European tour, at least, for the present ; as duty and affection strongly called me to attend upon the excellent young woman who was now become my wife, and who possessed every possible qualification to render herself a most highly respected character, in every situation of life she might be called to fill.

Wor. You should have added, excepting that of *noble blood*. But how did your uncle receive this letter ?

Lov. Sir, his rage was inexpressible. He wrote me a few lines, filled with oaths, for my folly ; charging me to leave his house in Ireland directly ; and to undertake the office I held at my father's brewery, as that was the most fit for me and the *shop-keeper's girl*, I had presumed to marry against his consent.

Wor. Well Sir, after all, it cannot be said you have lost what you never had, though the sacrifice you have made, of what you had in reversion, was very great ; but still, you have gained the greatest advantage in your character and conscience, and an excellent wife into the bargain.

Lov. O Sir ! I have a full compensation for all my losses and troubles ; though she had not the supposed advantages of the politer style of education of the day, yet having a very strong and retentive mind, by her own diligence and attention, she has provided for herself a fund of knowledge above most of her sex. She is exceedingly well read in history, and even in some branches of philosophy, especially in astronomy. The languages have, by no means, escaped her notice : she is a perfect mistress of the English, and writes an admirable letter ; and all this knowledge she acquired by her own industry, in the midst of the hurry and bustle of the domestic concerns of a large family, to which she always gave the utmost attention ; at one time very diligent as her father's scribe, and at another time not less attentive to fill an active station, even behind the counter, when needed.

Wor. After such real accomplishments as these, you had no great cause to lament the loss of what is called a politer education. Had she been one of those poor, paltry, affected, ignorant, conceited *misses*, turned out of too many of our modern boarding-schools, the loss of such a flimsy bit of nonsense in female shape, might have easily been repaired.

Lov. Yes Sir, but to me it appears as though the world could not produce her equal : she is one, of such an obliging mind and temper, that she never is happy, but as she can make others happy ; while she is blessed with a disposition the most serene, affectionate and kind. If I can but preserve her life, I think I shall be the happiest man upon the earth. [Lovely weeps.]

Wor. Well Sir, as the principal cause of perplexity exists no longer, let us hope that her health will not only soon be restored ; but that the rage of your uncle will, after a while subside, notwithstanding he has been disappointed in his projects. " The hearts of all are in the hands of God."

Lov. Sir, these things are nothing to me : I pos-

sess all I want in my dearest wife, though I heard that my uncle should say to my mother, the other day, that he could not but admire my honesty, notwithstanding I was such a fool, (with his accustomed oath) in not following his directions: and another event took place soon after our marriage, which appeared to us not less remarkable than unexpected.

Wor. What was that Sir?

Lov. One of the former generation of the Greedy's, a great-uncle of mine, still lives: he is an old lawyer, and is now past eighty; though he is covetous and mean, and mercenary to a proverb, yet soon after our marriage, he came to see us; and mentioned how sorry he was that the match was displeasing to my uncle, though he confessed he approved of it highly, as he believed my wife, would be a very *prudent* and *saving* woman; and had I married any of Lord Gambleton's daughters, they might have made me a *spendthrift*, and that he hated nothing worse. Now, as I must be very unhappy at home, on account of my mother's displeasure; and as my wife's spirits and strength were much impaired by what she had already sustained, he said he feared her life was in danger; and therefore had consulted a physician for her, who had prescribed moderate travelling, or a change of scene, without much fatigue, as her disease was more in her mind, than her body; and therefore, he advised me to take her, by slow journies, from place to place, that her health and spirits might be recruited. In order to cover these expences, he begged my acceptance of fifty pounds; promising, at the same time, to leave me all his property, provided he saw that I was a *frugal* young man; engaging also to do all in his power to reconcile my mother to the match.

Wor. Well Sir, though your great uncle's disposition inclines him to be parsimonious and mean, yet in this respect, he behaved to you in a manner that was generous and kind.

Lov. Yes Sir, but the very next day he repented

of it : and wrote to my father, telling him he must have interest for it while he lived, though he still meant to appoint me his heir. He never was known before to do a single action, that looked either generous or kind ; but having had several sharp contests about money matters, with my uncle, who had lately discarded me, they were quite at variance. He seemed therefore, to be willing to take me up in opposition to him. Nor did my uncle's way of living please my great-uncle at any rate ; for though he would do any thing for money, yet at times, when among the great, from family pride, he would be somewhat splendid and expensive in his style of living ; and this always displeased my great-uncle exceedingly.

Wor. Ah Sir, such are the clashings of interest, found among the vices of mankind ! But the displeasure of your mother must, have been the cause of considerable concern to the whole of your family.

Lov. O Sir ! it has entirely destroyed our family happiness ; though it is my father who has felt the most : he neither can find any happiness in my mother as his wife, nor can I find any comfort in her as a parent, while she hates my dearest Ann as much as my father loves her ; and is living in perpetual hopes of her death, that another effort may be made, if possible, to get me in the mind to relish some of this noble blood : so that at present, we are obliged to retire from home for the sake of peace. And all this is the more cutting, as it comes from a mother, who once appeared to love me very tenderly ; but still she is my mother. It is too painful for my recollection !

Wor. I perceive then dear Sir, that you are almost under the necessity of a temporary banishment ; and as travelling from place to place is very expensive, do Sir, let me request the favor of you and Mrs. Lovely to pass some time with us at Brookfield Hall. We are supposed to live in a salutary air ; and you have your own little vehicle to take yourself and Mrs. Lovely to different parts about the country, for the

sake of moderate exercise ; you can travel about as you may like, and still make my house your headquarters. If you please Sir, as the shower seems to be over, we will adjourn to the house, and settle it with Mrs. Lovely. I am sure Mrs. Worthy and my daughters will be very happy in her company ; Mrs. Lovely's want of noble blood will be of no consequence at our house. We are no great admirers of this commodity, as it is in general found in its present degenerate state.

Lov. Dear Sir, what kindness and attention to an entire stranger ! But as to support, both my father and my wife's father, are determined to join in all that is necessary to assist, during our present perplexities ; and though we suppose we must retire, for the sake of peace, into some little country cot, at a distance from my mother, till matters may soften ; yet should it please God to restore her health, a very little will make us comfortable, as we are so happy with each other. But I am sure Sir, Mrs. Lovely will be quite overcome by your most kind and affectionate attention to our situation.

Wor. O Sir ! don't mention any thing about these matters. I don't know what comfort there can be in life, but as we act for the mutual good of each other. True Christianity is sure to produce real politeness, without the assistance of the affectation of the world. Though their sort of politeness is in general, little better than refined hypocrisy : yet we are commanded to " be given to hospitality," and " to be pitiful and courteous." I must therefore, insist upon it, that you allow me, without any further ceremony, to make you and Mrs. Lovely our guests, while you continue in these parts. [To a day laborer.] Here John, go directly to the Golden Lion, and ask for Mr. Lovely's servant, and tell him to bring his master's horses and carriage, and all their packages, immediately to my house.

Lov. Oh dear Sir ! this is quite too much !---I am afraid my poor dear wife will feel herself entirely

thrown out of that humble contemplative state of retirement we wish to enjoy, by her being introduced into your house.

Wor. O Mrs. Lovely will find just the contrary, within half an hour after she has really commenced our guest: we have nothing to do with the fulsome formal parade of the world at our house. [To the laborer.] Why don't you go John?

John. An't please your honor, I'll go directly.

Lov. Sir, if you insist upon such an extraordinary act of hospitality, I should be glad to go with him, as I have some matters to settle with my servant on this remove.

Wor. Well Sir, then I shall go to the house, and tell Mrs. Worthy and Mrs. Lovely how we have settled matters, and shall expect your speedy return.

Mr. Worthy and Mr. Lovely immediately separated. But as there are still a variety of events which may require an abridgment to prevent repetition, the reader will excuse the dress of dialogue, while he is further informed, that Mr. Worthy accordingly went home, and in the fulness of his benevolent heart, addressed Mrs. Lovely rather too abruptly for the tender feelings of her delicate and sentimental mind: telling her that he had heard every circumstance respecting them; and that he was quite in raptures at the fidelity and integrity of Mr. Lovely's conduct; and begged their acceptance of every token in his power of their hospitality and esteem. He insisted upon it that they should adjourn from the Golden Lion immediately, and be their guests, at least for some days; and that after they had received a short sample of their sincere and sympathetic regard, they should judge for themselves, how long they might further favor them with their company.

This so won upon the mind of Mrs. Lovely, that she could scarcely support herself under the strong impressions of gratitude she felt, from this instance

of truly Christian benevolence. Her husband just then came in, and found her scarcely able to speak, and in tears, from the influence this had upon her most grateful and affectionate disposition.

The cause of this was immediately explained to him. Let the reader's imagination next describe the feelings of this very sincere and affectionate youth; thus engaged in wiping away each tear as it dropt from her eye, while he had enough to do to quell the like sympathetic tear, as it involuntarily forced itself through the same sluices of his affection: and then let him judge whether Mr. Lovely would have been a happier man, had he neglected one of such a mind, for the sake of either of the three unsentimental baubles, whichever it might have been, that through the mere pride, extravagance, or covetousness of the parties, was designed to have been entailed upon him.

Thus Mr. and Mrs. Lovely commenced the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Worthy, while the honest landlord of the Golden Lion parted with them with considerable regret. They could not however help remarking, in the course of the evening's conversation, how very orderly all their little matters were conducted at the public house, and that it was the first house they ever remembered of that sort, in which they heard the private voice of family prayer.

In the course of the evening conversation, Mr. Lovely started some queries concerning a young woman, who appeared quite of a dejected turn of mind, and asked whether it was from some deep affliction, or, it should rather appear, from some melancholy derangement. But when Mr. Worthy began to tell the story of Mrs. Chipman, as it has been before related to the reader, it was soon found too strong a contrast of what had passed between Mr. and Mrs. Lovely, for their tender minds to bear, especially as related to the feelings of Mrs. Chipman, since she had been made sensible of the evil consequences of sin. The conversation, therefore took another turn.

Mrs. Worthy made some enquiries into the family of the Lovelys, as her mother used to claim relationship to some of that name. By this means they discovered there was no very distant relationship between the Worthys and the Lovelys, though they were very glad it was not on the side of the Greedys. Mr. Lovely also had to console himself with a hope, that an intermixture into that family, might ultimately be of no great harm to the next generation, as his grandfather was too much the other way, and had suffered considerably, by lending large sums of money to some, in being security for others, and liberal upon all occasions, so that his fortune had been much injured by his generosity.

Upon this discovery, the easy and affectionate appellation of *cousin*, was at once adopted, and the conversation became familiar; soon after which, the day was terminated by family prayer, and supper, and as the day following produced some conversation which it is hoped will not prove uninteresting to my readers, though omitted in the former editions. The substance of that conversation shall next be narrated, as soon as the morning sun shall rise, and if these Dialogues be now in the hands of those who retire to their rest, without first dedicating themselves to God, by family prayer; while they conclude the evening by reading these little dramatic attempts, may this laudable custom, so seriously attended to at Brookfield-Hall, excite my kind readers also to break through the united barriers of sloth and shame; and ere they close their eyes in sleep, may they close the day with God.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

BETWEEN MRS. AND MISS WORTHY, AND MRS. LOVELY.

THE EVILS OF SEDUCTION, FURTHER CONTINUED.

ON the next morning, while Mr. Worthy and his family were at breakfast with their new guests, it was proposed by Mr. Worthy, that he and Mr. Lovely should take a ride to see some of the more extended prospects in that beautiful country, and then, on their return home, to pass through some of the retired glens that add a most pleasing variety to the enchanting neighbourhood of Brookfield-Hall : while the pleasantness of the day, and the serenity of the weather, invited Mrs. and Miss Worthy, and Mrs. Lovely, to make an easier excursion in an open carriage nearer home. Though the captivating scenery of the place, occupied Mrs. Lovely's attention for a longer time than was designed, from the weakly state of her health ; yet their return allowed them sufficient time for the following conversation, before the designs of the more extended ride of Mr. Worthy and Mr. Lovely could be accomplished. After they were seated in an open pleasant hall, in this earthly paradise ; some jellies and a little fruit were brought in.

Mrs. Wor. Now madam, if Mr. Lovely was here, I think he would lay his commands upon you that you should taste how you like one of those jellies, and some of that fruit after your airing.

Mrs. Lov. O Madam, your kindness and attention to such entire strangers, will never be forgotten.

Mrs. Wor. I hope not, for don't you remember yesterday evening that we made it out that we are cousins, and relatives demand from us more than the common civility that is generally bestowed on strangers.

Mrs. Lov. I thank you kind Madam, This gentle exercise in this delightful situation, seems to have done me so much good, that I shall accept your offer without waiting for Mr. Lovely's commands, though his commands of this sort, are most affectionately numerous. Dear man, no body can blame me for loving him.

Miss. Wor. I think we should all blame you if you did not love him, for we are all charmed with him since my father has told us of his noble and generous conduct.

Mrs. Lov. O Madam, you cannot know half his worth; his most happy and delightful temper, can never be sufficiently appreciated. If his Uncle could have broken off the match, I am sure it must have broken my heart, he is such a delightful man.

Mrs. Wor. Why we are all of us equally delighted with him.

Mrs. Lov. I am glad of it dear Madam, for I cannot but love all who love my dear husband. No woman can be blest with a better.

Mrs. Wor. Perhaps not, but I think I am blest with one quite as good. I have been married to Mr. Worthy above five and twenty years; and if we ever differ, we never disagree.

It is poor work when people's happiness ends with the honey moon. I doubt not but that the honey moon with us, will last all the days of our lives.

Mrs. Lov. So dear Madam, the landlord of the Golden Lion says. What a quiet and orderly house they keep! while their kindness and attention is remarkably engaging. Mr. Lovely and myself, are so pleased with them, that it was our intention to have passed a few days under their humble roof, had not your kind invitation prevented; and especially

as the beautiful scenery of the place, so highly cultivated and improved by Mr. Worthy's taste; so captivated our attention.

Mrs. Wor. Yes, and this is the only thing in which Mr. Worthy seems a little extravagant, in dressing his old family demesne. Most travellers are highly delighted with our situation.

Mrs. Lov. I should be surprised at their want of taste, if they were not. Considering what troubles we have lately sustained; and what, from your affectionate hospitality, we have now before us, it seems as though we were on enchanted ground.

Mrs. Wor. Why Mr. Worthy considers by these improvements, how well he employs his poor neighbours; and he finds it much better to give them labor, than to give them money without it: and this is one reason why our parish poor rates are scarcely felt.

Mrs. Lov. What a happiness it would be if every country gentleman would follow such an example!

Mrs. Wor. Indeed it would. It may be now and then necessary to take a little journey for the sake of our family, yet Mr. Worthy cannot bear to be long from home, and this makes him so much beloved while he is at home.

Mrs. Lov. I am sure Mr. Lovely will be just such another, if ever he should possess any of the family estates, but that is now scarcely to be expected.

Mrs. Wor. I dare say he will; there is no doubt of the generosity of his mind. The best end of living, is to live for the good of others.

Mrs. Lov. It is amazing what he feels for that poor disconsolate woman at the Golden Lion: but if she is a penitent, bad as her conduct may have been, she is still to be pitied.

Mrs. Wor. We hope she is a penitent: but she has enough to repent of.

Mrs. Lov. Indeed she has; and she is most deservedly and severely punished, by the reflections of her own mind. I thank God, there are no such

reflections between my dear George and me. I have heard more of her story this morning; though my spirits were too weak to hear the whole of it yesterday evening; and however severe our troubles may have been, yet still they have been as nothing, when compared to an unfortunate lady in our neighbourhood, from the cruelty and treachery of her husband.

Mrs. Wor. Perhaps it is more painful for a woman to be forsaken by her husband, than for a man to be forsaken by his wife; though it is the same sort of cruelty and treachery on either side of the question.

Mrs. Lov. Indeed Madam you would say so, if you were to hear the story of this unfortunate Lady.

Mrs. Wor. Perhaps you have not sufficient strength and spirits to tell the story.

Mrs. Lov. O yes I have! The agitation I felt yesterday in coming among strangers, through your great kindness, is considerably subsided.

Miss Wor. But before you begin, I must step out for my work. Your talking need not hinder my working.

Mrs. Wor. But where is your sister Mary? had she not better come in and help you to finish your work for the poor children?

Miss Wor. She will as soon as she returns from Betty Newman's, she is gone to take measure of one of the twins.

[Miss Worthy steps out for her work. During her absence Mrs. Worthy remarks]

Mrs. Wor. This is the best way I can find out of educating my daughters; and I am happy to say, that they love the task, and wish to be a blessing to their poor neighbours by attending to their wants. They would much rather dress the poor, than dress themselves. They have been taught to esteem it the highest folly, to be the slaves and fools of fashion. Any thing that appears like fantastic dress, either in man or woman; with them, is a sure indication not,

only of the weakness of the head, but also of the depravity of the heart.

Mrs. Lov. It is much to be lamented how many stationed in the higher circles of life, are half ruined, even from childhood, by a bad education. I am very glad my kind parents favored me rather with a useful, than what is called a polite education, according to that station of life they knew it was most probable I might be called to fill: advantageous knowledge and the improvement of the mind, were what I was directed to seek after; and as this has not lessened me in my dear Mr. Lovely's esteem, I have nothing to regret on that score. I hope dear Madam, the younger branches of your family, will equally prove to your satisfaction, as well as to their own credit through life.

Mrs. Wor. I have many an anxious thought about them, but the younger branches of our family, have not yet finished their schooling, and we had anxiety enough before we could provide such places of education for them, as are best calculated for the proper improvement of their minds. We feel the education of our children a most solemn charge; and to begin well with them, is one of the most important steps that can be taken for their future good. But all is nothing without the divine blessing on our efforts. If our little ones turn out as well as our two eldest daughters, we shall be the happiest family upon earth.

Mrs. Lov. I hope Madam, as long as you continue me your guest you will allow me, as far as I have strength, to help the young Ladies in their excellent employment.

Mrs. Wor. Though my daughters are very attentive in this beneficial way for the good of others, yet at times we are not forbidden to do something for ourselves, and for the instruction of our own minds; especially in the winter season. Then some of us work; while others read history, geography and other useful and improving publications.

Mrs. Lov. I suppose sometimes different periodical publications attract your notice.

Mrs. Wor. Indeed but seldom, for most of them are not only avowedly written with a party design, but too frequently in such an angry party spirit, as to irritate and disturb the mind, so that we pay very little attention to them; Mr. Worthy cannot bear them. But our greatest feast is, when we can get the worthy minister of our parish to pass an evening with us. He is not only a good, but a well educated man. And then he gives us delightful lectures in natural and experimental philosophy, but especially in astronomy. Mr. Worthy has lately presented us with those fine pair of globes, you see in that recess, and an admirable telescope. In short our philosophical apparatus, is now become very considerable. And at times we have many of our more intelligent neighbours, who attend these intellectual feasts. But the best feast is, the excellent improvement we have of it from our pious minister, who displays the glory of the great Creator in such an admirable manner, in all his works.

[Miss Worthy just then returns with her work.]

Miss Wor. Now Madam we are just ready to hear about the lady you mentioned, viz. Mrs Sharp.

Mrs. Lov. A deplorable story it truly is. She has experienced a very severe reverse of fortune, by her calamities. She was the only daughter of very creditable parents. Her father I am told, was a captain in the army, who lost his life when she was quite young. The disconsolate widow however lived to educate her in a decent and respectable style, though she was taken off by a fever before she had reached her twentieth year: and it seems her parents left behind, a fortune of nearly seven thousand pounds for her use.

Mrs. Wor. No wonder if at such an age she was off her guard, and made a mistake in marriage, being so early deprived of the guides of her youth, before her judgment was properly matured.

Mrs. Lov. Why Madam, though she was married so young, and within the year after her mother's death, yet it was the general opinion that no charge of inadvertency could be brought against her. Mr. Sharp by all accounts, was then supposed to be a very desirable young man, and in early life was esteemed by most as of general credit and reputation. He was of considerable practice in the law, and had formed some very respectable connexions, and though he was not more than four and twenty, when they were married, yet, he being then very diligent and clever in his profession; most people thought that she was a fortunate young woman, and that it would prove a happy match. In short, their prospects upon their marriage, and for some time afterwards, were very promising; and while their family increased, it seemed to be an additional happiness to them both.

Mrs. Wor. How many children had they?

Mrs. Lov. They lived together till they had four, and at that time most people envied their mutual felicity with each other.

Mrs. Wor. What could be the cause of the dissolution of such a happy connexion?

Mrs. Lov. O Madam! a French Gentleman and Lady, were driven over into this country by the troubles in France, and settled in our neighbourhood. He gave himself out as being one of the French nobles, but was only known by the name of Mr. Dupee. Who, or what they were, no one could tell; and whether they were, or were not married, was equally uncertain. He was certainly a very vain weak man; and she a most artful and intriguing woman; not only possessed of a strong and powerful understanding, but deeply tutored in all those pernicious principles, which have proved so destructive to the peace of mankind, and especially in the country from whence they came.

Mrs. Wor. No wonder, that any connexion with such sort of people, should bring ruin with them wherever they are admitted. But

how came Mr. Sharp to be acquainted with them ?

Mrs. Lov. It was Madam Dupee, who seemed to be the cause of all the trouble ; she was the manager of every thing ; for he being troubled with epilepsy, and at the best of a weak understanding, he paid but very little attention to his own concerns, so that not long after their arrival, she was in the habit of sending for Mr. Sharp to assist her in settling their affairs, for he certainly was a man of some property ; and at times, was fond of making a little shew.

Mrs. Wor. But if Mrs. Sharp was of an amiable and domestic disposition, he must have been a very vile man, to have been ensnared by such an artful stranger.

Mrs. Lov. O Madam ! Mrs. Sharp had many an aching heart about him, soon after their acquaintance commenced ; but she kept her sorrows to herself, although even the children, could discover a difference of conduct towards her, and at times would say, I wonder why Papa does not love Mamma as much as he used to do.—Their innocent prattle frequently drew many a tear from her eyes.

Mrs. Wor. No wonder if after this, when his affections were in a measure withdrawn, if matters soon went from bad to worse. His undue intimacy with such an intriguing woman, must have given Mrs. Sharp a deal of trouble. [To Mrs. Lovely.] What should you and I feel, if we had such husbands ?

Mrs. Lov. O dear Madam ! a little of such sort of treatment from my dear George, would soon be the death of me. I have had a deal of trouble for him, but it seems almost impossible that I should ever have any trouble from him, though perhaps Mrs. Sharp once thought the same, but all this was but the beginning of much deeper sorrows ; and the sudden death of Mr. Dupee, completely moved every obstacle out of the way of their further designs.

Mrs. Wor. How came that about ?

Mrs. Lov. O Madam! though his epileptic fits were at times very violent, yet from one of them he never recovered, and this was attended with some such circumstances as rendered it very doubtful, whether there was not some contrivance between them both, that he never should recover, though nothing could positively be proved against them.

Mrs. Wor. What is it supposed that Mr. Sharp assisted in the murder of the poor man?

Mrs. Lov. It is too generally suspected, that some very improper treatment during his last fit, was the cause of his dissolution, for no person was permitted to come near his corpse, while he lay dead in the house, and this preys upon Mrs. Sharp's mind so severely, that she is almost distracted.

Mrs. Wor. If she had the most distant suspicion, that he could be accessory to such an abominable crime, in addition to his unfaithfulness and unkindness; how could she bear such a monster of a man? no wonder that it caused a complete separation between them.

Mrs. Lov. And now it began to appear most evidently to have been his design to accomplish such a separation. Though the woman put on the appearance of one of the most inconsolable widows that ever lived, for being, if any thing, a Roman Catholic, she sent to all the popish chapels far and wide, for their masses, to pray his soul out of purgatory, yet more of the company of Mr. Sharp was evidently all she wanted; for she not only contrived to sweep all her husband's property into her own pocket, they not having any children; though several nephews and nieces; and these were all forgotten, that she might get the whole into her absolute possession. And it seems his will was the entire fabrication of Mr. Sharp, while he and she were the only joint executors of the whole concern, and this furnished him with a pretext to give almost the whole of his company to this vile woman: while his broken-hearted wife, and neglected children, were almost entirely forsaken by him. In-

deed if ever he even occasionally went to his own home, it was only to see his wife distracted with grief, at the sight of the man with whom she had lived with so much conjugal felicity for so long a time; now torn from her bosom by this artful foreigner, and all his children neglected by him, while the youngest was still hanging on her breast.

Mrs. Wor. Poor woman, she must have been the object of universal pity.

Mrs. Lov. Yes Madam, of all that had any pity in them, while he now began to be not less the object of universal abhorrence and contempt.

Mrs. Wor. Could he continue in a place where the odium excited against him, must, one would suppose, have been so very universal?

Mrs. Lov. No Madam, nor did he design it from the first: for though this artful French woman wanted to deceive people, by assuming the most tragical and frantic airs of grief, and by giving it out, that she could never live in a house, where she saw her dear husband die in such agonies; consequently must sell all, and leave the place, and retire into her own country; yet this was the very thing that Mr. Sharp was aiming at, to accomplish the rest of his plan. For immediately upon her requisition he had a pretext to sell off all her household property, and furniture, with all possible speed, and after this, nothing would do, but that Mr. Sharp should attend this abominable wretch, to the water side, leaving behind him a promise to return. To this Mrs. Sharp was obliged reluctantly to submit. She having some faint hopes that she might yet live to see better days; when the object that ensnared his affections should be removed from them. But in this she was also mistaken. He went, cruel wretch, to return no more.

Mrs. Wor. This was completely enough to break her heart.

Mrs. Lov. But Madam, there was more heart-breaking work after all this, for he absolutely con-

trived to avail himself of all the property she brought with her into the family, by a most vile swindling trick.

Miss Wor. What was the trick?

Mrs. Lov. They say, that some sort of lawyers are up to every thing, and as he was frequently in the habit in his professional line, of buying and selling estates, when these vile designs first entered into his head, before the death of Mr. Dupee, he told his wife that he had an opportunity of buying an estate with her fortune, to a very considerable advantage; which he should settle on her and their family, and though she had then her fears, lest she should soon be deprived of the remaining share of his affections, sooner than give him any pretext against her; she reluctantly submitted, and completely ruined herself thereby. This advantageous purchase he gave her to understand, was fully accomplished. And after his departure she naturally enquired, where this imaginary estate for herself and children was to be found; but think what her feelings must have been upon the painful discovery, that all was an entire cheat, and that she had nothing left, for herself and family, but a little pocket-money, the furniture of the house in which she lived, and a few outstanding debts, while these were scarcely sufficient to discharge the debts the vile wretch had left against her, for their house-keeping expences.

Mrs. Wor. Were not these rather to be conceived as debts belonging to her husband?

Mrs. Lov. But as she and her children partook of the benefit of them, she honorably discharged them, till she had scarcely any thing left for herself, but what must soon be exhausted. She has indeed a little plate, and a few valuable trinkets, and some of these it seems she has already parted with, and when these are gone, she has nothing but poverty and distress before her.

Mrs. Wor. Have they not heard any thing of him since his departure?

Mrs. Lov. Not a tittle; and it is now three months since; she never expects to hear from him again.

Miss Wor. Vile fellow. No matter for that, if the poor forsaken woman and her children can only be supported.

Mrs. Lov. I hope she will; for several people have already sent her some presents, and my dear George says, he will give her a trifle.

Mrs. Wor. And I dare say, my dear Samuel will add another trifle—But did Mrs. Sharp shew any such tempers at home, so as to give a pretext to her husband, not to be so fond of her company as formerly.

Mrs. Lov. I never heard that she did; she is said to be a woman of very engaging manners, and of an amiable temper, though I dare say, he would find no very comfortable reception on his return, when he had neglected his own family fire side, evening after evening, to hear her distressful sighs, and to see tears of grief, every now and then starting from her eyes, while he had no other excuse for himself, than that of taking the opportunity of gaining better instruction in the French language, which it seems he knew well enough before.

Mrs. Wor. The more innocent and excellent her character is made to appear, it is hoped the more ready people will be to come forward towards her support.

Mrs. Lov. Ah Madam! but after having lived in comparative affluence, to be reduced to live in a state of entire dependence upon the bounty of others, is a very painful event. She has not been accustomed to any way of getting her own livelihood, nor would her little family allow her to do it if she had it in her power; in short, she cannot help herself, while she feels it a mortifying thought to be helped by others, though one of her faithful servants says, she cannot leave her, if she works for nothing, while the prattle of her little children cuts her to the heart. At one time they will be asking her, Where is Papa

gone? why don't he bring us pretty things as he used to do? and when at times they see her in tears, they will ask, What makes you cry, Mamma? you say we are naughty if we cry. Then again when their mother provides them with but a scanty meal, being apprehensive that her little remaining stock will soon be exhausted, they will be asking with artless surprize, why they are allowed so little; and what is become of the good things they formerly used to have?

Miss Wor. What painful feelings such sort of questions must excite in a mother's breast!

Mrs. Lov. Yes: and what additional pain must she have felt, when she began to find it necessary to part with the furniture out of her house, at different times, to provide even such scanty meals as these, while she was painfully at a loss to know how to provide a sufficiency to pay the taxes, as they were demanded of her. The most disconsolate widow upon earth has not half the cause of grief as has fallen to the lot of this afflicted woman; what less can be expected, than that grief should send her to the grave with a broken heart? even a detail of such uncommon sufferings, is quite sufficient for any person of common humanity to narrate.

Mrs. Wor. Perhaps you had better defer the rest of the narration, until another opportunity, lest it should be too much for your spirits.

Mrs. Lov. I have but little further to observe concerning her—Oh here is my dear George, and Mr. Worthy riding up to the door; I am glad they have returned so soon.

No sooner had they alighted, than the conversation became too desultory to demand the reader's attention, nor is it necessary that the narration respecting Mrs. Sharp should be continued, as all that is material has been sufficiently made known. I shall only observe that though the Lovelys could not but be charmed with the affectionate hospitality of the Worthys; yet but little was said respecting Mr.

Lovegood, only from general hints: and as he was scarcely from home on the Saturday, the first time they saw him, was in his official duty on the Sunday morning. Mr. Worthy however stepped aside for a short time, to the Vicarage, to tell him what sort of guests had been providentially brought to his house, together with a short detail of their history, supposing that Mr. Lovegood, with his wonted wisdom and readiness of mind, might know how to improve the event, by introducing such wise, though indirect remarks, as might be best calculated to do them good. The result of that day's services, it is to be hoped, will prove sufficiently interesting to captivate the reader's attention, and to improve his mind.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

THE LOVELYS, AND THE FAMILY OF BROOKFIELD-HALL.

THE CLAIMS OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS EXAMINED.

THE following day being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Lovely attended the family to Brookfield Church. The pleasing sight of so large and devout a congregation, collected from every quarter, and the holy reverence with which the service was conducted, surprised them not a little. Mr. Lovegood took his text from 2 Cor. iv. 17 ; “ Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ;” and though they both felt the text suitable and desirable, as it related to their own situation ; yet the application, at first, rather surprised them, that we were all sinners before God ; and that chastisement was needed to detect the latent venom of corrupted nature, however it might be cloaked from our view, by the favorable circumstance of a good disposition, and a life of strict morality ; that though we should esteem every good we enjoy, as “ the gift of God,” and hold such gifts in due estimation, as they, at least prevent an abundance of evil ; yet the real good which makes us meet for heaven arises, from another source : and though he believed that where there is a high degree of morality or uprightness before man, (as even so much as this is of uncommon growth,) he humbly trusted, that there may be the seeds of the divine principle secretly implanted ; yet after all, it is “ the *grace of God* that bringeth salvation, and which

teacheth us, to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts ; and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." And in Mr. Lovegood's application of his sermon, though he cautiously avoided an indiscriminate charge against all good, as though it were evil, because we ourselves are so ; yet he still urged that there is nothing good in us, but what is blended with evil. He appealed to the consciences of his hearers, if all of them had not found, more or less, some unwarrantable murmurings and repinings against God, during sharp and heavy afflictions, until their hearts, under the influence of divine grace, were duly humbled to acknowledge their own sinfulness in his sight. He then brought the instance of holy Job, how he for a time, was found in rebellion against the correcting hand of God, till he was better instructed, by a deeper knowledge of his holiness, to cry in humble submission, " Behold, I am vile !"

These considerations brought to Mrs. Lovely's recollection, the many unwarrantable reflections, which had passed her own mind during her afflictions, though she thought little of them for the moment ; yet now, for the first time, her conscience began to recoil at them, as being a proof of the inbred corruption of her nature ; of which before she had scarcely the most distant conception. She had frequently been reflecting upon the *native goodness* of her heart, praising herself rather than God, that she was *naturally* so much better than the rest of mankind ; and wondered how a merciful God, should permit her to be so afflicted, while many, so far her inferiors in all the principles of virtue and morality, were prosperous.

Under these dark conceptions of her own heart, she would be arguing with Job in his unhumiliated days, " that she was clean and without transgression ; that she was innocent, and that there was no iniquity in her ; but that God yet found occasion against her, and counted her for his enemy." However a very few reflections of this sort, forced the penitential tear

from her eye, and laid her humbled heart in the dust before God. Instead of "entering into judgment with God," she could now cry, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified."

At the sight of this, Mr. Lovely was not a little affected, as he greatly feared that these strong impressions, might be attended with such consequences, that her delicate frame, might thereby sustain fresh injury. After their return from Church, they retired for a short time before the dinner was placed on the table, to a private seat in the pleasure ground, and the following conversation took place.

Mrs. Lov. My dear, what a wonderful sermon we have been hearing this day ! If these things be true, I fear we are both wrong.

Lov. Wrong my dear—How can we be wrong ? What harm have we done ? If we are not right, the Lord have mercy upon thousands !

Mrs. Lov. Though I dare not say that I can accuse myself of any gross immoralities, yet you cannot conceive what proud, angry, and rebellious thoughts I have secretly had against God, during our affliction. I never had the most distant idea, till this day, what an evil state we must be in, when such a tribe of evil thoughts are to be found in our hearts. But I hope, and I believe your heart is not so bad as mine.

Lov. O my dear love ! we must not suppose that the Almighty will eternally condemn us, for a few bad thoughts ; you know that "his mercies are over all his works," and that "he will not be extreme to mark iniquity."

Mrs. Lov. O no ! it is not, that I fear I shall be eternally condemned for my bad thoughts ; but I find and feel myself such a sinner, because I have them. Why should I for a moment have harboured such evil conceptions against God, when he so justly

punishes me as a sinner, and still so merciful punishes me for my good ? In what a fine manner Mr. Lovegood explained that text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth."—But did you ever see such a serious and devout congregation before ? No wonder that even the public house should have been so reformed, under such an excellent Minister. And what a charming family the Worthys are, how cheerful, yet how truly pious ! I am afraid we cannot say we are like them.—I am sure, I am not.

Lov. O my dearest Ann ! I am much afraid lest your unjust notions against *the native purity and goodness of your heart*, should so perplex you, as to deprive you of all the consolation you have *a right* to claim to yourself. But whatever you may think of Mr. Lovegood's sermon, it by no means struck me as being so super-excellent. First, I have no great opinion of your *extemporaneous* preachers. I can very readily give up all these, for the sake of hearing a minister upon some good grave moral subject, who has properly and carefully corrected his sermon before he preaches it. And then, I think what he said had rather a tendency to make the Almighty a hard task-master. He certainly is a man of ability, and I do not doubt but that he has a *very good heart*, and I dare say his *stern way of preaching*, has done a great deal of good among *the common people* ; but in one part of his sermon, he seemed to preach to us, as if we were *all a pack of heathens*.

Mrs. Lov. To be sure, he made some very strong remarks, in shewing what a great difference there is between Christianity as it is revealed in the Bible, and as it is practised by the people of the world ; but I cannot help thinking there was a deal of truth in what he said. I fear lest I should be found, after all, nothing better than a mere "whited sepulchre," in the sight of God.

Lov. My dear creature ! how can you for a moment admit such a preposterous thought ? I wonder you

can so *overlook your own goodness* : though I am quite delighted with Mr. Worthy's hospitality, yet I am very sorry that Mr. Lovegood's sermon should have left such a strange impression on your mind ; and I am sure such dreary notions against yourself, are not only the most inconsistent and unjust ; but I fear also, lest they should so prey upon your thoughts, as to be injurious to your constitution, unless you can muster up proper resolution to resist them. Will you allow me, my dearest life, to request you not to think of going to Church again this afternoon ? You could scarcely bear the crowd which was there this morning : you were almost ready to faint half the time ; and I am sure his notions in religion will never do for you : at least, in my opinion, you have unhappily misapplied them.

Mrs. Lov. I thank you very kindly for your advice : but what shall I do ? If I grieve you by again going to Church, I fear I shall as much grieve and perplex my own mind, in staying at home.

Lov. O my dear ! I'll stay at home with you, and read some of the Saturday's papers of the Spectator, you know they are all upon moral subjects ? or one of Dr. Blair's sermons, if Mr. Worthy has got them.

Mrs. Lov. Indeed my dear, I never could read either in those papers, or in Blair's sermons, any thing like so interesting as what I have heard this day from Mr. Lovegood. I think you a little misunderstand him : perhaps when you have heard him again, you may be better pleased with him. With your leave, I am exceedingly desirous to hear him a second time ; but if I should grieve you by acting against your kind advice, it will equally be the cause of grief to me.

During this short conversation, the dinner-bell summoned them to the family meal, which on a Sunday, at Brookfield Hall, is very plain, but plentiful : and

served at an early hour, that their second attendance on divine service, may not be interrupted. During the meal, Mr. and Mrs. and the eldest Miss Worthy, who of late had become very serious, made such remarks on the sermon, as were widely different from those dreary notions of real religion which Mr. Lovely began, from misconceptions, to entertain. He discovered that Sunday, at Brookfield-Hall, though the most solemn, was the happiest day of all the seven; and that they could quote different passages of the sermon, which they heard from their excellent Minister with supreme approbation and delight. This staggered his prejudices, though it did not remove them. Soon after dinner the cheerful voice of praise was heard at a distance from the children of the Sunday school, who were kindly accommodated with Mr. Worthy's laundry as a school-room. This at once attracted the ear of Mrs. Lovely; and after some enquiries were made respecting that institution, she looked at her husband, and dropt a tear. He seeing the agitation of her spirits, requested her to walk out, and the conversation on the same subject thus recommenced.

Mrs. Lov. Will you my dear, indulge me with the privilege of attending at church again this afternoon? Surely the religion which makes this excellent family so happy, can never make us miserable. When I heard the song of praise from the voices of those poor children, how did I wish that I could but be transformed into one of those little ones, that I might attend again at church without grieving you!

Lov. You know that my advice is from the purest principles of affection. But if you cannot be happy unless you again go to church, I shall say no more. Only, my dearest creature, for my sake and your own sake, be on your guard, that Mr. Lovegood's *harsh* doctrine may not injure your health. I cannot bear to hear you call yourself "a whited sepul-

chre," and that you should have such unjust notions of the supposed badness of your *unblemished heart*, when I am sure you have given sufficient evidence, that it is so *virtuous and good*; and indeed, I think we have neither of us been so remiss in any part of our duty, as to be registered amongst the most unworthy and negligent of mankind.

Mrs. Lov. I am afraid, if we have been attentive to the lesser duties between man and man, we have been too remiss in the still more important duty, required of us in our love and service towards God. Cannot you remember that that was one of Mr. Lovegood's observations during the sermon?

Lov. Now upon this principle alone it is, I ground my objection against your attendance. I confess the Worthys are a very cheerful and happy family; but however Mr. Lovegood's notions may do them no harm, yet as your afflictions have much sunk your spirits, *his strong notions of religion* may not be so suitable to you as to them; and this makes me think, notwithstanding their kindness, that our visit to this place, for your sake, must be short; as I fear these dreary sentiments respecting yourself, may hurt your health.

Mrs. Lov. Oh my dear! with your leave I hope we shall continue here, at least for a few days, according to the most hospitable and affectionate invitation of the family. Indeed it would be quite rude to do otherwise. It would look as though we had taken some disgust, while at the same time their kindness is inexpressible. And did you not mind what a heaped dishful of slices of bread and meat were sent out to these poor children? And Mrs. Worthy told me, that it is their constant custom to cut up a large joint, and some other fragments, that each child might have his Sunday's repast as well as his schooling: and I am told that the children and all their parents are brought into the laundry every other Monday evening, and examined and instructed by Mr. Lovegood; and that once a quarter he has them

publicly in the church, and makes a sermon on purpose for them, and then afterwards gives all the parents and children a supper together, in the servants' hall. O my dear! do let me beseech you to stop a few days in these parts, that we may know more of this excellent family; and let us get acquainted with Mr. Lovegood. Mrs. Worthy says, he always dines at their house on the Monday, when he comes to instruct the children and their parents: and she says he is a cheerful man, though he is so very religious; and if ever your uncle, or old Mr. Greedy, should leave you his fortune, we shall have plenty for our poor neighbours, as well as for ourselves; and I am sure we cannot meet with better instructors, how we should act for the good of others, than as we take pattern from what is now before us.

Lov. How can you my dear life, think yourself "a whited sepulchre," when you are so full of charitable purposes, and good designs?

Mrs. Lov. O, it is on account of the intermixture of evil I still feel.—I am ashamed to say what I feel. Why should I have such bad thoughts? but the bells are ringing for Church. I seem quite revived at the thoughts, that your objections are removed. For you cannot but have observed the most pleasant conversation of the family, and the creditable, comfortable, and orderly way in which they live. Surely the religion which has done them so much good, can never do us any harm. O do my dear George, O do let me go to Church with them, and let me request you to come with us.

Lov. My dear, you quite disarm me, and while I submit, I confess, I rather go with you to guard you against some mistaken impressions which I fear you have already imbibed, than by shewing my approbation of your zeal. However, I will go with you, having already fortified my own mind against all the wrong notions we heard this morning; I have only to request you for your own peace,—Be upon your guard.

After this conversation they immediately returned, and went to church with the family. Mr. Lovegood on that afternoon, preached a more awful sermon than usual, on the parable of the Ten Virgins; observing what a remarkable similarity subsisted for a while, between such as were wise, and others who were foolish, till the day of trial made known the difference between them. That the lamp of a profession may give a splendid light for a while, but at length it may go out in everlasting darkness. That the grace of God may be so nearly imitated by natural gifts and outward advantages, as that many persons may "have a name to live, and yet be dead." He first mentioned some who might have "the form of godliness, and deny the power. He asked his formal hearers, if they had ever examined their hearts by that expression, "*The power of God.*" He remarked its emphatic meaning,—how different from a mere mechanical form! that though he by no means condemned *forms of prayer*, for that we had them in our psalms and hymns, and in the word of God itself; yet that these would not cover the sin of those, who are merely *formal in prayer*. That the best and most spiritual forms of prayer, if not offered up from a heart which is spiritual, are but an abomination: for that God thus complained of his own Israel: "This people draweth near to me with their lips, while their hearts are far from me." He observed further on the same subject, that forms of prayer can never *create*, though they may *lead* devotion: and that as we advance in the spiritual life, we shall be constrained to extend the wings of devotion, and not merely confine ourselves to such directories as we once needed, in the earlier part of the divine life; but that as our spirits "grow up into God in all things," we shall find, that the fervor of holy prayer will require to be released from the cold and frigid business of a form; especially when we retire into the closet, that we

may "pray with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

He then discoursed on reading the Bible; attending public worship, and frequenting the Lord's table; shewing that as these were the means of grace, we might expect good from them; yet, that it was possible to give a very diligent attendance on all these things, in a formal customary manner with our lips, without the *oil of grace*; that the question is not so much *what* we do, but that we should examine the motives *why* we do it: that the true worshippers of God, whose services are acceptable, are only they who "worship God in spirit and in truth." He then made some remarks on a living faith, which ever unites to Christ, and by which union alone, "the oil of grace" is communicated to our hearts, and distills itself throughout all our actions; that a mere dead faith makes a *professor*, but, that it is a living faith, which makes a *possessor* of the grace of God, in deed and in truth.

He next went on the business of rectifying another mistake, that "the oil of grace" consists in our being blessed with good natural dispositions. He observed, that even among the brutes, though of the same kind, some of them have their good dispositions, and prove naturally manageable and kind, while others of them are sulky and perverse: and that this mere diversity of disposition, is equally conspicuous in the human race; and consequently, a mere good disposition, however excellent in its place, which may be found in a brute, as well as in the human race, can never be called "the oil of grace." That these *sweet-blooded sinners*, are too frequently found among the most negligent and profane before God; yet, in their way, affectionate and kind towards others of their fellow sinners, while all of them are equally at a distance from the holy, spiritual mind, belonging to those who are truly "in Christ Jesus."

Having thus warned his hearers against supposing

that a mere good disposition was of the nature of divine grace, he next shewed that a life of the strictest morality may exist when "the oil of grace" is still wanting.—Mr. Lovegood boldly said, that an Atheist as well as a Christian,* may be a moral man; and that the morality of most men, is in general, little better than negative, consisting much more in what people do not do, than in what they really do: and that any man will, for self-interested motives, and for the sake of his own ease and comfort, attend to the common rules of morality, as all those who violated them are guilty of the grossest acts of folly against their own interest. That a man of unjust and knavish principles is sure sooner or later, to suffer for his own folly. That the man of passion and revenge will certainly entail much greater sufferings on himself, than what others have felt from him, by the mad violence of his anger. In short, if a man did but consult his own health or interest, he would be moral: and that, however highly advantageous, a strict attention to the rules of morality may prove to the good of society, yet that real Christians, who are blessed with the "oil of grace," have much higher motives to go by, than such as are to be found among mere moralists. On these things, he afterwards expatiated so well, that it puzzled Mr. Lovely's mind not a little. On the one hand, he felt himself half angry, that all his religious props were knocked from under him, while he found it a considerable difficulty to deny the truth of what he had heard. But when he perceived that Mrs. Lovely was still more seriously impressed, under a further discovery of her defective righteousness, and began again to express the anxiety of her mind, after her second return from church, how much both of them had fallen short of the sacred standard of real Christianity; he was still more highly incensed against

* It is probable Mr. Lovegood borrowed this expression from a famous charge, the late bishop of St. Asaph delivered, when bishop of St. David's.

the *harsh doctrine* of Mr. Lovegood, which had so discomposed the mind of his dearest Ann. Even the blessed tears of repentance, as they trickled from her eye, pierced him to the heart, while he heard with astonishment, that one of so pure a mind, in his esteem should still acknowledge herself such an unworthy sinner in the sight of God. Matters, however, thus passed till the next day. The reader is therefore requested to suspend his curiosity until to-morrow; and, after a night's rest, the subject will be resumed.

DIALOGUE XXV.

THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND
THE LOVELYS.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

ON the morrow, Mr. Lovegood attended on his customary visit. Mr. Worthy having introduced his guests to each other, it was observable, that Mr. Lovely received the address of Mr. Lovegood, with a degree of coldness and formality, very contrary to that which belonged to the natural sweetness of his disposition. And after dinner the following conversation took place. [Mrs. Lovely appears rather faint and weak.]

Lov. I told you, my dear, that going to Church yesterday afternoon, would be too much for you. [To Mr. Lovegood.] And Sir, I must be free to tell you, that your doctrine is *too severe and harsh* for my delicate and tender wife; though I am sure Sir, you mean it for the best, and I should be glad, if all the clergy followed your good example.

Loveg. Indeed Sir, it was not my design to have advanced any thing, that was improperly harsh and severe; and if I have been guilty of such a mistake, I wish to be open to conviction, and shall be quite ready to retract it.

Lov. Why Sir, you must allow me the liberty to say, (I hope Mr. Worthy will pardon me,) that I never heard any body but yourself make so free with the character of Job, as you did in your morning sermon; certainly he was a very holy man.

Loveq. Dear Sir, did I in any wise deny it? though for a while, he had such strange apprehensions and misconceptions of God.

Lov. Sir, Dr. Nescience,* the minister of our

* Learned men should have learned names. No wonder then that Dr. Nescience has his name from a Latin derivation, though in plain English Dr. Know-nothing; I believe my readers can pretty well comprehend all my other names, without understanding Latin. A facetious old clergyman, Dr. Burton, Vice Provost of Eton, when I was at that school, passed some neat sarcasms upon a person of a very ignorant and pedantic character, recommending him to an uncle of mine, as being a gentleman of *great Nescience*. The person began bowing and scraping, supposing the Doctor had passed upon him some very high compliment; the Doctor, therefore heightened the compliment, by observing, that he could not say too much of him on that subject; for that he knew him to be a man of *great Nescience*, of *very great Nescience indeed*; and nothing further was discovered by the pedant, than that all was designed as a high encomium on his wisdom; and, it is probable, our present Doctor was one of the same family.

Dr. Nescience, it seems, procured his Doctor's degree, not from his own University at Cambridge, where, had he made such an attempt, his knowledge had been well sifted, or his ignorance thoroughly exposed: from thence, therefore, he received no higher honor, than that of the first degree of a Bachelor of Arts: but he came at his *Doctorship* by a much shorter cut, from one of the famous Universities in the north of Scotland; and in order that he might obtain this high literary honor, a testimonial of his learning being needed, this he procured to be signed by three reverend gentlemen of the same redoubtable order of Doctors; Dr. Numscull, Dr. Papsull, and Dr. Loggerhead.

This information however, as it respects Dr. Nescience, and by what means he obtained the high honor of being called *the Doctor*, reflects not the least discredit on Dissenters, nor yet on some others of *real* erudition, where there are unhappy barriers in their way, to procure such degrees in a more creditable line; but Dr. Nescience, and the rest of his *fraternity* of the same order, have found out this, as the ready way to *look big*, with a little, or even no learning. Before he procured his degree, he was denominated *the little Rector*; but now he found himself upon the pedestal of this Scotch Diploma, he had the satisfaction of being called *the little Doctor*; and the satisfaction also, of several sharp *curtain lectures* from his wife; this famous honor having cost him not less than 10*l.* she often-times reminding him, for his extravagance in giving so much

parish, gave us a very different character of the life of Job, when he preached upon that text, "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go: my heart shall not reproach me, as long as I live." The Doctor told us, that it was *his own righteousness* which was his confidence, and that thereby he obtained the *reward* of heaven.

Mrs. Lov. But you know my dear, neither you nor I have any great opinion of the little Doctor, or his curate, Mr. Flimsey: we have both observed, while they seem to be aiming at something, they cannot make out any thing. But do you not think you have a little misunderstood Mr. Lovegood? [To Mr. Lovegood,] Sir, it might be much to the satisfaction of myself and my husband, if you would explain yourself still further on that subject.

Loveg. Dear Sir, there is no doubt of the integrity and uprightness of Job: but while he was *righteous*, he was also *self-righteous*—in that lay his crime; and this rendered him proud and angry before God.

Lov. Proud and angry---Why, was not he the most patient man upon earth?

Loveg. Yes Sir, and this was abundantly exemplified by his holy patience before God for seven long days and nights, when even after he had been hurled from the pinnacle of the highest prosperity, into the gulph of the deepest adversity; he could meekly say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;" nor was his patience less conspicuous, when cruelly tempted to curse God, he could submissively reply; "shall we

money for a dunce's cap to cover his ignorance, and of the old proverb, *A fool and his money are soon parted*. However he contrived, in a measure to quiet her mind, under the idea that the loss of the money would soon be recovered, as he was going to turn author, by re-publishing three famous novels; Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, and Old Mother Goose's Tales. These he meant to enrich with certain annotations, lucubrations, and remarks of his own composing; and he had no doubt but that his Doctor's degree, would wonderfully quicken the sale of the publication.

receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" But after this, his great patience awfully failed him. If hitherto it might have been said, "In all this did not Job sin with his lips," neither did he "charge God foolishly." Yet afterwards, what must be said of him when his patience perfectly failed him, and when in the most endearing language, as in the third chapter, he could even curse the day in which he was born? I think Sir, you will be as much struck at his rebellion at one time, as at his patience at another.

Lov. But if he did wrong in this, yet doubtless in other respects, he was a very righteous man.

Loveg. Certainly so Sir; and before man, no one had a greater right to vindicate himself against the accusations of his three friends, who certainly mistook his case: they concluded him very unjustly, to be an arrant hypocrite, and that God had detected him, and that therefore he was severely punishing for his crimes. As far as human righteousness went, he might venture to say, "he would hold it fast, and would not let it go;" and no doubt, but that with the greatest justice he could further add, as it respected the great and upright character he sustained; "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness unto me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no helper; the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me, and my judgment was as a robe and a diadem: I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out."

Lov. Why Sir, was it possible for any one to do more, to deserve the character of a righteous man, than he did? Could he be a good and a bad man at the same time? Sir, I cannot think we are called to renounce our integrity.

Wor. Really Sir, you and I have been stumbling

upon the very same "stone of stumbling and rock of offence;" I was as proud of my righteousness, as ever Job was of his, when I only looked at the surface of my character, as it appeared before man; and I thought Mr. Lovegood brought strange things to my ears, when I heard him assert from the Bible, that "there was none righteous, no not one."

Mrs. Wor. Indeed Sir, Mr. Worthy and myself were at first equally offended at Mr. Lovegood, when he brought us all down to the same level, though he only took us upon our own words, which we all adopt at church, "enter not into judgment with thy servants, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified." But somehow, while he disarmed us of our self-righteousness, he contrived at the same time to disarm us of our prejudices, that we were both forced to submit.

Loveg. Yes, and agreeably to Mr. and Mrs. Worthy's remark, it may further be observed respecting Job, that he did not know how much he had of the latent Pharisee in his heart, whereby he was led to "trust in himself, that he was righteous," like the Pharisee of old, though in other respects, he was by no means of their hypocritical cast.

Lov. Why, how can another be righteous for us?

Loveg. Dear Sir, you do not understand me. He was rather led to applaud the goodness of his own heart, on account of these things, while he forgot to give glory to him, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works, do proceed;* or if you please, to give you it in other words, it should appear that he was more bent upon trusting in his own righteousness, than in God who made him righteous; for, respecting the best of men, it may be said, as Eliphaz replied to Job, "What is man that he should be clean, and he that is born of a woman, that he should be righteous? Behold he putteth no trust in his saints; yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight. How much more abominable and filthy is

man, which drinketh in iniquity like water?" And again, "Can a man be profitable unto God, as he that is wise may be profitable unto himself? Is it any pleasure to the Almighty, that thou art righteous; or is it gain to him, that thou makest thy way perfect?"* Nor can we conceive a more striking query, than that which we find in the same book. "How can man be justified with God; and how can he be clean that is born of a woman; Behold, look even to the moon, and it shineth not: yea, the stars are not pure in his sight; how much less man that is a worm, and the son of man that is a worm?"†

Lov. But really Sir, though I confess I am no divine, do not you think that Job's friends went too far, in speaking against the merit of his righteousness?

Loveg. I have already said, that they went much too far, while they accused him of hypocrisy and wickedness; yet we shall find that God himself terminated the controversy, by shewing Job, not only the folly of the supposed *merit* of his righteousness, but also the sinfulness of those proud thoughts, which must be brought down, as it were, by force of arms. Do Sir, let me remind you of that passage in St. Paul to the Corinthians: "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, (or vain reasonings,) and every high thing, that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringeth into captivity every thought unto the obedience of Christ."

Lov. Sir, these are very strong words; are you sure you have quoted them correctly? though, I dare say, you have done so to the best of your recollection.

Loveg. I believe Sir, I am perfectly exact; but while we further investigate the book of Job, I will consult my pocket bible, and we shall then go on certain ground.

Mrs. Lov. Did I not tell you, my dear George, that Mr. Lovegood could well explain himself on

* Job xxii. 2, 3.

† Job xxv. 4, 5, 6.

these points?---You see how he makes the Bible his constant study.

Lov. My dear, I am quite ready to hear what Mr. Lovegood has to say, though I much fear lest his religion should do you harm.

Loveg. [With his Bible in his hand.] Dear Sir, the religion of this book can never do us any harm. And if you will allow me to continue my observations on the book of Job, that should be first noticed which is said in the beginning of the thirty-second chapter of that book: "So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was *righteous in his own eyes*:" and Elihu being sent of God to settle the controversy, thus charges Job for his presumptuous thoughts before God. "Surely thou hast spoken in mine hearing, and I have heard the voice of thy words, saying, I am clean without transgression; I am innocent; neither is there iniquity in me. Behold, he findeth occasions against me; he counteth me for his enemy. He putteth my feet in the stocks, he marketh all my paths. Behold, in this thou art not just; I will answer thee, that God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against him? for he giveth not account of any of his matters?"* In the thirty-fourth chapter also, we find him reproved for the same sort of pride and rebellion; "Job hath said, I am righteous, and God hath taken away my judgment. What man is like Job, who drinketh up scorning like water? who goeth in company, (at least in his conversation,) with the workers of iniquity, and walketh with wicked men. For he hath said, it profiteth a man nothing, that he should delight himself with God." So that Elihu is as it were, obliged to vindicate the cause of God, against the profane suggestions of Job, by saying, "Far be it from God, that he should do wickedness, and from the Almighty that he should commit iniquity: yea, surely God will not do wickedly, neither will the Almighty pervert judgment; for that Job had spoken

* Job xxxiii. 8, 13.

without knowledge, and his words were without wisdom." It is the desire therefore of Elihu, "that Job may be tried unto the end, because of his answers for wicked men: for he addeth rebellion unto his sin, and clappeth his hands against us, and multiplieth his words against God." I dare say Sir, you did not expect such strong expressions as these from Elihu, against the supposed righteousness of Job.

Mrs. Lov. See my dear, how plainly Mr. Lovegood makes it out, what sinners we all are, on account of such wicked thoughts.

Lov. Why I confess, the subject never struck me so forcibly in this light before; but I am unwilling to give up the point yet: I wish to take some time to consider for myself; and with Mr. Lovegood's leave, to consult with other divines on the subject.

Loveg. By all means, dear Sir, truth never suffers by investigation. But even in the next chapter you will find a deal more of the same proud language, charged on Job, as uttered against God. "Thou saidst (said he) my righteousness is more than God's;" therefore he adds, "What advantage will it be to me, and what profit shall I have if I be cleansed from my sin?" Elihu therefore asks Job the question, "If thou be righteous, what givest thou him; or what receiveth he at thine hand? Thy wickedness may hurt a man as thou art, and thy righteousness may profit the son of man: thus, he concludes, that "Job opened his mouth in vain, and multiplied his words without knowledge." And Sir, if I have not tired you with the number of my quotations, you may further see what was the design of God in this controversy with Job, "that he might withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from a man;" he therefore humbled him by sickness, and a variety of the most severe dispensations in providence, that he might further be convinced of the sinfulness of his heart; for "If any man say I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it

profiteth me not; he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light; for all these things God often works with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, and to be enlightened with the light of the living." How wise and applicable therefore was the advice of Elihu? Surely, it is meet to be said unto God, "I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more; that which I see not, teach thou me: if I have done iniquity, I will do so no more."

Wor. Indeed Mr. Lovely, I think you would find it truly profitable, if you would attend a little more closely to the experience of Job. The speech of Elihu always struck me, as containing some of the most strong and conclusive arguments, against the proud and vain conceit, that any of us can be righteous before God. What arguments he deduces from the purity of God, the infinity of his wisdom, the dignity and majesty of his existence, to shew man the emptiness and folly of all he does, and to lay him in the dust, that he may be sensible what a poor unprofitable creature he is in every point of view, and that "in his best estate, he is altogether vanity."

Miss Wor. Why through the kind providence of God bestowed upon me in my education, I am not chargeable with outward sins before man, yet I am sure it is not so with me before God; surely it is the height of folly for any of us to conceit, that we can be righteous before God.

Lov. But did not God after all this, turn the captivity of Job, and make the latter end of his life more glorious than the former, as a proper reward for his integrity, humility, and patience?

Loveg. No verily my good Sir. God never gave him a reward for his goodness; though he mercifully restored him by his mere grace and forgiving love, even after all the hard and presumptuous thoughts he had uttered against him: but not till after he had cast him down from the high pinnacle

of his pride, into the valley of humiliation, where we all, either sooner or later, must be brought to lie. And there, if you read with attention, that most instructive and remarkable history, you will find how God himself condescended to deal with him, till he made him to lie in the dust: and then he was first constrained to cry, “Behold I am vile! what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth: once have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice: but I will proceed no further.” And let me request you to consider the solemn conclusion of the controversy: “I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore, *I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.*”

Wor. My dear Mr. Lovely, I have heard Mr. Lovegood frequently remark, what a mistaken book this has been among all those who have not been sufficiently attentive to this blessed portion of holy writ; and that no part of the word of God can be better calculated to humble the pride of man, and to produce in us a deep sense of our own unworthiness; so as that we may be brought to accept salvation, where only it can be found, in the person of our blessed Savior, who lived and died to “justify the ungodly.”

Mrs. Lov. O my dear! sure you must be convinced what Mr. Lovegood, Mr. and Mrs. Worthy have been saying is all true; as to myself, I must confess what proud, blasphemous, and rebellious thoughts I have had—The Lord for Christ’s sake, have mercy upon me! [She drops a tear.]

Lov. [To Mr. Lovegood.] Sir, I must request you to drop this subject; you see my wife cannot bear it; her mind is much too tender to sustain the shock of *your harsh religion*; besides Sir, I cannot admit the doctrines you have advanced, till I have examined matters more closely for myself: [to Mr. Worthy] and I believe Sir, with your leave, it will be necessary for my wife to recreate her spirits by a short walk in your pleasure ground.

They accordingly submit, and the parties retire. Between the Lovelys, the conversation took the same turn as before: he continuing to plead the necessity of her non-attendance on Mr. Lovegood's ministry, for the sake of her health; and she repeating her most anxious wishes to hear more of those things, which though they had forced some tears from her eyes, yet she was satisfied were well calculated to do infinite good to her heart. Mr. Lovely still finding it necessary to submit to her importunate desires, they returned, and attended with the rest of the family to the meeting of the poor children. Mr. Lovegood's method with the children, was at all times the most tender and engaging; but now in his exhortation, especially so, as he had found a poor child that had lately been impressed under the evil of sin, he made it a point to bring forward, in sweet abundance, those precious promises of the gospel, which might be best calculated to cheer the heart of Mrs. Lovely, under the new discovery of her sinful state: and this had so far the desired effect, that the gloomy apprehensions of Mr. Lovely, seemed in a measure again to subside, and a degree of cheerfulness took place, which continued through the evening of the day.

However, Mr. Lovely's mind continued to be so exercised upon the subject, that he was not only determined to dispute every inch of ground with Mr. Lovegood; but to provide himself with such materials as he conceived would be best calculated, to make him a successful combatant. He accordingly went the next morning to Mapleton, and enquired where there was a bookseller's shop; he was recommended of course to Mr. Wisehead; and asked him if he had any books of good sound divinity! Mr. Wisehead would have put into his hands many of the books of the modern Socinians, and among others, he requested him to read a few pages of Priestly on Necessity. Mr. Lovely then asked Mr.

Wisehead, if that was not an abridgment of Hobbs, Spinoza, and other infidel philosophers. Upon this some conversation took place between Mr. Wisehead and Mr. Lovely, who was much more shocked at the horrid extremes of the Socinians, than ever he could be at the *dreary* notions of Mr. Lovegood. Finding however, that he could not make any thing out from this quarter, he next enquired about the Minister of the Parish, whether he thought it would be deemed impertinent, if he went to consult him as a divine. Mr. Wisehead observed, that he supposed Mr. Dolittle might give him a kind reception, and that he was sure to find him at home, as he was but just gone by, towards the Rectory; but that there was a Dr. Dronish, the dissenting Minister, whom he attended, who was looked upon to be a very able and *rational* divine. Mr. Lovely thanked him for his information; but that if the Doctor was an admirer of the same sort of divinity as was to be found in his shop, he had rather go the *regular* way to work, and consult the Minister of the Parish. Having thus resolved, he purchased nothing more than a flimsy sermon of Mr. Archdeacon Smooth-tongue's, which is much admired by the Socinians, shewing that all the *austere* texts in the Bible, ought to be confined to primitive times, as they were not fit for the present day, and took his leave of Mr. Wisehead, and resorted to Mr. Dolittle's.

He first introduced himself as a traveller; mentioned his kind entertainment at Mr. Worthy's, and then began telling him how his mind had been unhinged and puzzled by the preaching of Mr. Lovegood. Dolittle immediately interrupts him by saying,—“What did you go to hear that mad fellow for?”—“Sir” said Mr. Lovely, “I always love to go to the Parish Church on a Sunday; and his divinity struck both me and my wife, as being very different from what we commonly hear. I should be glad Sir, if you would but explain some matters to me; I come with your leave, to con-

sult you as a divine.”—“I explain matters!” says Dolittle: “what have you to do with such abstruse notions in religion as he preaches? You are not the first person that has had his brains turned, by going after the ranting nonsense preached by that good-for-nothing designing fellow.”—[Lovely adjoins:] “Why Sir, Mr. Lovegood in my opinion, is neither a mad man, nor a bad man; but I confess, I at least expected a civil answer to a civil question.”—Dolittle answers: “Sir, to tell you the truth, when people come canting and talking about their souls, I always suspect they come with some design; and I am sure they do, if they come from that quarter. None of my parishioners ever come to me with such whining tales. I tell them their duty on a Sunday; and if they practise it, that is enough for them; and it will be enough for you: and so you may go away and mind your business; for I expect Sir, you are upon the catch; but you shall get nothing out of me.” This coarse reception was quite like a thunder-clap to the mild and amiable Mr. Lovely, and made him glad to escape from the presence of the enraged Rector as fast as he could.

However, these rebuffs did not damp the inquisitive zeal of Mr. Lovely after truth; and while he could start many objections against Mr. Lovegood’s doctrines, yet notwithstanding he had some serious misgivings, that all might not be right. However this visit had this good effect. The contrast between the rudeness and ignorance of Rector Dolittle, and the meek, humble, and affectionate conduct of Mr. Lovegood, made Mr. Lovely, afterwards receive with greater candour and moderation, whatever he had to advance on these important subjects.

Another circumstance however occurred, which also gave a still more favorable turn to his prejudices. Though Mr. Merryman had left Brookfield-Hall, on the previous Sunday, yet he returned thither on the Wednesday. An attractive loadstone in the person

of Miss Worthy was supposed to be the cause of these frequent communications ; and the reader will have no reason to doubt, but that the result of this courtship will be as honorable, correct, and good, as the parties are themselves. There are few living, of a more amiable, pleasant, and excellent turn of mind, than Mr. Merryman, since he has known the grace of God in truth ; while every year Mr. Lovegood has the uncommon satisfaction to see his beloved “ son in the gospel ” grow in every good word and work.

No wonder that one of such an amiable temper and manners, soon stole into the good graces of the Lovelys. Mr. Lovely especially admired his great candor and liberality in speaking about that worthy old clergyman Doctor Orderly, though he had been holding a long controversy with him on *conditional justification* ; admiring that a difference in sentiment, could not prevent him from speaking very largely of the Doctor’s temper, diligent discharge of his duty, liberality and great attention to the poor. That while his dignified priestly appearance would rather alarm them, yet his humble deportment would still allure them ; that by the very respectable regularity of his conduct, he had got the character, among others, of a *precise old fool*, and especially from the following circumstance, which had recently taken place.

While Mr. Sedate, his curate, was on a visit at a distance, to see his friends, the Doctor was unexpectedly taken ill, when his presence was needed to attend the funeral of one who died of a mortification. A speedy interment being necessary, the Doctor was in much perplexity to know who should perform this office. It was hinted to him that the Rev. Mr. Jackadandy, a neighbouring clergyman, would be glad to do that service for him. This the Doctor instantly resisted, saying he would sooner die than that the sacred offices of the church should suffer the disgrace of being performed by such cox-

combs in divinity. The Doctor accordingly, dressed like an old woman, in his morning gown, with his handkerchief about his head, staggered out of his chamber and performed the office.*

The reader will naturally suppose, that on the Wednesday evening lecture, Mr. Lovegood would avail himself of the assistance of Mr. Merryman, and a previous hint having been given him respecting the state of the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Lovely, he preached a very appropriate sermon on the following text,—“Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;” and all the family returned from the church serious, yet cheerful and happy. This gave Mrs. Lovely a further opportunity of obviating her husband’s objection, as it respected the melancholy consequences of real religion. Mr. Merryman is always cheerful, and now she was cheerful too; and

* If the reader wishes for a further description of the race of these *pseudo*-spiritual monkies in holy orders, they are generally to be known by their loose and vain affectation, especially in their dress. They are the fools of fashion; and as they now dress, you would rather suppose them to be a set of jockies in half-mourning. The present Mr. Jackadandy always appears stuffed out with such an abundance of wadding about his neck-cloth and collar, that he reminds you of a pouting pigeon. His coat behind is cut quite short like a soldier’s jacket, while he never appears but in his short boots, over his coloured stockings, whisking about his little cane with amazing dexterity, like a magic wand; and as soon as the fashion changes, there is no doubt but that he will be the same dapper Jackadandy in the next extreme, should the jacket or coat grow into such a size as to be turned into a petticoat.

One observation further, as it respects the furniture of the *pates* of these Jackadandys. Their studies are mostly confined to the paltry, loose, periodical publications of the day: out of these they pick and cull different passages, and these, with awkward impertinence, they retail as their own. As for the study of divinity, how far that claims any share of their attention is easily settled. When one of them, being under examination for orders, was asked, Who is the Mediator between God and man? he *profoundly* answered, it was His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Can any one wonder, that the grave and respectable Dr. Orderly should be so disgusted at such a Jackadandy, as not to permit him even to bury the dead?

though at times, she would still drop the penitential tear ; yet as she was in the way of hearing so much of these gracious promises, which are so freely held forth in the word of God, her mind seemed to be much more allured by the gospel, than alarmed by the law ; and this made Mr. Lovely less anxious to move his quarters.

However on the next evening, at family prayer, Mr. Merryman read the third chapter of the epistle to the Romans, which so decidedly settles the point of our justification, alone “ through the redemption which is in Christ,” that Mr. Merryman supposed he had a right to say, some people were more in danger from their good works than their bad ones, if they were tempted to make them a matter of their confidence before God.

After the family service, it appeared that this speech considerably offended the self-righteous views of Mr. Lovely. He thought it very odd, that the Almighty should require nothing of us in point of justification ; and that if such sentiments were just, good people had no better *chance* for heaven than bad ones ; that though we certainly ought, *in a measure*, to trust in our Savior’s merits, yet it still seemed very strange to him, that nothing should be required of us, to *entitle* ourselves to those merits. Thus the conversation on the same subject recommenced, while Mr. Merryman very properly begged that the Bible itself, without any forced commentary whatever, might settle the point. The same apostle was, therefore, referred to, to make good his own conclusion, that “ a man is justified by faith only, without the deeds of the law :” while Mr. Lovely was not a little surprised to find in the fourth chapter, that the justification of the person of Abraham was by faith only, in the righteousness of Christ, which was *accounted*, *reckoned*, or *imputed*,* to all them that believe ; and that the works of Abraham, as mentioned by St.

* These three expressions are all the same in the original Greek.

James, were not to justify his person before God, but his faith before man ; because if it were otherwise to be interpreted, it would be utterly impracticable to reconcile St. Paul and St. James to each other ; and equally impossible that we could be justified by the faith of the Gospel *only*, as St. Paul declares, in order “ that we may have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Thus the perplexity of Mr. Lovely was very considerable, while the conversation was highly satisfactory to the feelings of Mrs. Lovely, who almost shocked the formality of her amiable husband, by saying, that all she did was so intermixed with sin, though these feelings grieved her to the heart, that she felt her need of mercy as much as the vilest Magdalen on the earth.

However Mr. Lovely, finding himself hard pressed, begged for quarter : he requested to know, as Dr. Orderly was such an excellent man, and seemed to be more of his *way of thinking*, whether he could not contrive so as to have an interview with him.—The hospitable and friendly Mr. Merryman immediately observed, that he did not doubt it ; that he and the worthy Doctor were on very friendly terms ; and that as his living was but about six miles from his house, he was sure the Doctor would treat him as a gentleman and a Christian. But as he was always much engaged in composing fresh sermons for his congregation, he did not love to be interrupted towards the latter end of the week ; that he could as yet, give Mr. Lovely nothing better than bachelor's fare, though he hoped to see better days, (casting a wishful look at Miss Worthy) but that still he would do his best.

This generous conduct and affectionate familiarity, still more interested the Lovelys in the favor of Mr. Merryman. A promise was given that they would make an excursion to Sandover ; the result of which will soon be communicated to the reader.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

MR. WORTHY, MR. LOVEGOOD, FARMER LITTLEWORTH
HENRY, AND OTHERS.

THE STORY OF MRS. CHIPMAN RESUMED.

Containing an account of the return of Henry Littleworth, and the happy death of Mr. Chipman.

DURING the absence of the Lovelys, while on their visit to Mr. Merryman, Henry Littleworth returned. The result of this visit shall now be brought forward.

Far. [To his wife.] Why dame, here is old Nelly Trot, the letter-carrier ; she has brought a letter from Mapleton, and it is from Harry. Dear Child, I hope he is coming home. It appears to me as if he had been gone a *longful* time. [To Miss Nancy.] Nancy my child, pay the postage, and give poor Nelly a cup of drink.

Miss Nancy. Nelly, what does the letter come to ?

Nelly. Eight-pence Miss.

Mrs. Lit. Eight-pence ! why it is just double since this French war.

Far. Never mind dame, the Lord be thanked ! better pay a few more taxes than be governed by *Bonypart*, and the *French folk* ; but come in, and let us read the letter. [The Farmer puts on his spectacles and reads it.]

“ MY MOST DEAR FATHER,

“ Through the great mercy of God, all the designs of my journey to Locksbury have been fully answered.—Mr. Chipman resigned his soul into the hands of God on Wednesday last. What blessed things he said during his sickness; and what a glorious end he made of it! I was with him in the solemn moments of his departure.—When he felt himself going, he took me by the hand and kissed it, and then said, God bless you a thousand times for your attention to my precious soul. I said to him, Dear Sir, you are just going ‘to be dissolved and be with Christ:’ then he stammered out, word after word, ‘Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. He immediately closed his eyes, squeezed my hand, and then said, ‘God is come;’ fetched a long sigh, and breathed no more. Mr. Reader was also standing at the bed-side; and when he perceived his son-in-law was going, fell down on his knees, and offered up a secret prayer; and after he found he was dead, while a plentiful shower of tears were running down his cheeks, he kissed his corpse, and said, the best of husbands, the most affectionate son-in-law is now no more. “Oh! that my poor unfortunate daughter should have been the death of such a worthy man.” Oh, my dear father! what scenes I have beheld since I left your house on this occasion.—But, be sure don’t tell Mrs. Chipman what Mr. Reader said when her husband died. And I think it will be best not to inform her of any thing about his death, till after my return, for then I can first tell her what a blessed state of mind he was brought into before he died, which may be the most likely way of preserving her heart from being broken, by the death of her husband, through her unfaithful conduct.

“ Oh my dear parents! how rejoiced I am, that my base conduct had not the same effects on you, as Mrs. Chipman’s elopement has had on her poor hus-

band : and what a mercy it is, dear Father, that your once profligate son should now be employed on an errand in which he has had the honor of conveying the news of the same salvation he has felt on his own heart, to others that were once as ignorant, if not as wicked, as himself."

[Here the farmer takes off his spectacles, and weeps and cries, "O this child, this sweet child! see what the grace of God can do. The Lord be praised! —O what would I give, if Polly and Patty were but like my dear Harry!"]

Mrs. Lit. Master, your spirits are so affected, had I not better pour you out a glass of currant wine?

Far. No I thank you dame.—Harry's letter is but a short one, I'll read the rest of it. [The spectacles are again mounted, and the Farmer proceeds with the letter.]

"As the end of my coming to this place is now accomplished, and as I have already been above a month from home, I wish to return as soon as circumstances will allow.—But Mr. Reader is so very anxious that I should stop over the funeral, and help him to settle his son's affairs, that I cannot resist his importunate request. I fear therefore, I shall not be at home till next Friday, or Saturday se'nnight; though indeed, if I were to stop in these parts another Sabbath after the next, I think my patience would be quite exhausted. You cannot conceive, my dear Father, what a difference there is between the sermons of Mr. Fribble and Mr. Lovegood.—Blessed be God, I never was made so thankful for the preaching of the word of life, as since I have for a season been deprived of it. At times it quite affects me, that the people in these parts should hear no more of the Gospel, and sometimes hardly as much as might be expected from a mere heathen teacher. As I hope, with the Lord's blessing to see you again soon, I need only add for the present, that when you have time, it might not be amiss if you could ride down to Mr. Lovegood, and consult him about the

best plan of laying before Mrs. Chipman her family affairs: and in this, and every concern, may the Lord give us wisdom and grace to act as shall be most consistent with his glory! With my kind love to my sisters, and most affectionate duty to you, dear Father and Mother,

I am,

Your most dutiful and loving son,

HENRY LITTLEWORTH."

The Farmer, according to his son's advice, went to Mr. Lovegood to consult him. Mr. Lovegood was of opinion that Mr. Worthy would be glad still further to interest himself on this business. It was therefore agreed, that directly as Mr. Henry came home they should all go together to Brookfield Hall, and that Mr. Lovegood should give Mr. Worthy previous notice of their intentions.

Henry returned on the Friday evening, as he mentioned in his letter. We pass by all the affectionate intercourse, between him and his own relatives on his arrival, and record the conversation which took place on the Saturday morning according to appointment.

[Farmer Littleworth, Henry, and Mr. Lovegood are introduced.]

Wor. How do you all do? Come in, Mr. Littleworth, I wish you joy on your son's return.

Far. Thank your honor; but it seems as if he had been gone for an age. Harry and I never loved one another as we do now, till we both were taught to love the Lord. [To Henry.] *Ay'nt* it so my dear child?

Hen. Ah father, I hope we shall both have eternal reason to bless God for his love. This sets all right between parents and children, and all the world, if all was wrong before.

Wor. Well, let us all sit down, and then Mr. Henry

will inform us what passed at Locksbury, that we may know how to act.

Hen. Though I have already been telling my father about matters : yet for the sake of your information Sir, I had better relate things from the beginning.

Wor. I wish you would Mr. Henry. By what we have heard from the letters you sent to your father, I expect it will be a very interesting narration.

Hen. Why Sir, as soon as I got to Locksbury, I called first on Mr. Reader, told him who I was, and on what errand I came, and then gave him Mr. Lovegood's letter, and the three books. While he read the letter, he appeared very much affected indeed ; and after he had finished it, he cried, " What would I give to know the writer of this letter ! What a good man, and a good preacher he must be, to have wrought such a reformation on my poor daughter ! And what a character Mr. Worthy must be, to take so kind a part on behalf of that unfortunate girl ! " After some other conversation, he observed, [to Mr. Lovegood] that your notions in religion were, till of late, widely different from his ; but that he conceived the reason was, that he had been much more engaged in studying the works of men, than the word of God.

Loveg. All the errors that abound in the world, arise from mankind bringing their preconceived notions to the word of God, instead of coming in the spirit of a child to be instructed, but after that excellent remark, I think you had better not have given him the books, which were sent for his acceptance.

Hen. Why, I could not do otherwise, as they were mentioned in the letter ; but I said he was to judge of those books, only by the word of God, and not of the word of God by them.

Wor. Did you go to see poor Mr. Chipman, the same day you had the first interview with Mr. Reader ?

Hen. No Sir ; Mr. Reader said, after he had dis-

missed his school, he would prepare his son's mind for the visit on the next day. And so he took Mrs. Chipman's letter, and that which you Sir, [to Mr. Lovegood,] wrote to him, that he might read them before I saw him.

Loveg. This was a prudent step, but what was the result?

Hen. O Sir! the condition poor Mr. Reader was in, on his return that evening, can never be expressed. He told me the grief of his son-in-law was so strong, that he could not leave the house till near midnight, Mr. Chipman's perpetual cry was, "Oh, that my dear Jemima had known Mr. Lovegood before she had met with that horrid profligate, who seduced her!"—It was very affecting to see an old grey-headed man, crying, sobbing, and sighing, under such a calamity.

Wor. After this, I suppose the next day you visited Mr. Chipman.

Hen. Yes Sir; but before he went to bed, I plucked up courage and said, "Sir, is it not time to go to family prayer?" He blushed exceedingly and then answered, "I generally pray by myself;" and then added: "But if what Mr. Lovegood says be true, I fear I never prayed in all my life." And being but young in years, and much younger still in grace, I thought it would look too forward in me to propose prayer myself. I am afraid I was once much more bold as a sailor, than I am now as a christian. After this Mr. Reader shewed me to my bed, which he had kindly provided for me, and the next day I went and visited Mr. Chipman.

Wor. Poor man! And how did you find him?

Hen. O Sir! there I saw one that was but a little while before a fine personable young man, literally dying of a broken heart, and reduced to a skeleton, in the last stage of a rapid consumption, with his hands twisted in each other, and his eyes running down with tears. Then he cried, "Oh! that unfeeling wretch, who could take such a cruel advantage

on my poor thoughtless wife ! What a treasure I once thought I possessed in her ! Well, well, I thank God that she is a penitent ; and the Lord make me a penitent too ! For though I have been kept from all outward acts of injustice between man and man ; yet I now see, by Mr. Lovegood's letters, and by some closer attention to my Bible, if I am not saved by mercy, I shall be ruined for ever." And seeing them both so very humble, I took courage, and asked them if I should go to prayer, and they immediately consented.

Loveg. And how did they seem after prayer ?

Hen. Oh Sir ! all the time we were at prayer, poor Mr. Chipman did nothing but sob and cry, till I was almost as much overcome as himself ; and Mr. Reader was quite as much affected as either of us. I humbly trust Sir, through the mercy of God, it was prayer indeed.

Far. [To Mr. Lovegood.] And what a mercy it is, that my dear child can make such a *distinguishment* between real prayer and *sham* prayer. The Lord be praised !

Loveg. Well, but Mr. Littleworth, with your leave, we should be glad if your son would continue the story.

Hen. After prayer, I talked to them from my own experience as well as I could ; what wicked hearts we all have, and how we all sin at least by our *short-comings*, for as the apostle says, " we come short of his glory " every moment we live ; and then I went on telling them of the glorious salvation of our blessed Redeemer, and the need there was that our hearts should be changed, or that we must be regenerate, and made new creatures in Christ, before we can be taken to glory. And I remember it was just then that Mr. Reader said, it was but the other day he thought it all nonsense to talk about a change of heart, if we were but moral ; but that now he shuddered at his own ignorance.

Loveg. All this was blessed teaching. The first

work of the Divine Spirit is to convince a man of sin: we know nothing, till we know that "we are vile."

Hen. Yes Sir, and Mr. Reader seemed to be convinced of this, for he said to me, "I seem to have been doing all my life, and have done nothing right after all."

Loveg. Well, well; this knowledge must have been not less profitable, than it was painful.

Hen. He even went so far as to say, that nothing shocked him so much as what he once fancied was his righteousness. He was thoroughly convinced, that even his prayers were but mere farce and form; and that, as of late he had been seriously reading over the Church Prayers, he now saw he had been saying a thousand times with his lips, what he had never felt in his heart.

Loveg. Nothing but a knowledge of our misery, will ever prompt us to seek for mercy. How different the language of Mr. Reader now, to what it was when our correspondence first commenced? But as it seems by your letters to your father, the family would not let you leave them till after Mr. Chipman's death, you can tell us further of the good man's experience before his departure.

Hen. Why Sir, I first advised him to withdraw all his thoughts from the calamities he had suffered by the seduction of Mrs. Chipman, as all those temporal connexions would soon be dissolved by death.

Loveg. That was good advice. Was he able to follow it?

Hen. In a great measure he was. Mr. Reader and I went to see him every day, and sometimes oftener. He was never happy but when one of us was with him. Sometimes we went together; and at other times we would take it by turns. And when Mr. Reader was with him, as well as I could, I used to attend on his scholars; for Mr. Chipman was always complaining of his ignorance, and begging us to read to him, when his strength would in any mea-

sure enable him to attend. He in general used to engage his father to read out of Beveridge's Private Thoughts; but when I was with him, he would scarcely suffer me to take any other book but the Bible.

Wor. I suppose, to speak the truth, you could tell him the meaning of it a little better than his father?

Hen. Why Sir, I did it according to the best of my poor little ability. But it is amazing what questions he would ask at one time, and what surprise he discovered at the plain reading of the word of God at another. And the nearer he drew to his end, how delighted he seemed to be with the gracious promises of redemption and pardon through Jesus Christ, crying, "Nothing but mercy will now do for me." Then he mentioned those words in St. Jude, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus unto eternal life."

Loveg. It is happy for us when we are brought to that blessed point. Christ on his mercy-seat, must be all our hope.

Hen. How he was charmed with such texts as these: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."—"Wherefore he is able to save to the uttermost, them that come unto God by him; seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—"Ye are complete in him." And when I was reading that text, "That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus," I remember how he cried, "Blessed be God, I shall soon be presented perfect in Christ Jesus!" Then he said, "Mr. Littleworth, do I quote that text aright?"—"Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? it is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us?" And then he added the other part of the text,

“ For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” I remember he talked in this manner about ten days before his death.

Loveg. Then it should appear, that as the strength of his body decreased, his faith and confidence in God increased.

Hen. Indeed Sir it did; for often when I asked him a question, he would directly answer it by a quotation from Scripture. Once, when I asked him how he was, he answered, “ The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps my heart and mind through Jesus Christ.” Then he paused and said, “ Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee :” He is “ my resting place,” and “ his rest is glorious.”

Wor. It is really surprising how well he recollected the Scriptures.

Hen. Why, from a formal attendance at church, and from an occasional perusal of the Scriptures before he was taken ill, he was not altogether ignorant of that book; but after his illness commenced, nothing would do for him but the Bible; and from the first of his visitation, he was ever seeking after something, he was satisfied was still wanting. Mr. Fribble brought him Pope’s Essay on Man, and recommended him to say his Universal Prayer, thinking that would do him good.

Loveg. Good ! What good could he get from such heathenish trash ? What poor sinner could ever find out salvation by Christ, by reading such divinity, if it deserve the name.

Hen. Indeed, when I was with him, there was very little danger of his being captivated with such books; for when I once told him that he liked the old book best, he cried, “ Old book ! why every letter of it is new to me. How ashamed I am of

myself, that I have so much overlooked its meaning till now; but oh! what grace and mercy, that God, at the eleventh hour of my short life, should have made it such a delightful book to my soul; though I never knew its real meaning till after Mr. Lovegood had corresponded with my father." Towards the conclusion of his illness, he grew so spiritual, that he seemed almost always in prayer, or engaged in quoting some promises of the Gospel, so that it was with some difficulty we could get him to settle his family affairs.

Wor. Pray Mr. Henry, who did you get to make his will?

Hen. Why Sir, it was mostly done by Mr. Reader and myself. The old gentleman is half a lawyer, and is often consulted on law occasions; and Mr. Chipman left that matter entirely with him: he only desired it might be mentioned, that he forgave his wife from the bottom of his soul; that as he trusted her repentance was sincere, she ought not to think of a second marriage, while their only child, and still an infant, demanded the utmost of her attention and care. That though he would wish to leave it under guardians, yet he recommended them to intrust it to the mother so long as she did her duty by it; that what little property he might have realized by his business, should be preserved for the child; but that under the direction of the guardians, the interest might belong to his wife for her maintenance, and for the education of the child; and Mr. Reader and I settled his accounts as well as we could.

Wor. This was very just and fair, and we shall all act in the same upright manner, while we are under the influence of divine grace.

Far. But Harry my child, I would rather hear you go on, and tell us how the good man died: it is *mighty moving* to me, to hear what precious things he was able to speak. Blessed be God, at times, I know something of the same experience; though, at other times, I feel myself sadly *tosticated* by the

devil and my wicked heart; yet I think, by the blessing of God, I feel I hate sin a thousand times worse than I hate a toad.

Hen. Well then father, we'll go on with the rest of it. Poor Mr. Chipman, a few days before his death, had strong fainting fits, and was entirely confined to his bed. After one of these fits he cried, "though my flesh and my heart faileth, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for evermore." And when I observed that he appeared very faint, he directly answered, "For this cause I faint not; for though my outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." And then again, after he had been discharging a deal of corruption from his lungs, and looking at his hands and arms, now worn away to mere skin and bones, he cried, "This corruptible shall put on incorruption; and this mortal shall put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory." I am sure that I have given up my precious soul into the hands of my dear Redeemer: and though I seem to feel myself the poorest sinner that ever lived, yet now through him I can sing, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, that giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Loveg. He seemed to be made of "a quick understanding in the fear of the Lord;" while his memory was preserved wonderfully retentive and correct.

Hen. Sir, he was always asking me to point him out those parts of Scripture, which I thought were most applicable to his state, as a dying man; and those chapters or psalms he would be perpetually reading, as long as he was able, while his poor head, through weakness, was tottering upon his shoulders all the time. He was particularly delighted with the gospel of St. John. I remember he once said,

"How little have I known till of late, what our blessed Savior could mean, by saying that he was "the bread of life," and "the living bread which came down from heaven;" but now it is explained to me by what our Lord said, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him;" and, "whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day;" and my soul can truly cry, "Thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood is drink indeed." He was also peculiarly delighted with the fourteenth chapter, about our Lord's having gone before to prepare many mansions for his people. And I remember while he was talking on that subject, with what a rapture he brought forward that text, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Then he repeated the first verse of a hymn I had frequently read to him, and with which he was wonderfully delighted.

Loveg. What was the hymn, Mr. Henry?

Henry. Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauties are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Then he paused awhile and further added :

When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansions in the skies ;
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd, and dy'd for me.

Far. [To Henry.] But I thought my child, you told me he was most delighted at that hymn our minister *put out*, at the funeral of good old Edward Heaven, the Taylor: what a *brave* Christian for sure he was !

When we behold the heavenly state,
The rest that doth thy saints await !
What streams of comfort fill the soul,
What floods of bliss around us roll !

Above the world by faith we rise,
And taste the joys above the skies ;
With angels feast, with angels join,
In hymns immortal and divine.

On wings of love still upwards borne,
Downward we look with holy scorn ;
The pains and pleasures of this life,
Afford us neither joy nor grief.

[The farmer hesitates]—There now, if I have not forgot how it goes on ! I am afraid I am too near a-kin to the old man, Master Bunyan calls Mr. Forget-good.

Hen. I think I can recollect them father ; it is amazing what a heaven seemed to be upon Mr. Chipman's countenance, whenever he repeated them.

While we enjoy this blissful sight,
With hearts o'erwhelm'd with sweet delight ;
We long to reach that heav'nly shore,
And see this evil world no more.

O how we dread to sin again !
'Tis sin alone that gives us pain :
We wish to melt in tears of blood,
Because we sin against our God.

But what are all these tastes of love,
To those we shall enjoy above ?
Just as a drop to all the sea ;
A moment to eternity !

Wor. No wonder that he felt himself so delighted with a hymn, so suitable to his state ; but did he continue in the same happy frame of mind till his death ?

Hen. Why I remember, he sighed two or three times, and seemed a little dejected. I reminded

him of that text, "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifteth up a standard against him." He directly said, "Why should I fear, God is love: he hath loved me, and given himself for me. He will never leave me; he will never forsake me."—I cannot recollect half the good things he said, but I never shall forget the two last visits Mr. Reader and I paid him, on the last day of his life.

Loveg. It is very confirming to hear of the testimony of dying believers in the Lord Jesus; as I mean to make some improvement of this event from the pulpit, I should be glad of further particulars.

Hen. We were not a little surprised on the morning visit, at his first requesting that Mr. Fribble should be immediately sent for, and that he might be desired to come while we were there; and according to his wish, he was sent for directly. He then gave me the reason for the request, in some such broken language as this. As an instrument in the hands of God, how are we indebted to Mr. Lovegood for all we know? "It is the dying wish of my heart, that he may be invited to our town; and I have no other desire to speak to Mr. Fribble, than to beseech him to lend the pulpit on that occasion to Mr. Lovegood; and I hope it will be no injury to my poor penitent wife, and my dear child, if I leave him ten pounds to pay the expences of the journey. Mr. Reader not only approved the plan, but mentioned how glad he should be to receive him into his house as a guest; adding, that till he had corresponded with Mr. Lovegood, though he had so often read his Bible as a school-master, he never understood it as a Christian.

Far. How did I! in the days of my ignorance admire our Rector, Mr. Dolittle, for two sermons he used to preach against modern '*Thusists*, and as how it was impossible for any one to understand the Bible, unless he had been brought up an *Oxford schollard*, but I did not know that text in those days: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou

hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes !”

Wor. Why really Mr. Reader’s remark was a very excellent one, spiritual truths, can only be “*spiritually discerned* :” the Bible is a most delightful and surprising book to those who are under the illuminating grace of the gospel.

Hen. Oh Sir ! the old gentleman has told me that he could scarcely attend to the younger class of his scholars, through perpetual surprise, how he could be so ignorant with that book of knowledge in his hands. But before Mr. Fribble came, I read him the twenty-third psalm, for I knew he wanted something short and sweet ; and how he was delighted with that passage, “ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me !” Though he seemed for a time quite revived, while he was mentioning that you Sir, [To Mr. Lovegood,] should be requested to visit Locksbury, yet after that as he seemed quite languid, I proposed that we should have a few words of prayer, and begged Mr. Reader would perform that office, at the request of his dying son-in-law ; and it could scarcely be called prayer after all.

Loveg. No wonder at his hesitation on that occasion.

Hen. O Sir, how the good old man stammered and wept while he prayed ! and I remarked that almost every word he made use of, was from his recollection of some Scripture expression ; and his feelings were so strong, that he could scarcely utter those words, which he adopted and converted into the language of prayer, “ Father I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.” And after the prayer was ended, I was astonished to hear how well Mr. Chipman recollected that passage also : “ We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory,

even as by the Spirit of the Lord ;” and with what an ecstasy of joy he quoted them. Just then Mr. Fribble came in, saying, that though he was willing to perform his duty according to Mr. Chipman’s request, and therefore came directly as he was called ; yet as he was engaged with a young gentleman, to whom he was giving some lessons on the violin ; and that as he had left him rather abruptly, he was in a hurry to return. Mr. Chipman said, that he did not send for him for his prayers ; but as a dying man, to request him, that the Minister who had done so much good to his once beloved, but now unhappy wife, might have the use of his pulpit to preach his funeral sermon : as it was acknowledged by all, that their own parish was notoriously wicked.

Loveg. Did he acquiesce ?

Hen. Directly Sir, without the least hesitation, for he hates preaching as much as you love it : and again, he is under obligations to Mr. Reader, for he used to make almost all his sermons for him : though he now begins to complain of them, as being written in too strict a style for his congregation.

Loveg. Why Mr. Reader, in one of his letters, honestly told me, that he was in the habit of composing, and transcribing sermons for many of the clergy about those parts ; and as the price of them was seven shillings each, it generally produced him an income of between twenty or thirty pounds a year ; for though Dr. Trusler’s loose copper-plate sermons were considerably cheaper, yet Mr. Reader’s were much less likely to be detected ;* he wrote to me therefore, to

* An egregious blunder of this sort happened once, even in the famous University of Cambridge, at what is commonly called the Round Church : the Doctor has a notable sermon on these words, “ See that ye fall not out by the way.” And so it fell out that it was preached by different ministers three Sundays running. The clerk on the fourth Sunday admonished the preacher not to give them a fourth edition of “ See that ye fall not out by the way,” for that the parish was very peaceable. The reply was, that he had no other in his pocket, so that the people must have that or none. The

know how far I judged it to be a lawful occupation; and without the least hesitation, I told him by all means to continue it; only to write consistently with the plan of the gospel; as not only the clergy themselves, but many of their hearers, might thereby hear those truths, which they probably might not meet with, should he discontinue his occupation—

Wor. (Interrupts) of sermon-maker-general, (I suppose we may call it,) to the *learned* clergy in those parts. But what a strange jumble this must make among them all, if they still continue their old sermons, and the sermons Mr. Reader will compose, since his mind has been so much better instructed in the knowledge of his Bible.

Far. To my mind, the parsons in the pulpits will be like the weathercocks on the steeples, Sunday after Sunday, and the people won't know which way the wind is to blow next. But I am afraid, at this rate, Mr. Reader will soon loose his custom.

Hen. Why father, I believe he has lost some of his custom already; but after all this, I thought Mr. Lovegood's preaching at Locksbury, would have been quite knocked aside.

Wor. How so Mr. Henry?

Hen. Why Sir, Mr. Fribble continued to ask Mr. Chipman, "if he wished him *to say prayers to him?*" To which I replied, "Through the divine blessing, we have been at prayers already; and I had the impudence to say, that as he was at present engaged in teaching a young gentleman to fiddle, he would be much disappointed if we detained him *to say his prayers.* And when Mr. Chipman said, "That to hear another *say prayers* was no object to him, since his poor vile heart had been taught "to *pray* with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit." But alas! this language was quite out of the depth of Mr.

reader would not dispute the probability of this anecdote, if he knew after what sort of a fashion the churches, in and about the neighbourhood of the Universities, are unfortunately served.

Fribble's knowledge; and he immediately said, that he perceived Mr. Chipman's mind quite rambled, for that he had never heard of such a distinction before, between praying and saying of prayers; but that if his mind was better on the morrow, and if he then wished to see him, he would call, and *say prayers to him* with all his heart.

Loveg. What a terrible calamity when such paltry *things* are entrusted with the care of immortal souls!

Wor. [To Mr. Lovegood.] I hope Sir, you will esteem this a call in Providence, to pay a visit to Locksbury; though for ourselves, we shall be sorry for your absence.

Loveg. If I could get my church well served during my absence, as this seems a providential call, I should esteem it my duty to obey; but I shall be able to determine better after I have heard the conclusion of Mr. Henry's story.

Hen. Why Sir, soon after this visit we went home to attend on the school, for I was quite Mr. Reader's usher, and in the evening, about six o'clock, we were sent for in great haste, with the information that Mr. Chipman was dying. We immediately both went, and found him fainting away in the agonies of death. He seemed at first to take but little notice of us, as his eyes were in a measure fixed, but we could hear him distinctly say, "Lord, let me now depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" then added several times, "Precious salvation, precious salvation! O! precious salvation." And then, [to Farmer Littleworth] father, you know how I told you he took hold of my hand, and uttered these words, "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And how much affected Mr. Reader was, after he saw that he was dead.

Wor. Well well; the race was but short, though the result was glorious. But how must we break these matters to the poor widow? Though I hope she will feel the less concerning her husband's death,

as she has for some time given up all hopes of his recovery.

Loveg. Indeed Sir, I still fear she will feel excessively, as it was evidently through her misconduct that her husband was brought to the grave.

Wor. As Mrs. Chipman must be informed of the event, I know not what we can do better, than that you, Mr. Lovegood, and Mr. Henry Littleworth, should call upon her, and attempt to soften matters, by telling her the happy state of Mr. Chipman's mind, previous to his death.

Loveg. I know of no other plan that can be adopted. But I will write her a few lines this evening, preparing her mind for the result, and to-morrow morning Mr. Henry will call upon her, though I really fear what will be the consequence, from the present state of her mind.

Wor. [To Mr. Lovegood.] I have a great inclination to desire my eldest daughter to attend you; if she should join hands with Mr. Merryman, she will be frequently called on for such visits.

Loveg. Sir, this would be a desirable event, not only as Miss Worthy is so truly serious; but as it will be a sort of evidence, how much you pity and feel for the poor afflicted widow.

[Thus matters were settled—The parties met accordingly, but from the distant hint dropt in Mr. Lovegood's note, the first salutation was, "Oh! he is dead, he is dead! I am sure he is dead! while she cried and sobbed inexpressibly; exclaiming against herself as the vilest of prostitutes, and as having murdered the best of husbands. Every attempt to soften her grief from the narration of the blessed effects, produced both on her husband and her father, though through her misconduct, was of no avail. Her nights were sleepless, and her days were spent in distracted grief, till a total derangement took place.—Under that disease she was racked with the idea that Sir Charles Dash was coming again, to demand her as his

prostitute; while with screams and execrations, she would mention her utter abhorrence of the man.—Then she would suppose that she was forced by a thousand infernal spirits to go, that she might be tormented with the damned, together with that monster of iniquity. Then her distracted mind would depict before her, the spectre of her reverend and aged father, beholding her with the frown of indignant detestation and abhorrence, as being the most unnatural monster that ever existed.—Then the poor child was next on her imagination: she was sure he was starved to death; crying out against herself, that she was worse than a tiger, for tigers loved their young.—As to her husband, his murdered, emaciated apparition continually haunted her; and she fancied that all the people at Locksbury hissed at her, and cursed her whenever they saw her.

In this deranged state, she would make such speeches to these different characters, as were truly surprising, though highly romantic: sometimes she would speak profanely; but in general, piously and penitently in a high degree.

In this state of mind Mrs. Chipman continued for six weeks, when afterwards, through divine mercy, being restored, she appeared like that object of our Lord's mercy, out of which the legion of devils were cast, "Sitting at Jesus's feet, clothed, and in his right mind."

From this circumstance, the reader will naturally conclude, that as yet he cannot hear the termination of her history, which in due time will be brought forward.

During that interval, a continuation of the narration, as it respects the Lovelys, together with some other events, interwoven with the subject, will, I trust, not be unacceptable to the reader.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

THE LOVELYS, THE WORTHYS, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND
MR. CONSIDERATE.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION, AND ON DR. ORDERLY'S SENTIMENTS ON THAT POINT.

AFTER the Lovelys had continued above a week at Mr. Merryman's, they returned to Brookfield-Hall, and were again received with the accustomed hospitality of the house. It is with some regret, that for the sake of brevity, the conversation of Mr. Merryman, Dr. Orderly, and the Lovelys, while at Sandover, must be omitted; though from a certain congeniality of mind subsisting between Mr. Lovely and Mr. Merryman, it might have proved entertaining and good. The substance however, of what then passed, will be found in the conversation which took place at Brookfield-Hall, on the return of the Lovelys from Sandover.

On the next evening they retired to the menagery for their tea, where a variety of the feathered tribe came around them, giving a sweet resemblance of the fearless state of creation, before the human race themselves, with other creatures, became ferocious by the fall. Mr. Lovegood, and the family of the Considerates, from Mapleton, were also of the party.

Wor. [To Mr. Lovely.] I am very happy Sir, to see Mrs. Lovely look so much better, and that she appears so cheerful after her excursion to Sandover.

Lov. Sir, it is impossible to be otherwise than happy with Mr. Merryman: he is to be sure a most pleasant and engaging creature: and he is almost adored among his neighbours, though he tells us, he



MR. LOVELY, AND THE FAMILY OF THE CONSIDERATES,
AT TEA IN THE AVIARY.



On the next evening they retired to the aviary for their tea, where a variety of the feathered tribe came around them, giving a sweet resemblance of the fearless state of creation, before the human race themselves, with other creatures, became ferocious by the fall.

was very dissipated, [to Mr. Lovegood] till after he was reformed by your preaching Sir.

Loveg. Oh Sir! had it been merely by my preaching, others who heard the same, might have been reformed as well as Mr. Merryman: but a work of that sort could never have been accomplished, had even "Paul planted, and Apollos watered, unless God had given the increase."

Lov. Yes Sir, but I suppose there must have been within him some of *the native powers of inherent virtue*, which were in a measure buried by depraved habits, and bad examples, and which were afterwards excited in him by your zealous preaching; whereby *through the grace of God, in conjunction with his good resolutions*, he was enabled to reform.

Loveg. Surely Sir, you have not imported these strange, dark, mixed notions of *human goodness* and *Divine Grace* from Sandover?

Lov. Oh no Sir, but Mr. Merryman, (and I greatly admire his liberal and candid disposition,) when I told him that I and my wife should like to have an interview with Dr. Orderly, gave us a letter of recommendation to him: and I can assure you Sir, we met with very different treatment at the Doctor's, from what I received from Mr. Dolittle.

Loveg. O Sir, the Doctor is a most excellent character; there are few like him in the present day. It seems some years ago, there were many others of the same family scattered up and down the country, but there has been a sad mortality among them; and the present generation is very thin.

Wor. Were not Mr. Regular, and Mr. Decent, and old Dr. Decorum of the same family?

Lov. Yes Sir, I have heard the Doctor mention the names of those divines; but he says that too many of the present generation who have succeeded them, though they are very anxious to keep up the family names, are but a spurious breed, and not worthy to be compared to the former. Now Sir, I hope you cannot be surprised that I should be influenced by the

religion of so good a man. I think you are going too far one way, and I was going too much the other : and the good Doctor has told me of a *middle way*, and I seem to like that best.

Wor. Ah Sir ! I travelled that middle way once, till I found it no way at all. In short, when I was in it I was bewildered as in a labyrinth, and I thought I should never have got out of it.

Lov. Really Sir, I think the Doctor intermixed faith and works together in a very *judicious* manner.

Loveg. I am afraid while the Doctor was *making up his mixture*, he sadly contradicted the language of St. Paul : “ If by grace, then it is no more of works : otherwise grace is no more grace : but if it be of works, then it is no more grace ; otherwise work is no more work.” So that it should appear, as though the Apostle was not quite so fond of *mixtures* as the Doctor.

Lov. But Sir, before you find fault with the Doctor’s notions, give me leave to state them to the best of my recollection. Now I remember he said, that God had made two covenants with man, the covenant of works and the covenant of grace ; that man by the fall broke the covenant of works ; that afterwards God entered into another covenant with man, called the covenant of grace : now I think Sir, as far as this, the Doctor agrees with you and Mr. Merryman.

Loveg. Not altogether Sir, if the Doctor supposes God entered into covenant with man in his *fallen* state. It never can be admitted, that God, the eternal Sovereign, could enter into such a covenant with a set of rebels. The covenant was not made between God and fallen man, but between God the Father, and God the Son, even the man Christ Jesus, who became the *substitute* for our sinful race ; or, to give it you directly in Bible language, he became “ the *Surety* of a better testament,” or, the “ *Mediator* of a better covenant, established upon better promises.” Thus “ he suffered the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.”

Lov. But Sir, were there not certain terms and conditions required of man, whereby he might *qualify himself* for the merits of our Savior! And—
[Lovegood interrupts.]

Loveg. Before you proceed any further, I beg to ask, which will require most, to qualify ourselves for heaven, or for Christ?

Lov. Really Sir, this is a new question to me; I wish you to explain yourself.

Loveg. Which is of greater importance, the man who builds the house, or the house itself? I suppose you immediately answer, the man who builds the house. If so, without *qualifying* ourselves for the merits of Christ, we can as well at once, *qualify* ourselves for heaven itself, and this will put Christ and his great salvation completely out of the question; for if we can *merit* the greater, we can certainly *merit* the less.

Lov. But Sir, the worthy Doctor as much disclaims the term *merit*, as you yourself; he gave me one of his sermons to read, which he composed on purpose, against the merit of works.

Mr. Consid. I have no doubt but what the worthy Doctor's mind would rise with indignation and disgust against such an idea. All that we do before God can never be made suitable to that term. What merit can there be in repentance, which is nothing but an acknowledgment that we are vile, and whereby we confess that we deserve nothing at the hand of God but death. And as to prayer, that only proves we ought to esteem ourselves nothing but beggars, from our very birth. And what is our love to God, but love to a Being who infinitely deserves our love. And as to love to our fellow creatures, a man is little better than an unnatural monster, who is found without it.

Loveg. Yes Sir, and I am persuaded the worthy Doctor has too much humility and goodness to admit the conclusion, which must necessarily be drawn from his mistaken notions of conditional justification. But if on certain terms and conditions I perform the task

proposed, for the sake of a reward, however low those terms may be, I then can claim what the promiser has no longer a right to deny. And this brings matters as near to the point of merit, as one point can be brought to another; and while the Doctor has too much decided humility, to admit the conclusion of his own doctrine, yet thousands and tens of thousands, by the same doctrine, have fallen into the like snare, and the merit of righteousness is the common claim of all, even very frequently of the most unrighteous, throughout all the world.

Lov. I wish the Doctor were here to answer for himself.

Wor. I wish he were; for we all respect him very highly.

Consid. I am sure I do,—though I never saw him but once or twice, as he passed by our house in Mapleton; yet he wrote me such a kind and tender letter on behalf of a poor woman who was a parishioner with us, requesting me that I would interest myself with the corporation, to put her into one of our alms houses; and after I had succeeded, the poor woman told me what a many shillings and half-crowns the Doctor had given her, so that I have loved him ever since.

Lov. Then allow me to plead a little further for the Doctor's religion, since you all acknowledge he is so good a man. He does not say that we can merit heaven, as I have before observed; but that faith and repentance, are only the mild and moderate terms required by *the new law of the Gospel*, whereby we, through grace, avail ourselves of the merits of Christ, provided we properly perform them.

Loveg. I believe Sir, you will discover that the *mixture* you are now attempting will be found equally as difficult, as a mixture between oil and water. For I beg leave to ask first, can the Bible give us the character of a more exalted Christian, than what is comprehended in that of a *penitent believer*? Is not this the character of the real penitent, that he hates

all sin, and renounces it? And who is the believer? Why one who has Christ dwelling in his heart by faith, who lives in holy friendship with God, through the redemption that is in Him, and consequently pants to be dedicated to his glory. Then is a man, who thus repents and believes, a good man, and in a state of salvation, or a bad man, and in a state of condemnation?

Lov. O Sir! penitent believers are certainly in a state of salvation.

Loveg. Then how can faith and repentance be the *conditions* of our salvation, when all that have these *graces are saved already?*

Lov. Is it not possible for a person to have these *graces*, in order to his salvation?

Loveg. Sir, it is utterly impossible, unless you turn all things up-side down; and unless you can make the *effect* produce the *cause*. Now these *graces* are the *effect* of our salvation, they cannot therefore be the *cause* of it; any more than motion, which is the *effect* of life, can be said to be the *cause* why we live or move: and so Bishop Beveridge settles the matter: "How can I do good works in order to my justification, when I can do no good works till after I am justified?"*. To make out all these strange contradictory suppositions, we must conclude that a man must have grace and yet no grace; and that he must be a believer and an unbeliever at the same time. "For he that believeth *hath* everlasting life. While he alone that believeth not, is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on him." Suppose a physician should say, "I will come and heal you on this condition, provided you first heal yourself."—Now Christ is the physician of souls, and penitent believers are actually and completely healed: and if faith and repentance were the terms and conditions on their parts, they first heal themselves, and then come to Christ to be healed. And if this doctrine be true,

* This quotation is from his private thoughts; I wish them to be made more public to all the world.

the need of salvation by Christ is entirely put out of the question. [Mr. Lovely hesitates exceedingly.]

Mrs. Lov. My dear George, I am sorry to see you so perplexed for an answer: but you cannot tell what I felt while the Doctor was explaining what you and I were to do, that we might obtain the mercies of our Savior. I thought if that doctrine were consistent with the Bible, I had a task before me, which independent of the grace of God, I should never be able to perform. But then I thought of these words in our Common Prayer Book: "Because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without thee, grant us the help of thy grace, that in keeping thy commandments we may please thee." [Lovely still continues silent.]

Loveg. But Sir, with your leave, I have some other questions to ask. What are your views concerning human depravity?

Lov. Oh Sir! from the general bent of the habits and inclinations of mankind, we are certainly very depraved.

Loveg. Dear Sir, allow me to press the point a little further. Do you conceive that we are totally, or only partially depraved?

Lov. Sir, it evidently appears that some men are naturally less vicious than others.

Loveg. Then allow me next to ask, how are we to make out these queries, "Who maketh thee to differ?" and again, "What is there which thou hast not received?" and if received, "Why yet boasteth thou?" for the same apostle says, "By the grace of God I am what I am:" and yet you have attempted to make it out, that there is something in man, (that fallen creature,) which makes the difference. Dear Sir, what are we to think of ourselves when we pretend to go by the Bible, and yet so grossly contradict it.

Lov. Why Sir, I am quite astonished that you should controvert the point, that it is divine grace working with our good desires.

Loveg. But from whence are we to get those good desires, but from divine grace ?

Lov. Sir, Dr. Orderly supposes there is *universal* grace given to all, and that they who improve it, will *entitle themselves* to the merits of our Savior ; and that others, who reject this universal grace, will be punished for their unbelief.

Loveg. Then you admit that mankind are not totally, but partially fallen ; and according to this principle, the less corrupted will accept this universal grace, and the more corrupted will reject it ; so that none but a few of the best-hearted of our bad race will ever be saved ; and then another of the Apostle's queries is at an end. "Where is boasting then ? it is excluded. By what law ? Of works, nay, but by the law of faith." For according to your doctrine dear Sir, the law of works must be the first *turning hinge* of our salvation : for all depends upon *how we will* and *what we do*, before the grace of God can have any efficacy upon the heart : so that the salvation of a single soul is a matter of mere chance, as it rests entirely on the creature's will ; and the sovereignty and fore-knowledge of God, are totally at an end. Sir, this is strange doctrine.

Lov. Sir, I confess it is not in my power to follow you through such a labyrinth of abstruse arguments ; I have not accustomed myself to such metaphysical discussions. But as you are so fond of quoting Scripture, I think I can venture to meet you on that ground. I remember the Doctor observed to me that there was a little word of great importance, which stood wonderfully in the way of your notions in religion, the word was IF. And I recollect he brought forward these words—"If thou canst believe, all these things are possible to him that believeth : " and "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins : " and then again Sir, about repentance, is it not said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish " In short Sir, are not faith and repentance universally set forth as the terms whereby we are accepted ? and were not

all the promises given to the Jews continually upon the terms of their obedience?

Loveg. Indeed Sir, while you have already confessed that every penitent believer is a good man, I cannot see, as I have before observed, how he can be a good man and a bad man at the same time. But there are *Is* of very different significations; the conditional *if*, and the descriptive *if*; while the vaunting conditional *if*, can demand payment for what has been performed: the humble descriptive *if* describes the character of the good man, but gives God the glory. It is therefore very true Sir, *if* we repent, *if* we believe, *if* we love God, *if* we are of a forgiving temper, *if* we have pure hearts and clean hands; in short; *if* we be found in all holy obedience to the laws of God, we may assuredly expect to be received into glory: though I think Sir, after you have read the Bible a little more attentively, you will discover that what you now suppose to be conditions, which are to be performed *by us*, are rather to be looked upon as mere gifts or graces, bestowed by the hand of divine mercy *upon us*; and if these good things be *gifts* on his part, they no longer can be called *conditions* on our part.

Wor. And further dear Sir, how are we to understand you, that it rests with us to do or not to do that which is good, according to our own choice. All very true Sir, we shall never do good till we chuse to do it. This however, is only begging the question,—who is to influence the choice? The choice of a bad man will never be a good one, until a supernatural power converts and influences the heart.

Lov. Why Sir, are we not commanded to do all these things: and does it not rest with us to do them, or not to do them, according to our own choice?

Consid. And Sir, I heard Mr. Lovegood say not long ago, that “if we, through the corruption of our own hearts, had lost all will and inclination to obey, God could never lose, nor renounce his right to command.” The law is, and must be, eternal in its

demands, notwithstanding the corruptions of human nature; yes, and that the "law was even added because of transgression."

Lov. Really gentlemen, this is pressing me very hard, for all of you to argue against my side of the question; and yet, I think if I could but recollect all that the good Doctor said, I should still be able to stand my ground. I remember how well he proved, even from the Bible itself, how absolutely necessary good works are, to recommend us to the merits of our Savior: and what an excellent use he made of the account of Cornelius's conversion; how that before ever he was a believer, he was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house;" that "he gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." And observe Sir, that it is said, "his alms are come up for a memorial before God; and that "his alms were had in remembrance in the sight of God." Nay further Sir, it is actually said, that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

Loveg. But Sir, even the chapter you refer to, gives up the point for which you unhappily contend. Was it not found necessary that Peter should be introduced by an immediate revelation, to tell even this good Cornelius, "words whereby he and all his house should be saved?" and he went accordingly, preaching peace by Jesus Christ," and not by Cornelius's righteousness, testifying at the same time, that "to him gave all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth on him, shall receive remission of sins." It is a pity dear Sir, that you should make one end of the same story contradict the other; let it only be acknowledged, that all the good things he possessed, were all the gifts of divine grace, previous to a still further manifestation of that pardon and mercy we all need, and receive through Christ alone; and matters are at once settled between us. The invariable rule we should at all times go by, in the interpretation of the Scriptures, is to make them speak

consistently with themselves. Do you therefore, think you have proved your point against other express declarations of Scripture, that “by the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified;” that “the righteousness of God without the law is manifested; that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ; while the Apostle further gives this reason why Israel had not attained to the law of righteousness, “because they sought it not by faith, but as it were, by the works of the law; and again, they being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God, for Christ is the end of the law of righteousness, unto every one that believeth.”

Lov. Dear Sir, I again remark, you seem quite to misunderstand me. Our good works are not to be esteemed as the *meritorious* cause of our salvation, but only the *conditional* cause. Is it not said, “Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?” And was it not proposed, even to that wicked man, Simon Magus, that he should pray that the wickedness of his heart might be forgiven? and were not all these conditions?

Loveg. I wish I did misunderstand you Sir; but if works are to be in any wise the cause, and especially, as you seem to represent them, the *first moving* cause, whereby we *first move God himself*, (who can be moved by no cause,) to shew us his mercy; the second covenant which you have admitted to be the covenant of grace, is quite as much the covenant of works as the former; and then what St. Paul said about being “found in Christ, not having on his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God, by faith,” is put quite out of the question.

Lov. Really Sir, I confess you puzzle me, though I still think, if I were better read in the Scriptures, I should confute you.

Loveg. Would you then attempt a further dis-

cussion on this point, by bringing forward the histories of the Publican, Zaccheus, the thief on the cross, and the Philippian jailor, who was converted by the power of the Gospel, the moment when he was going to commit an act of suicide. What were the conditions of good they performed in order to their salvation?

Lov. Sir, might it not still be true, that divine grace met with *some latent good*?

Loveg. An observation of that sort has passed us already: but it has been answered by Saint Paul, "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth *no good thing*." And the apostle's own experience is still more to the point than any of the former. He was "a persecutor, injurious,"—"exceeding mad against the believers in Christ;" he was not only "a blasphemer" himself, but "compelled others to blaspheme also;" he "persecuted them even unto strange cities;" and wherever he could meet with them, it was his glory "to put them to death." Such was his conduct towards Stephen; for we are told, that "he consented to his death, and that he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and hailing men and women, committed them to prison. Yes, and while he was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," having availed himself of a commission from the chief priests, that he might bring all he could meet with "either men or women, bound to Jerusalem;" it was even at the very moment when he was determined upon the practice of his most bloody designs, divine mercy met with him, and saved him. I have indeed heard of some, who could find out an argument even from this, to prop up the cause of their conditional salvation, because Paul did this "*ignorantly and in unbelief*;" here then matters turn *right about*, and *ignorance and unbelief* are the terms of salvation. At one time it is only faith and repentance, then good works at large, glossed over by the term "evangelical obedience," though enemies to the principle that renders

them evangelical. However Paul gives another reason, widely different from any of the former; "For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first, (or as it more correctly means the *chief* of sinners,) Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them that should believe on him to life everlasting."

Lov. Sir, I feel I am not sufficiently acquainted with these points, to argue with you as I could wish, but I do not think we differ so much as we once did.

Loveg. Dear Sir, matters are at once brought to the point we both wish, if we can but admit, according to the doctrine of St. James (who is oftentimes put in direct opposition to St. Paul,) that "every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Consequently, what you call *conditions* required of us, I call *gifts* bestowed by him. Repentance is his gift; "Christ is exalted a Prince and a Savior, to *give* repentance." Faith is said "not to be of ourselves, but the *gift* of God, and of *the operation of God*." And when you talk of the conditional covenant under the Old Testament dispensation, should you not rather think of another covenant, made with man in the person of Christ, settled "upon surer promises, and fixed upon a firmer foundation?" And in order to decide the controversy, let us make an immediate reference to the word of God. "But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the Mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises. For if that first covenant had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second: For finding fault with them, he saith, "Behold, the days come saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers, in the day when I took them by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt: because they continued not in my cove-

nant, and I regarded them not, saith the Lord; for this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord: I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people; and they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me from the least to the greatest, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. In that he saith, a *new covenant*, he hath made the first old, now that which decayeth and waxeth old, is ready to vanish away. Heb. viii. 6—13.

Consid. Sir, I am afraid, that all your mistakes arise from a denial of the total depravity of the human race. I just argued as you do, till I was convinced, “that in me, that is in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing.” I was as unwilling as you can be to submit to the awful truth, that God, since the fall, had totally withdrawn himself from man; and that, consequently, “every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil (and that also) continually;” so that as there is no good *in* man, no good can come *from* man, but as implanted there by divine grace; but when I thought myself to be only in this half-way fallen state, I was very contented with the same sort of half-way salvation, which the worthy Doctor has so zealously recommended to you.

Lov. Really Sir, your notions appear very gloomy: though we are greatly depraved, yet, does the law make no *allowance* for us in our *lapsed* state?

Mrs. Lov. Now my dear, I suppose you are thinking of what the Doctor called his *milder-law*, which is lowered down to be made more suitable to us in our corrupted state; and that God would now accept a *sincere*, instead of a *perfect obedience*; and therefore, that he would put up with “the innocent infirmities, incident to flesh and blood.”*

* This filthy antinomian expression I well remember to have controverted many years ago, as I found it in one of the late

Loveg. Why Madam, was it possible the good Doctor could make use of such expressions? They had better suited the lips of a downright Antinomian? Could he suppose, that an infinitely holy God, could retract the law given, and also so strongly confirmed, even under the New Testament dispensation, to "love him with all our hearts;" or as it is expressed, "with a perfect heart:" and thus flatly contradict his own word, in order to make it somewhat more compatible to the corrupted propensities of our fallen race? Did you not mistake the Doctor, Madam?

Mrs. Lov. I really so understood him Sir.

Loveg. Why then you must have understood him, that this milder law can be nothing better than a mere *nose of wax*; that every one is to obey as well as he *can*, provided he does it *sincerely*. And that though I do not love God *with all my heart*, yet I still love him, though *partially*, yet *sincerely*. Suppose the thief should say, though I am but partially honest, yet I am sincerely so; as far as I can, and as circumstances will admit: and another should add, though I am but partially chaste, yet I am sincerely so; while all of them might say, all circumstances being taken into consideration, I could not be otherwise, for I did as well as I could. And again, as God has made a new law to put up with such *innocent infirmities*, they are no longer transgressions,

Mr. Fletcher's checks to antinomianism; the great advocate, (to say the best) of the double-refined semi-pelagianism of the day: so inconsistent are these writers with themselves. This old heresy, whose proper nest is popery, has been revived in modern days, under the name of arminianism, and the reader is requested to weigh the subject, whether *their* antinomianism, be not a thousand times worse than what they wantonly charge on others. I ask, whatever good may be found among individuals, yet what have these modern prevailing notions in general produced throughout all christendom? A system of infidelity has polluted the understanding, and therefore it is no wonder, when they talk of the fruits of righteousness, that their fruits are found to be as the apples of Sodom.

because they are not only *not forbidden*, but are even become *allowable*, according to the terms of this new law. Now “where there is no law, there is no transgression:” therefore we are to believe, that it is now revealed from God himself, that the law is only *partial*, and not *perfect*; and a *partial* law *allows* a *partial* transgression, provided I transgress *sincerely*; and, consequently, I give *perfect* obedience by an *imperfect* obedience, because *imperfect* obedience alone is required; and therefore, if I love God, and pray to him, and believe in him *very imperfectly*, yet if I do it *as sincerely as I can*, God will overlook all the rest.

But let us undress these terms a little further, that we may more fully detect their loose antinomian ambiguity. What is imperfect, must have in it, in a moral point of view, the sin of *omission*, or of *commission*; so that what some call an imperfect action, I will venture to call an unrighteous one. And then I can claim the highest reward that can be demanded, as we have before observed, even of Christ himself, for my *unrighteous obedience*: and as “all unrighteousness is sin,” by my *sinful obedience*.—*Sinful obedience*! Sir, did you ever hear such contradiction in terms before? To dream of salvation by such a law, must be a dream indeed! and after all, Is it a law? What does it define? Can we conceive a looser guide? We must obey as well as we can, and the conclusion is dreadful. Farewell Christ and his Gospel; for if I obey this new imperfect law, while the old perfect law is abolished thereby, there is no doubt but that I may be justified by it, and then the apostle’s conclusion is at an end: “If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by that law.”

Lov. Sir, I wish I was as sufficiently master of the subject, as Dr. Orderly seems to be; but I remember well what an admirable use he made of our Lord’s sermon on the Mount, that it was all on moral duties, but—

Loveg. [interrupts.] Not on moral duties dear Sir, but on those highly spiritual principles belonging to the real followers of Christ, as far different from the morality of the mere man of the world, as heaven is above the earth. The morality (if it must be so called) of that sermon amounts to this, that the real Christian is mortified to every vile passion, and most completely devoted to God.

Lov. Yes Sir, I remember the Doctor admitted what you say; but then he observed, how strongly our Savior urged those words, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth* the will of my father which is in heaven." And that it is not only *hearing* our Lord's words, but *DOING* them that entitles us to the character of the Christian.—I know not how to give up conditions.

Loveg. Dear Sir, has not all this been answered before? While the fruits of righteousness *describe* and prove the Christian, is this to pass for proof that these are the *conditions* of his Christianity? But it is a pity, the Doctor had not taken the whole of our Lord's sermon on the Mount, out of which you quoted that passage, into more close consideration; he would not have found any thing of his mild, lax, new law in these chapters, *allowing a little sin*, though in the very nature of things *unallowable*; only because in our corrupted state we have an inclination to practise it. Had he examined his new law by that sermon, he would have found the anger of the heart, the impurity of the heart, the covetousness of the heart, bring us as much under the sentence of condemnation by that law which commands us to be "pure in heart, that we may see God," as if he had actually transgressed. So that after all, this remedial law is nothing more, than the old heresy of the Scribes and Pharisees, newly revived; and it is awfully said, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven;" and

nothing can bring all these things more decidedly to the point, than what our Lord says in the same sermon, "Be ye perfect, as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." It is a dangerous business, to preach up a doctrine that has such a direct tendency to teach us to violate God's most holy law, which must be as eternal and as unchangeable as God himself.

Wor. I am sorry Dr. Orderly should suppose that Christ came down from heaven, to abrogate the perfect law of his Father, and to set up an imperfect one in the room of it. Is not this making Christ the minister of sin, and did he not say just the contrary, in the very same sermon, when he declared, "he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it;" and that "not even one jot or tittle of it should pass away till all was fulfilled?"

Consid. Sir, as a further illustration of your remarks, we are to suppose that there was once a *long* measure of obedience fully defined, that we should love God perfectly; but that now an indefinite *short* one is to be introduced in its place; and that a *part*, be it more or less, is to pay for the whole. So as it respects the payment of debts, full-weight money was once demanded; but according to this new law, it is lawful to pay in short-weight money, provided we pay *as well as we can*. So that whether it be a half, or a quarter, or even less still, if the law *allows* it, I *perfectly* fulfil the terms of such a law, by my *imperfect* payment. Thus, while the old law condemns our corruptions, and demands perfect obedience, the new law makes a sort of an undefined composition between us and God; and I am sure, while this new law thus compounds for the sins of man, there can be no need of salvation by the Gospel. It is however, a strange way of talking, to suppose a man pays his rent *perfectly*, though he pays it but *partially*, provided he pays it sincerely, and *as well as he can*.

Lov. Oh Sir! the Doctor did not mean to go so far as this.

Loveg. I am persuaded Sir, he did not ; but he ill conceives of the evil consequences of his own doctrine. Every expression which has a tendency to withdraw our minds from the perfect purity of God's law, must also prove equally subversive of the Gospel of Christ ; and we may easily judge what an unhallowed influence this must produce on the hearts of men.— But pray Sir, did the Doctor shew you any part of the Scriptures which settles this point ? I should have supposed that a doctrine so very essential in itself, would have been very plainly revealed.

Lov. Sir, his references were rather general than particular.

Loveg. I should suppose that such *general* references would best suit the cause. But did he not call this new-invented law, by the name of the *remedial* law ?

Lov. I think that was the term he gave it.

Loveg. No wonder that an unscriptural name was wanted for such an unscriptural doctrine ;* and I suppose the inventors of that phrase took it from the word *remedy*. A fine law truly, a remedy for man's corruptions, by allowing a partial practice of them ! Pray Sir, what would you think, if the laws of the country were as badly framed as these supposed modern laws of God ; if the laws against theft, violence, and adultery, were to be “ made easy for the practice of the present age ;”† and if a little latitude were to be given as a remedy on all these occasions, what would be the result of it ?

Lov. Sir, I am sure the Doctor never meant to encourage such immoralities.

* I am aware of an objection on this score, as it relates to the word *Trinity*. Some will ask the question, in what part of Scripture is that to be found ? I answer, no where ; its utility alone exists in superseding the need of long circumlocutious expressions, that have been defined a thousand times over : though others have followed their example in calling themselves *Unitarians*, in contradistinction to Trinitarians, while they know that every Trinitarian is as much an Unitarian as themselves.

† See the title-page of the *new* Whole Duty of Man.

Loveg. Sir, though the purity of his intentions is indubitable, yet what have been the consequences of such sort of doctrines? Why a system of lax morality has been introduced in the room of genuine Christianity. People have thereby been rendered careless and secure, in a state of mind, far inferior to what is demanded in the word of God. In short, preaching up the merit of good works, has produced nothing but the practice of bad ones. Such has been the case ever since the old standard doctrines of the Bible and of the Church of England have been neglected; the Churches themselves, in most places, have been shamefully forsaken; and while the ordinances of the Sabbath, and the sanctuary, have been thus thrown aside, we cannot wonder at the abounding wickedness of the day.

Lov. But Sir, the Doctor's church is very decently filled, though not so crowded as yours.

Loveg. I have heard it is Sir, and I am happy that the people give that token of their esteem for such a respectable character. But look into other churches, where the same or nearly the same sort of doctrine is preached by other clergy, much less respectable than himself.

Lov. Sir, the Doctor is as much displeased at the careless lives of the clergy as you can be. You never see him out of temper, but when he is speaking about some of them in his own neighbourhood. And I assure you Sir, he never speaks of you, or Mr. Merryman, and some other clergy, of your acquaintance, but in terms of high respect: though in some instances, he thinks you are mistaken in your doctrines; and from the same principle that you object to his, that they have a tendency to make men lax in their morals: though at the same time, he is not a little astonished that there has been such a reformation accomplished in your Parish; and he is quite surprized to see what a good man Mr. Merryman has been made, by your preaching.

Wor. But Sir, will you tell us plainly, if we ask

the question, have there been any instances of the influence of the Doctor's preaching on the hearts of his hearers, similar to those, which through the blessing of God, have been exemplified among others, who preach salvation by the entire mercies of Christ, to a ruined world?

Lov Sir, the Doctor laments that circumstance exceedingly. He says, he has had the satisfaction of keeping and confirming the good in the habits of virtue; but he acknowledged, even with tears, that as yet, he did not know that he had reclaimed any that were really vicious from the error of their ways; though he thinks he knows a few instances of some, who are less vicious than formerly.

Loveg. Indeed dear Sir, both you and the Doctor are strangely mistaken, if you suppose that the Doctrines we preach, when properly understood, can in anywise have an immoral tendency upon our hearers. For, in regard to repentance, which you call one of the conditions of our salvation, and which consequently must be left in a great measure to corrupted man to perform by himself; yet we on the contrary believe, according to our excellent liturgy, that it is God who "creates in us a new and contrite heart!" And again, while we believe we are by the Spirit of God, made to "abhor that which is evil;" under such sensations we are satisfied it will be impossible for any of us to live in it,—the existence of sin being the only hell we feel or fear. In short Sir, we believe that repentance is regeneration; it means *a change of mind*, and it is impossible that a man can live in sin when thus by the grace of God he is utterly set against it, by being thus "renewed in the spirit of his mind."

So in regard to *believing*, which you suppose to be another condition, which is to be performed by us. As we are persuaded that none but humble *penitents* will be true *believers*, so none but such will fly from sin to Christ: and no one can fly *from* sin, that he may live *in* it, any more than a man can fly from the plague, that he may catch it. Again Sir, while you

conceive it to be a condition that rests *with us*, we conceive it to be a grace of the Holy Spirit, wrought *in us*; and that such a faith *must* purify the heart, as thereby we are united to Christ; and while we thus “abide in him, and he in us, we shall bring forth much fruit.” Read the fifteenth of St. John’s Gospel Sir, at your leisure, and that will tell you what we mean by faith; it is the most holy principle that can possibly rule the heart of man.

Lov. Sir, I never thought that you meant to preach faith without works; but as for me, I confess I thought that,—I confess I scarcely know what I thought; but I cannot stand my ground. If I am wrong, the Lord have mercy upon me, and set me right! I hope I have not willingly set myself against the righteousness of God my Savior; but I must acknowledge, if we are such fallen creatures as you say the Bible represents us to be, I cannot see how ever we can repent or believe, while our natures are so depraved.

Mrs. Lov. O my dear George! how glad I am to hear you say so! Do you not remember how much the Doctor himself seemed to be perplexed, when I asked, what they who felt their hearts so hardened and unbelieving must do, and who still wished to be changed? and he answered, they should pray to God for his grace; and then you know I said, that if God is to give us these graces, we cannot bring them to him, till we first receive them from him.

Wor. Why, we had it from good authority, that when the Doctor was ill the other day, and he refused the assistance of Mr. Jackadandy; when it was thought he would die, he was obliged to give up all his hopes of conditional salvation. For that he had performed these supposed conditions so ill, that his sins of omission, like those of St. Augustin, were more frightful in his sight, than those of commission.

Loveg. And let me further ask you dear Sir, have you in yourself that sufficient repentance on which you presume to qualify you for Christ?

Lov. [To his wife.] My dear, I fear I spoke too

hastily to you, when you mentioned your concern, after you had first heard Mr. Lovegood. I mean to think more seriously about these matters. I hope you will forgive me; and if I cannot think quite as you do, I will never oppose you any more.

Mrs. Lov. Oh my dearest George!—[She weeps—he weeps—they all weep—and while these sympathetic tears interrupt the continuation of the Dialogue, the concluding narration of the history of this faithful and affectionate pair, must necessarily be deferred.]

DIALOGUE XXVIII

MR. WORTHY AND MR. FREE, A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY
OF THE LOVELYS.

CONTAINING THE CHARACTER OF ALDERMAN GREEDY,
OF GREDITON.

THE Lovelys were in the habit of making excursions about that neighbourhood, that they might entertain themselves with the scenery of the country. One morning they went to see a beautiful romantic water-fall, which being at some distance, occupied them the whole of the day.

A gentleman of an easy and liberal mind, whose name is Free, an old friend of the family of the Lovelys, had lately come into that neighbourhood. He accidentally hearing that young Mr. Lovely was recently married, and that he was hospitably entertained at Mr. Worthys, came over to see him; but unfortunately, on the very day on which he went to see the waterfall. The reader however, by this event, will gain more information respecting the family of the Greedys, especially of the great uncle, than otherwise might have been the case.

Mr. Worthy therefore with his usual hospitality, insisted that Mr. Free should be detained that day at Brookfield-Hall, that he might not be disappointed of his errand. Mr. Free having been thus hospitably invited to the house, after some introductory conversation, the following dialogue took place.

Wor. Have you long known the family of the Lovelys Sir?

Free. Sir, Mr. Lovely's father and I were school-fellows, and we have been in the habits of intimacy ever since: we were also near neighbours, till about five years ago.

Wor. Then I suppose you lived somewhere near Grediton?

Free. Yes Sir, much too near for the good of my health. The air of that place never agreed with my constitution. Our house was situated about half-way between Grediton and Fairfield, the abode of Mr. Lovely.

Wor. I should suppose, from what young Mr. Lovely says of his father, that he is a person of a very respectable character.

Free. Very much so indeed Sir, though he married into a shocking family.

Wor. Yes, by his account the family of the Greedys are a sad set; his uncle has used him most cruelly on account of his marriage.

Free. Indeed Sir, the conduct of his uncle in that business was not less treacherous and unjust, than the behavior of Mr. George Lovely was generous and fair. He quite takes after his father. He is of an excellent disposition.

Wor. I am quite charmed with him, he is such an honorable youth. But it seems his uncle is determined to cut him off from every penny, on account of his marriage, though he is his heir at law.

Free. So he gives it out. But I should not wonder, when his rage is abated, though he is of a very revengeful and malicious turn of mind, if he leaves him every farthing. I know all the family well—they are a strange set.

Wor. I am afraid his mother is quite a *Greedy*, though he says nothing to us about her.

Free. Indeed Sir, she is entirely one of the family; she is always aiming at that which is covetous and mean, while her husband is just the reverse.

Wor. It is bad work when the disposition of the husband and wife are so contrary to each other: but

he talks of a very rich, old great uncle, a lawyer, and one of the aldermen of Grediton, who approves of the match as highly as the other uncle opposes it. Though I do not like to ask the young people any questions about their rich relations, as it always brings some painful reflections to their mind ; yet Mrs. Lovely has mentioned several things to Mrs. Worthy, respecting his astonishing covetousness. From what we can gather, he must be one of the most remarkable misers that ever existed.

Free. I should suppose, if you could search the kingdom over, you would not find his equal : and he is not less wicked than mean.

Wor. I should suppose his character as a miser, is almost as complete as it can be. While the prodigal in the Gospel, like him spends all in mad and riotous living, till he becomes a mere pensioner upon the hogs : this miser it seems, though he feeds on the imaginary idea of his wealth, sustains the real evils of one in abject poverty.

Free. As a lawyer, nobody knows better how to turn the pockets of others inside out, that he may fill his own.

Wor. The profession of the law turns in well for those, who can get rid of conscience and principle, in their profession.

Free. Sir, from his childhood he was educated in all its subterfuges and chicanery ; the practice of which, for some years, proved considerably to his advantage : but as he made it a point to *stick at nothing*, provided that he could serve himself, rather than his client, he had but little business after a while, except among those of his own sort.

Wor. In this respect, it seems he was rather too roguish for his own interest.

Free. Rather so ; but then he procured for himself some excellent pickings through life, by being agent for the corporation to which he belonged.

Wor. I am told he is immensely rich.—Had he much to begin with ?

Free. His private fortune, as one of the younger branches of a wealthy family, was no more than three thousand pounds, and from this comparatively small sum, either by his hoardings as a miser, or by his gettings as a lawyer, he is now supposed to be worth fifty times that sum.

Wor. It seems he was never married.

Free. Report says, he never thought of marrying but once, and that was to a rich widow, who was nearly as frugal as himself. The marriage articles were accordingly drawn out by himself: but when he came to lecture her on his methods of œconomy, and especially that he could never allow but one sheet to the bed, as lying upon the blankets is the most wholesome, she begged to be off. Upon this he threatened to prosecute her for a breach of contract, and thereby picked her pocket of two hundred pounds.

Wor. What a strange trick! But all this was no great sum to begin with, if what Mr. George Lovely says be true, that he is now worth upwards of five thousand pounds a year.

Free. Sir, I don't doubt it. Hoarding and saving are all his delight. He is an excellent arithmetician; and this talent he always exercises in the old proverb, "A penny saved is a penny got." He was so well acquainted with the consequences of simple interest and compound interest, that report says, it was he who recommended that plan to the late prime minister, to pay off the national debt; and as on that occasion, he feigned himself a man of property, he got a good slice of the secret service money for his advice, another addition to his useless hoard.

Wor. As to his personal expences, it seems he is stingy beyond any thing.

Free. Sir, report says, he wore the same suit of clothes, of a dark grey mixture, for full fourteen years; and which most people remembered from childhood: so that he was known by the name of the *grey alderman*. And as he was under the necessity of appearing decent, that he might pick up a few of

those precious things called guineas, which he was in the habit of receiving, upon being consulted for his advice ; and when he appeared abroad upon his business, it is said, that to keep his best suit in a state of proper preservation, he adhered strictly to the following rules.—First, he never wore them but as he was professionally consulted ; and then if at home, when any came for his advice, he would slip off his morning gown, and put on his coat and waistcoat, and next cover his old patched tattered small-clothes with a silk handkerchief, which was always at hand for that purpose.

Secondly. As soon as he had given his advice, these clothes were immediately slipt off, and returned to the chest, that they might be preserved from dust, wind, and weather, till wanted again.

Thirdly. Whenever he was called abroad, and when seated in an elbow chair in these clothes, he would always sit like a trusted turkey, with his arms close to his body, that he might not damage the elbows by any wasteful rubs ; the same care he also took not to lean back, but sat as upright as a dart, that the shoulder bones might not have the same effect on the back of his coat.

Wor. What an astonishing instance of frugality and care !

Free. Yes Sir ; and his old morning gown was another piece of curious antiquity, the real age of which could never be correctly ascertained. It was originally fabricated out of some old curtains, which he bought as a bargain at a sale, and designed as hangings for his bed. But having discovered that these would be unwholesome, as they were likely to prevent the free circulation of the air, they were by himself, who for the same frugal purposes, had pretty well learnt the use of the needle, transmogrified into this morning gown. His wig also, was another piece of valuable antiquity, which had been in existence upwards of nine years, and which gave him a very respectable and alderman-like appearance. This also

was worn with the same frugality and economy, and when done with, returned into its band-box with remarkable care, when its place would be supplied by an old Welsh wig, which he luckily procured for a bad debt, together with some sheets and blankets, which he claimed in lieu of fees, from the executors of an old man, who died a few pounds in his debt, leaving his grand-daughter behind him to execrate such a rapacious wretch ; who could thereby deprive her of the small gratuities she expected for her attendance, and not even leave her a sufficiency to carry her grandfather with decency to the grave.

Wor. What a horrid wretch ! And is he as frugal in his house-keeping, as he is in his clothing ?

Free. Sir, he ever insists upon it, that if people are troubled with rats or mice, it is their own fault ; for that it is a sure proof they keep too good a house ; that as he has never been pestered with such sort of intruders, he has always saved himself the expence of keeping a cat ; so that if ever a rat or a mouse through mistake, should steal into his premises, one could almost feign to oneself the idea, how they would stand with tears in their eyes, lamenting their sad mistake, that ever they should have found the unfortunate hole into that horrid land of famine !

Wor. Though none of us wish to be molested with such guests, yet I should be very sorry if the same fraternity had the same cause of sorrow in peeping into my pantry ; yet there can be no doubt, but that his housekeeping was all of a piece, if rats and mice were so alarmed at the sight of it.

Free. He was in the habit of remarking, that his expences for himself and an old woman, who occasionally waits on him, formerly amounted to about ninepence a day, but that of late they had been nearly doubled. The common black tea he prefers, as being the most wholesome ; for where he can save a penny, he wonderfully studies the *wholesomes* ; and treacle and water, he adopts as his beverage, on the same account ; though now and then, he allows

a pint of small beer, as a treat between him and his maid.

Wor. It is a wonder he has not starved himself to death.

Free. Sir, from the same principles he never allows the use of mustard, pepper, and scarcely any salt, as they are very expensive articles, and stimulate people's appetites to eat more than nature requires; while the little scraps he buys at the market, are pretty high scented, before they are reduced to the price he chooses to give. Sometimes he will even indulge himself with a little poultry, provided it has been rendered cheap through an untimely death.

Wor. I never heard of such a filthy old hog in all my life.

Free. But Sir, this strange old economist after all, while he is thus frugal at his own table, can be voracious enough, when he enjoys his repast at the tables of others; and though he always says, it is a sure sign a man is a toper when he can uncork the bottle for his own indulgence; yet at the table of others, the *pop* of an uncorking bottle, is not less pleasant to his ears, than the taste of the wine is grateful to his palate.

Wor. Such curious instances of astonishing frugality and meanness, I think I never heard of before.

Free. Sir, I can give you other instances of the same sort: whenever he attends any of the corporation feasts, made at the public expence, they say, he will not only half starve himself the day before, that he may then satisfy his voracious appetite with as much as ever it will dispense with; but after dinner, if he sees any thing that is moveable, such as biscuits, oranges, apples, almonds and raisins, dried sweet-meats, and other such rarities, these will find their way into his pocket in considerable abundance.

Wor. I wonder he is not ashamed of himself.

Free. Shame Sir! why there is no shame in him.—For though the town is filled with misers, yet he is so much worse than the worst of them, that he is the

butt of general ridicule and contempt among them all. On one of these occasions, an artful wag, contrived to cut a hole in his pocket, whereby his intended hoard was found scattered about the room as fast as he could pocket it. At another time, he was treated with the intermixture of a nearly tasteless powder of a certain root, that acts as a powerful cathartic, which they say, had a very rapid effect after a most plentiful repast. Really Sir, I am almost ashamed to tell you these strange stories, but that you may understand how he would submit to any thing, sooner than forego the advantages resulting from his covetous pranks.

Wor. Was ever such a creature heard of before? He surely never could find it in his heart to ask a friend to partake of a meal with him: if he begrudged himself, he certainly begrudged his friends. But in his line, how could he avoid all acts of apparent hospitalities of this sort?

Free. Now and then he was under the painful necessity of inviting a person to his table, and giving them a dinner, but never unless under the expectation of securing their custom, or for some other lucrative motive; and then he and his old servant would live upon the scraps that were left till quite musty. On one of these occasions, he treated his guest with a roasting pig, which unfortunately lost its life by being overlaid by the sow, and which was not discovered till above a day after its death.—And then it proved such a savory repast to his guest, that it made him so very ill, that he thought it necessary to employ Mr. Greedy to alter his will, lest he should die; whereby he not only procured a couple of guineas for himself, but another guinea for a physician, who was nearly as covetous as himself, that he might obtain a proper recipe to dislodge the portion of the afore-said pig, which had made him so ill.

However on the next market day, as report says, Mr. Greedy had the misfortune to be well paid off in return; for having agreed on the purchase of the dead pig for a shilling, the woman who sold it called

after him, while he was seeking for his cheap bargains, as an old rascal, for that he had put her off with a bad shilling for her carrion pig, on the last market day, and demanded a good one in return.—This he refused; upon which the woman becoming clamorous, the rest of the market women joined in the uproar. They next helped her to seize him; and immediately they all surrounded him, treating him with a variety of such language as they are accustomed to use on the like occasions, threatening to drag him directly to justice, if he did not exchange the bad shilling for a good one; while he sadly against his will, that he might get out of the hobble, submitted to their demand. Thus he procured his escape, though he had still to run the gauntlet through the market, each calling after him; while one asked him what he would give, the next market day, for a half-rotten turkey; another offered him an old gander that had been killed by a fox; and a third presented him with the cheap offer of some stinking fish. It is not to be wondered that this treatment kept him out of the market for above a twelvemonth afterwards; nor could he dare, ever after that time, to appear but quite at the fag-end of the day, when he might avail himself of the bargains, without running the risk of such another rencontre.

Wor. Well, in all my life I never heard of such a creature. No wonder, that whenever his name is mentioned, Mr. Lovely is silent, and shakes his head. But the old woman in the market treated him just as he deserved.

Free. Sir, I can recollect a few more anecdotes, out of a vast abundance, which might be produced, concerning this most contemptible miser. He is so covetous, that he scarcely ever can afford to buy a piece of soap for the purpose of washing himself.

Wor. A nasty old fellow! one would think he would be poisoned by his own filthiness.

Free. Really Sir, notwithstanding this, when you see him out of doors, he, in general, looks clean and

wholesome. But he will boast how he keeps his skin clean, by merely rubbing himself with a coarse dry cloth, which he observes, not only has the salubrious effects of a flesh brush, but saves him the expence of soap. In his way it should appear, as though he was no bad physician, but all his knowledge in that line runs one way; he has discovered, greatly to his satisfaction, that the half-starved poor, on the average, actually live longer than the rich, who are over-fed with luxuries; so that he seems now quite delighted with living a half-starved life, that he may live the longer, to make a larger purse.

Wor. Was it possible that he could go beyond all this?

Free. Sir, he is the same man throughout. Once he had nearly suffered the penalty of fifty pounds, for making, with the assistance of his maid, his own tallow candles; not only that he might evade the duty on his own account, but that he might also make an advantageous *swap* of a part of his stock, for his black tea and brown sugar, at a poor little neighbouring chandler's shop.

Wor. Had the penalty been levied, I should suppose that the loss of the money might have broken his heart. But if he was the manufacturer of his own candles, I suppose he could afford himself a little light?

Free. Sir, I have been told, though he makes his own candles, yet he uses them very sparingly; for in the first instance, he never burns but one at a time, as he has discovered that a strong light is prejudicial to his eyes; and also that it is a sin to burn out day light. His employment therefore, during twilight, they say, is to knit his own stockings, which from the same frugal motives, he has learnt to accomplish in a most dexterous manner.

Wor. Have you any more stories to tell of this curious muck-worm?

Free. Oh Sir! there is such a variety of them, that they would almost fill a little volume. At one time he

had nearly lost his life by suffocation, from the fumes of brimstone, having commenced the manufacturer of his own matches, under a discovery, that he could make many more for a farthing, than he could purchase for a halfpenny; and at another time his life was in great danger, from his having been shot at, under a supposition that one moonshiny night he was robbing a rabbit-warren, when the fact was, that he was only engaged in picking up the excrements of the sheep, and other cattle, that he might enrich his own garden, by depriving a neighbouring common of its manure. Such are some of the contrivances of this miserable creature, that he may have plenty of ready money, for purposes not less villainous, than they are mean.

Wor. It seldom happens, but where a deal of covetousness exists, cruelty and villany are sure to be connected with it.

Free. I am sure it is the case with that crafty old harpy, for every thing he does, is with an eye to his own interest. It is looked upon as a remarkable instance of extravagance, at least in him, to give sixpence a week to a public news-room: but it is with a design that he may learn from the different advertisements, what is to be sold by the thoughtless, and necessitous of every description. And from this principle, he is become a considerable land-jobber, whereby he has made several advantageous purchases of different estates. Some he sells again, others he has in own possession.

Wor. What a long-headed fellow he must be—and what a character he must have among all who know him!

Free. He cares nothing about character; for he will oftentimes tell of his covetous pranks, for the diversion of others, in a measure of the same stamp with himself. I remember one of them was, that hearing, by the papers, that an estate was to be sold not far from Grediton, and that London was to be the place of sale; he first contrived to get himself subpoenaed to attend a trial, at an assize in the town, through which

he must necessarily pass. As his departure from home, being a professional man, might prove a considerable loss to him, the charge he made was so high, that it completely paid his stage coach expences, during a journey of near four hundred miles, before he accomplished his return. He not only lived at free cost while he was upon the business of the trial, but when there, pocketed sufficient *prog* to take him to London. On his arrival there, he entered the auction-room as early as he could; and this being plentifully provided with biscuits, wine, and other good commodities of the same sort, being sharp set, after his long journey, he first made a most plentiful meal, and next loaded his pockets with a quantity, sufficient to furnish him with provisions for his return, that he might not be at the expence of eating at an inn. The whole of his travelling expences amounting but to fifteen pence, for a little gin and water, or small beer, after so long a journey, and after having purchased an estate amounting to full three hundred pounds a year.

Wor. Sir, if I had the least reason to doubt your veracity, I should at once say it is impossible. But when covetousness is thus reduced to a system, almost any thing may be credited, that the wretched system may be abided by. I am afraid he was a horribly extortionate landlord.

Free. Why Sir, after all, (for I know a deal of the family,) this wretched cormorant, who never got fat by all he devoured, does not over-rate his tenants; but this is all from the same principle, that they may not beggar his estates; for though he is moderate in his demand of rent, yet he can make such immoderate demands of improvements as it respects the plantation of timber trees, clearing of wastes, and keeping the lands in a proper condition, that it is supposed, that no one's estates are in better trim than his.

Wor. So far as that goes, if he is fair and moderate in regard to rent, what serves the landlord, serves the tenant, and I find all my tenants, as they are used

well, pay well. That mercenary landlord who oppresses his tenants, is generally served as he deserves—they beggar his land, and break in his debt.

Free. Ah Sir! without flattery, your name as a landlord, will live a long time after you are dead. As far as this however, old alderman Greedy follows your example. But if any of them are in arrears, or should perchance, through misfortune fail in his debt, he directly attacks them, as the most oppressive vulture that ever lived. The cry of the widow and the orphan, never reaches his callous heart; the accomplishment of their ruin is sure to take place, sooner than he will miss by lenity, what he can extort by law.

Wor. Why of the two, one should rather suppose, he is a greater monster of iniquity than the possessor of the family estate at Grediton Hall.

Free. Sir, in point of principle, the one is as bad as the other: but in regard to mere covetousness, so far as it relates to the art of saving, the old alderman far exceeds him. As to usury, it is his supreme delight, so far as he can evade the lash of the law. He is sure to deal with the extravagant spendthrift, if he can cover himself by collateral security from the most distant danger of a loss; and these may depend upon paying most severely for their folly.—A sinking tradesman, is also sure to get money from him, provided he can procure a bond in judgment for himself; for it is no matter with him who is cheated, provided he is benefitted.

Wor. A bond in judgment! yes, those rascally instruments of legal process, might do well enough for him, while they entirely sweep away the property of other creditors, who may have an equal claim. But can a man of character or conscience, for a moment, bear to possess such villanous instruments of law?

Free. No matter for all this, or ten times worse. These miserable characters would strike his rapacious eye with infernal delight: like a complete vulture, as sure as he could seize them in his talons, he would

hold them fast, till they became entirely subject to his mercy,—a grain of which he never possessed.

Wor. What horrid mischief the love of money does to the human mind !

Free. Why Sir, the mind of lawyer Greedy, is scarcely human. Cruel as the spider when the helpless fly is entangled in his web, which he is sure never to leave till he finishes his existence by sucking his blood ; so this unfeeling fiend in human shape, who cares for no one but himself, when he has these unwary sufferers safely toiled in those cruel instruments of law, tortures them at his pleasure ; and while there is any blood in them, being as crafty as he is cruel, he is sure to find it out !

Wor. What a monster of a man !

Free. Sir, he is one who knows no interest but what centers in himself. If ever he appears generous, it is only with some feigned designs. He would be a bearable character, were he merely covetous for himself ; but his covetousness urges him on to every thing that is wicked and unjust, while at the same time, he is one of those long-headed, crafty-minded fellows, who scarcely ever expose themselves to the lash of the law ; but under the cover of the law, he will act a part the most villanous, and unjust. If he had not been as cunning as he is knavish, he would have been hanged long ago. But out of respect to his nephew, I am ashamed to tell all I know.

Wor. I shall never wound the tender feelings of this amiable youth, by giving him the most distant hint respecting the subject of our present conversation ; but still I have a curiosity to hear more about him, and of his different tricks.

Free. Tricks indeed ! I recollect the following master-piece of his villany, which he accomplished about ten years ago. Though he had scarcely any creditable business in his profession, yet he was in the habit of being employed by some, who were as covetous and as mean as himself. Nothing delighted him more, than to make people's wills for them, and

this he was glad enough to do gratis, provided he could secure a legacy for himself. He had a job of this sort in hand, for two old people that were shopkeepers in the same town: Simon Grasper and his wife. In this will he absolutely left all that he was possessed of to her, only empowering her to leave it to his nephew next, if she saw fit. For it seems the young man who once served in his shop, had given him considerable offence by retiring from the town without his consent, as it was a situation he hated, and by marrying a young woman in the West of England, with little or no fortune.

The old man died first, and this put the widow completely into old Greedy's hands. His first attempt was to give broad hints that her nephew was inclined to be improvident, and a spendthrift, and that trustees might be needed, and how happy he should be to perform that office, out of respect to his old friend that was now dead. She however did not chuse to take the hint, and thought old Greedy was too far advanced in life for that office, and therefore insisted that another will should be made according to her husband's wish, leaving all her property to the nephew; excepting a few trifling legacies, and some comfortable residuary pickings for himself, and foolishly suffered the old harpy, to be whole and sole executor to the will.

Wor. This was giving him an opportunity to fleece them, according to his heart's desire.

Free. Yes Sir, and by all accounts he did it completely, for it seems the old people had mustered together in different effects, upwards of three thousand pounds, and it was always supposed that the round sum of three thousand pounds, was actually left for the poor nephew and his family: but upon the death of the old lady, which took place about a year afterwards. It was discovered on the opening of the will, £300 instead of £3000 was all that fell to the poor nephew's share, and it is the general conjecture of all, that the old scoundrel altered the word thousand

into hundred: for as executor, he kept the will in his own possession, and cheated the old dame with a false copy of the will, which as it is supposed, he took care to destroy as soon as the breath was out of her body.

Wor. Why a less criminal action has brought many a one to the gallows. But were no efforts made to detect the fraud, and to bring him to justice?

Free. It was thought of by many, but he not only took care that there should be no evidence against him, while reports were frequently trumped up, that both the uncle and aunt meant to cut him short, because he had an inclination to be extravagant; or in other words, because he was not so covetous as themselves.

Wor. What a vile wretch! It seems he is of a great age.

Free. Yes Sir; but the last time I was informed about him, I heard he was as keen after money as ever, grasping after the world as eagerly as if he were never to leave it.

Wor. One would suppose that it is scarcely possible that a single drop of the blood of the Greedys could be found in young Mr. Lovely; he seems to be of such a beautiful turn of mind. But he has the satisfaction of it within himself. As to such wretched creatures as the Alderman, it is a righteous judgment of God, that every evil should be attended with its own punishment.

Free. I have that opinion of Mr. George Lovely, that if ever he possesses any part of the family property, he will be a shining character. I hope Sir, his tender delicate wife is upon the recovery, since they have been so hospitably received in your delightful place.—The scenery is very enchanting.

Wor. Yes Sir, she is considerably better.

Free. I am sure, if she recovers her health anywhere, no place can be better calculated for that purpose than this.

Wor. Yes Sir, the kind providence of God has

favor'd us with a pleasant situation. If you are not too much tired after your ride, perhaps you would like a walk; for you must not leave me till you have seen the Lovelys.

Free. Oh Sir! I never thought of intruding myself into your house; I meant to have ridden two miles further to Mapleton, after I had seen Mr. George Lovely; but just at the bottom of the hill, a little before I came to your park-gates, I passed by a delightfully snug public-house, with a tablet over the door, containing such sort of poetry, as I never saw exhibited at any public-house before; and it was my design to have taken up my abode there.

Wor. O yes, they are quite orderly people, and would entertain you very decently; and though I shall be sorry to deprive the honest landlord of his customer, yet I must not part with you as my guest; I know the Lovelys will return before the dew of the evening, as the state of her health demands peculiar care—Come Sir, we will put on our hats, as we can walk and talk at the same time.



The proposal was agreed to. As the conversation only turned upon the beautiful prospects, and the elegant, yet romantic views about Brookfield-Hall, it need not be repeated. However I should judge, some of my readers may suppose what has been sufficient to startle their credulity, has been reported, respecting the remarkable covetousness of the old Grediton alderman. Should it also be suspected that I may have blended two or three known characters into one, the reader shall enjoy his own conjecture. After all, let him remember the well-authenticated characters of the late Mr. Elwes, (though for many years in parliament for Berkshire :) the famous Baron D'Aguilar, belonging to the Starvation Farm-yard, near Islington: that filthy old oeconomist, Daniel Dancer, Esq. late of Pinner, in Middlesex: who at times, literally lived on carrion, and actually died in a sack,

about ten years ago, though worth three thousand pounds annually : his sister also, being just such another œconomist as himself ; and that a living witness of the same sort of unaccountable œconomy, till very lately existed in the keeper of the *dirty warehouse* in Leadenhall-street : and then I believe it will be acknowledged, that the character of the miser, as exemplified in the Grediton Alderman, is by no means caricatured, the general conduct of others of the same tribe being brought into consideration.

Let the present subject be concluded, with a remark of the inimitable Bishop Hall.—“ The covetous man is like the spider ; he does nothing but lay his nets to catch every fly, gaping only for a booty of these flies, he consumeth his own bowels, so that which is his life, is his death ; and yet he is least to be pitied, because he makes himself miserable : like wicked Ahab, the sight of another’s vineyard turns him sick at heart ; he wants it for himself. He hates his neighbours, as bad as he is hated by them, and would sell his best friend, (if he had one,) for a groat. He pines his body that he may damn his soul ; and whenever disappointed of his expected gain,* through the accursed discontent of his mind, he would dispatch himself, but that he is loath to cast away money on a cord.”

DIALOGUE XXIX.

THE LOVELYS, THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS, AND
MR. LOVEGOOD.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR DEPARTURE
FROM BROOKFIELD HALL.

AFTER the event of the former dialogue, the Lovelys still continued at Brookfield Hall. Their design was to have provided for themselves some little retired cot in the village, and having fixed upon one that suited their taste, they were about to fit it up in the style of those who find much happiness in a little, provided they are blessed with happiness in themselves : while this step was not less satisfactory to the Worthys, who did all in their power to forward their design. The only conditions were, that as Mr. Lovely was not as yet thoroughly settled, respecting the divinity of the respectable Dr. Orderly, he might now-and-then attend his Church on the Sabbath-day. Even as yet Mr. Lovely seemed scarcely beaten out of all his strong holds of confidence in himself ; for, to the very last week of his continuance in those parts, he was somewhat inclined to keep up his opposition to the gospel way of salvation by Jesus Christ ; and therefore tried if he could not do more by his pen in his chamber, than what he could by conversation. All this he intended for the perusal of Mr. Lovegood ; yet the more he studied the Bible, to make it compatible with his own sentiments, the more he was confused ; and the more he wrote, the less he liked

it; till at length he was obliged to commit all his writings to the flames, and soon became as humble and as lowly as a child; while he could scarcely speak against his stout opposition to these things to Mrs. Lovely, without a tear starting from his eye, that ever he should have given her a moment's grief on that subject; intermixed with holy gratitude, that now the silken cords of Gospel love, had united them still more than ever in heart and affection to each other, through the powerful influence of that love, which makes us all one in Christ Jesus.

Mr. Lovegood's mind, at the same time, was led out in great thankfulness for these fresh instances of divine mercy, manifested through him, as a Minister of the word of life. But alas! very soon after this an unexpected summons to Mr. and Mrs. Lovely made a separation immediately necessary. The post, with the tidings of his great uncle's dangerous illness, reached Brookfield on the evening of Sunday; and Mr. Lovegood was sent to that evening, to take an early breakfast with the family on the Monday morning, that he might be with them at the time of their departure.—Such an interesting and sympathetic union, had now taken place between all parties, as rendered this last interview very affecting. The reader therefore, must expect the language to be very broken.

Lov. [With his eyes embossed with tears, to Mr. Worthy.] 'Dear Sir, what shall I say to you for *all* the great love and kindness with which you have favored us poor outcast strangers, since we have been in these parts?

Wor. Say Sir; why nothing. Don't you think our pleasure has been as great as your's, in being favored with you and Mrs. Lovely as our guests?

Lov. Sir, my dearest Ann has said it a thousand times, that the kindness, and affectionate hospitality with which you have received us, has been the preservation of her life. It appears as if she had forgotten all her sorrows, through the happiness we have

enjoyed in being your guests, though I cannot tell how perverse, and unkind I seem to have been, in holding such arguments against you and Mr. Lovegood, upon matters, I now find, that I so ill understood.

Wor. Dear Sir, you could not have been more perverse than I was, till the grace of God, accompanying his truth, compelled me to yield. At one time I was so exasperated against Mr. Lovegood, when he first became our vicar, that I had a great inclination to write to the Bishop against him; while at another time, I found I had more to blame in myself, than in Mr. Lovegood's preaching.

Mrs. Lov. My dear George, do not be grieved; for I know you did not mean to offend Mr. Worthy, Mr. Lovegood, or any one else by what you said; and you have often told me so of late; though I was at times, exceedingly sorry to hear you argue so strenuously, for what I then thought you would soon acknowledge to be wrong.

Lov. Yes my dear, I was wrong; I am now convinced I was wrong, in being such a strenuous advocate for such a cause: and I am grieved at the perverseness with which I carried it on. But still I would not but have visited Brookfield for all the world.

Loveg. Indeed my dear Sir, these controversial conversations, if they deserve that name, as they have been carried on between us, have affected us in a very different point of view. We were both equally earnest in our own cause, and we have equal reason to claim your forbearance, as you have to claim ours. But on the contrary, we were happy to find you so inquisitive upon the subject, and that you were so determined to feel your ground every step you trod: it is nothing better than a mark of folly and hypocrisy, to yield without conviction.

Mrs. Lov. Why then dear Sir, I am afraid I may not be right; for I plainly saw, what a state of ignorance I was in, from the very first time I heard you preach.

Loveg. My dear Madam, you must not admit such a thought for a moment. Was not Lydia's heart opened by the Lord, the instant she heard the preaching of Paul at Phillippi? I have known some who have drawn the most terrible conclusions against themselves, because they have not felt all those horrors of mind, which some may unguardedly speak of, under the first discovery of the evils of their hearts, while after all, nothing but a holy love to God, truly converts the soul, and constrains us to obey.

Lov. Well, well; what a providence it was, that, when we designed to have travelled to Ruckford, we should have missed our way so as to take the road to Mapleton! But I now trust it was, that we might find our way, to be brought to see what we never might have known, had it not been for this merciful event. Dear Sir, let me again ask, what return can I ever make to yourself and family, for all your uncommon hospitality and kindness?

Wor. Sir, it is all settled. Give us a promise that you will repeat your visit as speedily as you can.

Mrs. and Miss Wor. And we must insist upon it that you bring Mrs. Lovely with you.

Mrs. Lov. O Madam! to my latest moments, and I trust to all eternity, I never shall be able to express the gratitude of my heart for the mercies of this visit.

Lov. Ah Madam! my dear wife will never start any objection against that proposal. We were obliged to surmount many difficulties before our union could be accomplished, and now we feel doubly united. I cannot doubt but that the religion of the Bible, will make us one of the happiest pairs upon earth. [To Mrs. Lovely, taking her by the hand.] My dear, you were right, and I was wrong. Forgive me that I have contradicted you so often; I am sorry for it. [He stifles his grief, and addresses Mr. Lovegood.] Dear Sir, I bless God a thousand times that ever I knew you. I confess, that at first I was very angry with you in my heart, because the mind of my dear wife

was so much discomposed by what you said. When I think by what a perverse spirit I was actuated, it cuts me to the heart. Impute it to my ignorance, and forgive me. But I can assure you, I never parted with one I loved so much, since I have seen into the pride and presumption of my wicked heart. [Mr. Lovegood being quite overcome by the address, could make no answer, but retired out of the room.”]

Wor. [To Lovely.] Sir, your conversation acts too powerfully on the feelings of that good man.

Lov. Yes Sir. And it was but a little time ago that I was jealous and suspicious of every word he said. And what pains I took to persuade my dear wife to leave your house, that I might have her at a distance from hearing those blessed truths, which I now leave with such regret! But I cannot express what I feel in being deprived of such an instructor, just as I have discovered how ignorant and ill-instructed I have been all the days of my life. This painful circumstance affects me more than I can express. And what a scene will be exhibited before me, if I find my old uncle on this side of the eternal world, while I feel myself so incapable of instructing him, and he at the same time, so unfit to die!

Wor. Oh Sir, as you must go post, and as your servant is to follow you with your vehicle, he will have room to carry some of the publications of our good old divines with him, such as Hall, Davenant, Usher, Leighton, and others, who were the real advocates of the doctrines of the reformation, authors, not less eminent, though less dignified; and let these, dear Sir, be your instructors, till we see you again; I will go into my library, and pick you out some of them—But I am sorry, that you have cause to apprehend so much, as it respects the state of your uncle's mind.

Lov. O Sir! I should be ashamed to tell all I know or think of him. [To his wife.] My dear creature, what shall we say to him, should we find him alive? Oh what would I give, if that dear

man, who has now left the room, could but go with us?

Wor. An excellent thought my dear Sir; for though we are always very sorry to part with Mr. Lovegood; yet, for the good of others, I should suppose such an event is by no means impracticable; and I dare say, if Mr. Lovegood can but procure the assistance of Mr. Goodman, who is at present disengaged, having been turned out of his curacy by his Rector, he on his own part will have no objection.

Mrs. Lov. Dear Sir! what a joy it will be to us both, to be favored with such a companion! As we are all of us but slender, and as we must travel post, we shall find quite sufficient room in the chaise.

Lov. Oh Sir! if this plan can be accomplished, how happy it will make us! Perhaps Mr. Saveall, the Rector of Grediton, might lend him his pulpit. I cannot think there are a set of people upon the earth that want such preaching more than they do; the town is full of the most wretched worldly-minded misers that ever existed; excepting my dear wife's father, who is not a native, and a very few more, they are almost all alike.

Mrs. Lov. Why you know my dear, if Mr. Saveall will not let Mr. Lovegood preach, your father may succeed with Doctor Nescience, though he would not have so large a congregation in the village of Fairfield. But oh how happy should I be! if the people in our parts were but to hear what we have heard, since our visit to Brookfield!

Lov. Ah my dear! instead of talking about getting pulpits for Mr. Lovegood, we must first see if we can get him to go with us. We shall have no time to accomplish such a plan, unless we set about it directly; for though the days are long, yet we have a journey of above sixty miles before us.

Wor. Then Sir, we must make the more speed, that we may see what can be done; perhaps we may

settle matters in less time than you think for. [Mr. Lovegood is again immediately called in.]

Wor. Come Sir, wipe your eyes, and hear the proposal we have to make to you.

Loveg. Sir, I cannot stand it, if Mr. Lovely addresses me in such a manner.

Wor. Well Sir; but he is going to address you on another subject, and in another manner.

Lov. Will you my dear Sir, go with us to Grediton?

Mrs. Lov. O dear Sir! don't say no. I beseech you, come with us!

Loveg. But what must I do about my Church? And then there is poor Mrs. Lovegood, and her little ones.

Wor. Oh Sir! there is Mr. Goodman, I dare say he is still disengaged; I will send a note to him, if you will write it, and order a man and horse to go with it to Mapleton directly. And as to Mrs. Lovegood, we will be sure to pay her due attendance till your return.—Nothing can make these dear young people so happy, as to be favored with your company: you must go with them.

Loveg. Really Sir, such a hasty proposal quite staggers me. Still I feel much inclined to go, but I wish to consider a little.

Wor. O Sir! for the present you must put consideration quite out of the question. These dear young people will want a friend and an adviser with them, and there is no one that can do so well—But I must not say too much before your face.

Loveg. Sir, you know I cannot be absent above a week or ten days.

Wor. [To Mr. Lovely.] Sir, that Mr. Lovegood may not interrupt time by his talk, you write a note directly to Mr. Goodman, and request him, in the name of us all, to serve Mr. Lovegood's church next Sunday: you know him, as he dined with us on Friday last, but be sure it does not fall into the hands of Mr. Dolittle, or Mr. Spiteful. [They all smile.]

Loveg. Dear Sir, you press matters very close upon me. But will it be worth while to take so long a journey for so short a time?

Wor. Why, suppose you were to be absent two Sundays instead of one, if Mr. Goodman can supply for you : though we are sorry to part with you, yet you can never do good but at one place at the same time. If I had your old honest friend Mr. Slapdash here, I should not have had half the trouble to have persuaded him to take the same journey, under the same providential calls.

Loveg. Ah Mr. Slapdash ! Dear honest man, I know how I want his constitutional zeal. And I love him for what I have not got.

Wor. Then borrow some of mine ; you know at times, a rapid fit overtakes me. Come, come, go home directly to Mrs. Lovegood, pack up your little matters, and by that time my servant will have returned with an answer ; and depend upon it, that all is right in a way of providence, if Mr. Goodman can supply for you till your return ; if he cannot, I shall agree with you, that your parochial situation providentially prevents the journey.

Lovelys. [Both together.] Oh do, do, dear Sir, go home directly, and prepare for the journey ; we do not care if we travel all night, if we can but have you with us.

Loveg. Well, well, I find I must submit. I will go home and return as soon as I can. The Lord direct us !

The dialogue thus concluded. A copy of Mr. Lovely's note to Mr. Goodman, shall be laid before the reader.

" DEAR SIR,

" If you can shew the greatest instance of your truly Christian affection, to a poor bewildered youth, who

begins to find his way out of a labyrinth of errors, through the blessing of God on Mr. Lovegood's preaching and conversation, may I humbly request you to serve his church for him, while he favors me with his presence, and pious advice to Grediton, where I am called immediately to attend, by a letter directed to be written to me, by the dying request of my great uncle. Dear Sir, accept this small token* of respect, as you have suffered so much from your virtuous, and steady conduct, on behalf of our blessed Redeemer's gospel.

I am Sir,
With real esteem,
Your affectionate friend,
and humble Servant,
GEORGE LOVELY."

Matters were thus speedily settled, Mr. Goodman engaged to supply for Mr. Lovegood, whereby he seemed fully satisfied that he should take the journey. This greatly softened many painful sensations, respecting the separation. A few sympathetic tears were indeed dropt between Mrs. Lovely and Miss Worthy, who began to feel themselves as much united, as though they had been sisters; and after all things were thus completely settled, a very appropriate, though short prayer, was offered up, and the following parting hymn was sung, which Mr. Lovegood, being possessed of a ready knack of rhyming, gave out as an extempore production on this occasion:

Holy Savior! Israel's guide!
Thee we trust, and none beside:
May our footsteps never stray,
From thyself the living way.

Call'd by thine unerring hand,
Bid us bend to thy command;
Let our willing hearts fulfil,
All the pleasure of thy will.

* The present was a five-pound note.

Guarded by the cheerful light
Of thy beams, divinely bright ;
May we tread the paths of peace,
Till we reach the realms of bliss !

O'er our souls divinely move,
Shelter us, thou God of love :
Underneath thy wings may we
Love, and serve, and worship thee.

Let thy providence direct,
Let thy pow'rful arm protect :
Thus our gracious Leader be,
While we humbly follow thee.

Soon after this, the chaise drove to the door. Honest Edward, of the Golden Lion, came up with it, that he might take his last farewell of this most pleasant pair, thanking God that ever he should have been favored with such guests, and sending after them a thousand blessings wherever they might go. The final salutation between the families next took place, intermixed with many tears ; after which the chaise drove off with its most valuable contents, leaving the writer a little respite, till Mr. Lovegood's return from Grediton, when a further narration of events may be expected by the reader.

DIALOGUE XXX.

MR. MERRYMAN, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND THE FAMILY OF
THE WORTHYS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AWFUL DEATH OF MR. GREEDY,
GREAT UNCLE OF MR. LOVELY.

AN absence of about ten days, engaged Mr. Lovegood's attention before his return from his excursion with the Lovelys ; and on the morning after his return, he called at Brookfield-Hall.

Wor. [To Mr. Lovegood, meeting him at the hall door.] How do you do my dear Sir? You are welcome home. Come in ; we have no one in the breakfast room but my wife and daughters, and Mr. Merryman ; and I am sure they will all be glad to see you.

Loveg. Sir, I hope you are all well ?

Wor. All well, I thank you. But we are a little busy in settling matters previous to the marriage of my daughter. Mr. Merryman will not be contented any longer without her. In regard to worldly circumstances, she might have met with a more eligible match ; but we shall not thwart the young people in their inclinations. My daughter seems quite in love with him ; in short we are all in love with him. He is an excellent young man.

Loveg. Sir, it is very kind of you and Mrs. Worthy, not to throw any impediment in their way : I have no doubt but that they will be very happy together.

Wor. Between friends, I do not suppose he will leave our house till he has taken my daughter with

him ; so that in a day or two, you will have that office to perform. [They enter the breakfast room.]

Mrs. Wor. Well Sir, we are all happy to see you back again ; but how did you leave those charming creatures, the Lovelys ?

Loveg. O Madam ! they have been uncommonly agitated, by their great uncle's death.

Wor. Did you find him alive when you arrived ?

Loveg. Madam, he lived four days after we came there.

Wor. Then you can tell us somewhat about him.

Loveg. The very recollection of what I have seen and heard, makes me tremble ; the horrors of his conscience, were inexpressible.

Mer. I should rather have supposed that he would have left the world stupified, and senseless, through his great age and weakness.

Loveg. His faculties seemed to be very little impaired indeed : but the dreadful state of his mind, was beyond description.

Wor. What, was that the case during all his illness ?

Loveg. By what I could learn, he had been very low and dejected for above a month ; though he lived in such a wretched mean way, that no one thought it worth their while to enquire after him, or come to see him.

Mer. How then could you get any information respecting the state of his mind.

Loveg. All that we could know about him, was from the Doctor, and a poor old woman who waited upon him ; but we had sufficient specimens of the horrid state of his mind, during the four last days of his life.

Wor. I suppose you called on him directly as you arrived.

Loveg. No Sir ; we first went to Mrs. Lovely's father, who seems to me, to be almost the only respectable person in the town.

Wor. What sort of a town is it then ?

Loveg. Sir, I hope there is not such another to be found. It is filled with the most contemptible set of misers that ever lived. There are in it, very large families of the Pinchpoors, the Gripelands, and the Graspalls; the Sharpers, the Closefists, the Hoarders, the Trickers, the Selves, the Squeezers, the Grinders, the Scrapers, the Skinflints, and the Pennymans, the rule of whose family is, never to spend a penny if they can save it; almost the whole town has been in the possession of the Greedys for some centuries. It seems, in old writings, to have been originally called Greedytown, only the inhabitants have softened the name; and what is still more curious, the family of the Savealls, who are very numerous indeed in that town, first got possession of the living so long ago, as when such multitudes of ministers were ejected from their livings, in the reign of Charles the Second; and so it has been contrived, that the living has continued in the same family ever since.

Mer. What a horrid condition the people must be in, while under the care of such a minister!

Loveg. Oh Sir! they are wonderfully pleased with him; his sort of sermons just suit their taste; he is always expatiating on the evils of extravagance, on the virtues of forecast and frugality, and on the excellencies, and necessities of good œconomy.

Wor. How can Mr. Commerce bear to live with such a set?

Loveg. Sir, he is very glad he has it to say, that his family are not among the natives of the Town, though there is some reason to apprehend that he has caught, at least, a little of the contagion belonging to the place. [To Mr. Worthy.] I think Sir, it would kill you if you were to attempt to live there for a month, it is situated in such a sad cold barren spot; and though very large, as you may suppose, from the families that live in it, yet it is a miserable, mean, dirty looking place. Mr. Lovely's father, though Fairfield, where he lives, is above six miles from Grediton, can

scarcely bear his house, while the wind sets that way, it is so very offensive to his constitution.

Mrs. Wor. Did Mr. Lovely spend no time at his great uncle's house, while you were at Grediton?

Loveg. Why Madam, it is impossible to describe the miserably mean way in which he lived. The bed on which he died, and all the furniture of the room, could not, I am satisfied, have been worth forty shillings : we were obliged to live entirely with Mr. Commerce.

Mrs. Wor. But we want to know how you got an interview with him.

Loveg. Oh Madam ! it was with great difficulty indeed ; for his nephew, the Esquire, as he is called, who lives at Grediton House, the old family seat, about a mile and a half from the town, sent Mr. Quirk his lawyer to him, that as he was likely to die soon, he wished to die in peace with him. And this was all with a design to get his money from him : for he was to remind the old man that he was next akin.

Wor. These tricks are just what I should expect from such a set.

Loveg. But here Sir, there was trick upon trick ; for before Mr. Quirk performed his office for his client, he first began tampering with Mr. Lovely, telling him his errand ; and that if he would only give him a thousand pounds, the Will should be made entirely in his favor.

Mer. I will engage for it, Mr. Lovely would never submit to such a detestable design.

Loveg. Sir, before Mr. Lovely went to his great uncle's, he told me of the proposal ; and we both agreed that such a transaction for the sake of money, might justly be deemed a scandalous juggle.

Wor. I believe that amiable youth, would rather suffer any thing, than submit to any action which was dirty, and unjust ; so that here it should appear, he was likely to have another sacrifice to make, nearly as costly as the former.

Loveg. Oh no Sir ; this was only a trick of Mr.

Quirk's ; for the old man, having had several sharp contests with his nephew, the Esquire, about money matters, was ever determined to make Mr. Lovely his heir. However I advised Mr. Lovely by no means, to suffer Mr. Quirk to go alone to his great uncle, that he might prevent any underhand dealings ; so they went both of them together, and Mr. Lovely told me as soon as they entered the room, he groaned inexpressibly, and cried,—“ Oh nephew ! I must die, I know I must die ; and oh that dreadful moment ! ” Mr. Quirk then interrupted him, and said, Sir, I am come with your nephew, Mr. Greedy's respects, that he hopes you have forgiven him, and that you die in peace with him ; and it is to be hoped Sir, according to these principles of mutual forgiveness, you have settled your affairs. He took him up very hastily, and said, “ What do you ask me that question for ? ” Mr. Quirk made answer, that he only wished to remind him, that his nephew was nearer akin than Mr. Lovely. Immediately, though quite in despair, he swore at him several times, calling him rascal, and said that he should leave all to young George.

Mer. Could the lawyer stand all this ?

Loveg. Sir, he immediately retired, and Mr. Lovely and the old woman were left in the room alone with Mr. Greedy, while he continued, cursing the designs of the lawyer, in the profanest manner.

Wor. Was this profane way of talk what he in general accustomed himself to ?

Loveg. When he was in a passion, he would at times be very reprobate ; but in general he did not adopt this infernal language. However it was a most awful circumstance, that when the horrors of his conscience were the most dreadful, his language would be the most profane.

Wor. I fear then, it was a difficult matter for you to get an introduction to him.

Loveg. Sir, Mr. Lovely first opened the business by saying, he would wish to introduce to him a cler-

gyman of his acquaintance, as he appeared near death. He cried, "What good can such men do for me, I have known some of them as wicked as myself?" Mr. Lovely then pleaded for my admission, as being one of a different character; and then he cried, "O God! could I find the man, though at the distance of a thousand miles, who can quell the hell I feel within, how gladly would I send for him!" Mr. Lovely kindly answered—Sir, if any man upon earth can relieve the agonies of your mind, it is the minister I now wish you to see; and in consequence of this, I was admitted to see him.

Wor. I fear it was an awful sight.

Loveg. The most awful I ever saw. His first speech was—"Sir, if there be an eternal world, you see a wretch sinking into eternal woe." He appeared almost distracted with despair; the stare of his eyes was most dreadful.

Wor. How could you answer him in such a state?

Loveg. Sir, the only remedy you know that can be applied, is the gospel. I told him that all the free mercies of redemption, were revealed to penitent believers in the Lord Jesus, and that even these graces whereby sinners are brought to Christ, are the entire gift of God: and that Jesus Christ has in his heart, compassion to the vilest of our race.

Mer. And what was his answer?

Loveg. He cried—"I have for a long time been endeavoring to think that there never was such a person as Jesus Christ; or that he was some enthusiastical impostor of the day; for oh, how I have hated his doctrine, and that of his disciples!" Then, he paused, and stammered out, from the best of his recollection, these passages from Scripture, "Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto you."—"Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world."—"Covetousness, which is idolatry." "If a man see his brother in need, and shut up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him!" He

then cried, "O God! What shall I do, if I am called to stand before such a judge."

Wor. I fear then that he had been hardened in his wickedness, by the infidel system of the day.

Loveg. Sir, I believe he attempted to stand by it as long as he could; but then, like Voltaire, D'Alembert, and many others, he was obliged to give up all his infidel principles before he died.

Mrs. Wor. Well, well; God give us a religion, which will do to live by, and that will prove the best to die by!

Loveg. True dear Madam; but from what I could find, he was not a Deist; though I believe, like all those "who *chuse* darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil," he tried to the utmost of his power, to be one.

Mer. In that respect I was quite like him, when I was living in sin; I could never bear to believe that the Bible was true, and I have wished it false a thousand times.

Loveg. I remember a remark of his on this very subject, which made me shudder. He cried in his most reprobate language: "How could I be such a d----- fool, to believe the Bible was false, only because it threatens eternal damnation against such hard-hearted monsters as myself!" And at another time he cried, — "How must I be hated of Christ, who preached and recommended nothing but mercy, while throughout all my life, I have been as cruel as the Devil himself!" And when I again attempted to tell him of the infinite ability of Christ "to save to the uttermost," he shook his head and said, "I have ever hated him, and loved nobody but myself; and now I shall be eternally hated by him." At another time he cried, "I have lived on earth, to starve my body, and oppress the poor, for which I am now going to receive the eternal damnation of my soul."

Wor. What a proof is this of the importance of those words, "What shall it profit a man if he shall

gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul!"

Loveg. He was made to feel the sting of those words inexpressibly; for he said, among other things, "though there was a time when I would almost as soon have parted with my life, as my money; yet oh, what would I not now give, if I could but purchase a short respite from the grave!—I am going, I feel I am going, and I know not where: but by grasping after earth, I have lost heaven, and must lose them both eternally."

Mer. What a horrid witness this poor wretched creature bore against himself!

Loveg. The most horrid that can be conceived. It seems once, after he had lain some time as in a slumber, though intermixed with sad and heavy groans, he was asked if his sleep had not done him some good? He immediately cried,—“What rest could I find in sleep, while all the time I thought I was cast “into outer darkness, to be tortured with Devils and damned spirits, where there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth,—where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched.” O, that pit of hell! I thought I was falling in it, and that I should be falling to all eternity, because it is the pit that is bottomless. O that I could but believe what some have said, “Death is an eternal sleep.”

Wor. What then, could you get him to receive no word of consolation?

Loveg. Every word I attempted to put into his mind, by way of consolation, he would immediately turn against himself. When I said that though Christ was a tremendous judge to the wicked, yet to the penitent, he would be a most merciful, and gracious mediator. He immediately cried, “I a penitent! No, my heart is as hard as a stone: I dread Hell, but I cannot repent of sin.” “I shall have thousands to witness against me.” Then he stammered out—“I was hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was

thirsty, and ye gave me no drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in ; naked, and ye clothed me not : sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." What then can screen me from the sentence I shall so soon hear ? " Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels."

Mrs. Wor. How awfully he bore witness against himself. But it is remarkable that he should have been able to quote the scriptures so correctly ; one would have thought that his wickedness would have kept him from reading the Bible.

Loveg. Oh madam ! many as wicked as the old Alderman, will read the scriptures if it be only for the sake of turning them into ridicule : but he was tolerably regular at his church, for that cost him nothing, and thereby he kept up appearances : and you know, that there is a deal of scripture read in our church service : and there he would sit in his Alderman's gown, as demure, and apparently as devout, as if he had been the best christian in the parish ; besides, he had a remarkably strong memory, being so accustomed to exercise his brains upon simple, and compound interest, he surprised every body as a remarkably memmentor arithmetician ; no wonder therefore, that the scriptures he read as a school book, and were so frequently read to him at church, should have been so well recollected by him.

Wor. I suppose the Rector would highly compliment him on this account.

Loveg. Mr. Saveall, would be frequently saying, he was a very good churchman, though a little too mean.

Wor. Would he suffer you to go to prayer with him before you left him ?

Loveg. Though he seemed to abhor the thoughts of prayer, yet we were determined not to leave the room without it. But how awfully he interrupted us by his screams, and exclamations, crying, " O God, what I feel ! I feel Hell already ; the wrath of God abideth on me." So that it appeared in vain to attempt to pray with him.

Mer. What a hopeless case ! How could you and Mr. Lovely bear such an awful sight ?

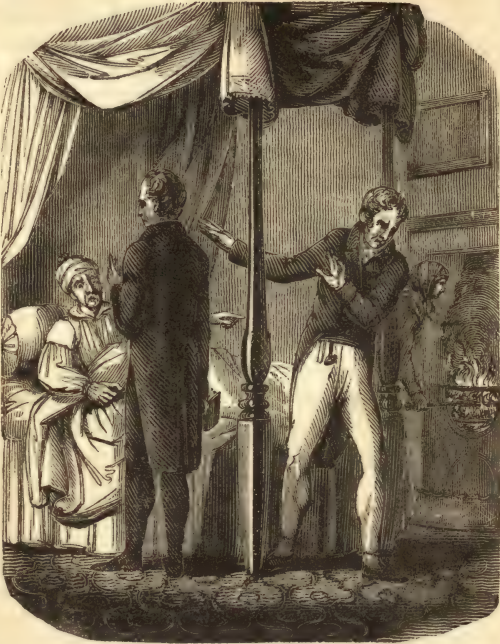
Loveg. Sir, poor Mr. Lovely was almost overset by it, as well as myself. However, after this we departed, and repeated our visit the next day.

Wor. Did he still continue in the same horrid frame of mind ?

Loveg. Not in the smallest degree any better, and worse he could not be. When his nephew asked him if he had had any sleep, he immediately cried,—“Sleep ! how can I sleep, while I have the cries of Farmer Needy’s widow in my ears ; when it was almost but the other day, that I stript her of all she had, by enforcing a bond in judgment against her ? and what mercy can I expect from God, while I could harden my heart against the widow’s cries ; and while her poor daughter was upon her knees, with four of her children, and another at her breast, begging for mercy, as it was her father’s long illness, and other misfortunes, and by no means their own neglect, that had plunged them into poverty ?” and what business had I to cheat Simon Grasper’s nephew, of three thousand pounds, by a vile alteration of his will ; and thus to rob a poor family of almost all they had a right to expect.—He paused and added, yes, I believe I did sleep for about half an hour, and then I thought I was the rich man in Hell, lifting up my eyes in eternal torments, crying for a drop of water to cool the tip of my tongue ; and while I thought how grievously I was tormented in that flame, I awoke.”—It seemed scarcely possible, that any one could live in a more dreadful state of despair.

Wor. I should suppose these keen and cutting reflections against himself, arose from many other instances of his oppressive conduct, besides that which you have mentioned before.

Loveg. O Sir ! he began repeating several of them. One I remember was, that when a man, though but in poor circumstances, left him in his will, five pounds for some law expences, he being



AWFUL DEATH OF JUSTICE GREEDY.

In life he was a Deist and nearly an Atheist. A contemptible miser, and an universal oppressor; he dealt cruelly with his tenants, and all the poor cursed him.

Mr. Lovegood.—We had sufficient specimens of the horrid state of his mind during the four last days of his life. He appeared almost distracted; the stare of his eyes was most dreadful. He said, "Sir, if there be an eternal world, you see a wretch sinking into eternal woe." He then added, "I have been for a long time endeavouring to think there never was such a person as Jesus Christ, or that he was some enthusiastic impostor of the day;" and then added, "How could I be such a fool as to think the Bible was false. I am going, I feel I am going, and I know not where. Oh! that I could but believe what some have said, Death is an eternal sleep."

Just about this time the nurse stirred the fire, and as it began to blaze, he cried, "What would I give if I might but burn in that fire for ten thousand years, so as to escape the eternal damnation of my soul."

the maker of the will, inserted fifty pounds, instead of five. Thus the man, being too far gone through illness, to attend to his tricks, gave away half as much as he had in the world, from his poor relations. But how terribly he cried out on account of his cruel conduct, against one Isaac Careful, a tenant of his, whom he sent to gaol, because he would not give up a few trifling leaseholds, which were settled upon his wife and children, though he was reduced to poverty by a loss through fire, and was in himself a very industrious man.

Wor. How could Mr. Lovely bear to hear him relate his horrid tricks?

Loveg. Sir, I never saw a poor youth so agitated in my life. His dreadful cries at intervals, against himself, and concerning the agonies of his conscience, were most tremendous. When I once said, Sir, yet there may be hope; he cried, "O God! (which was his common exclamation,) it is impossible—I am sure it is impossible—and I am as sure to be in Hell, as if I were there already; and the smoke of my torment will be ascending up for ever, and ever." Just about that time the nurse stirred the fire; and as it began to blaze, he cried—"What would I give, if I might but burn on that fire for ten thousand years, so as to escape the eternal damnation of my soul!"

Miss. Wor. Dear Sir! his expressions are so uncommonly dreadful, that I fear I must quit the room if I hear any more of them, it makes me so nervous.

Mer. Why my dear Miss Worthy, we may profit by these alarming lessons, as well as by others which are grateful and pleasing. What a wonderful contrast between the death of poor Mr. Chipman, and that of this old miser!

Wor. Well, for the sake of my daughter, and indeed on account of all our feelings, I shall only ask if he said any thing better in his last moments, before his dissolution.

Loveg. Sir, I was not then in the room, but it seems for the two last days, he was in a measure

senseless : still he groaned horribly, frequently adding that most profane expression, which we so commonly hear—"D——n it, that ever I was born!" and when the nurse, who attended him, a little aroused him, by wiping the phlegm from his mouth, which prevented his breathing, he used the same horrible expression, adding, "——what are you at? Soon afterwards he died; and these it seems, were the last words he ever uttered in life. Oh, what horrid expressions for a dying man! It is enough to chill one's very blood.

Wor. Was Mr. Lovely with him when he died?

Loveg. No Sir; his uncle's language was so dreadful, and profane, that he quite swore him out of the room. What he said, was afterwards reported to him by the nurse he sent to attend him.

Mrs. Wor. Had he any desire to see Mrs. Lovely?

Loveg. Sir, he asked for her several times, but we always made an excuse for her, saying her nerves were too weak to see him, unless he should get a little better, or should be more composed.

Mer. Well, I am sure we have heard enough of Mr. Greedy; it is high time that we should now hear something of the Lovelys. [Enter servant.]

Servant. Sir, Farmer Till has brought the horse, if your honor will chuse to look at him.

Wor. [To Mr. Merryman.] Why Sir, as you are about to take my daughter away with you, I thought I would buy her a horse, that you may have no excuse for not riding over frequently from Sandover, when you are settled there.

Mer. Sir, you are exceeding kind; but we shall generally come over in our one-horse chaise.

Wor. Yes, but exercise on horseback is both pleasant and healthy. I would have my daughter keep on horseback as much as she can. I must request you Mr. Merryman, to come and see how you like the horse; I suppose in your gay days, you used to attend much to the make, and shape of a horse.

Mer. Ah Sir! much more than ever I did to the meaning of my Bible.

Wor. Well Sir, we will not keep the farmer waiting ; we may as well all go and take a view of the horse, and resume the subject on our return. Besides, I think we all need a little relaxation after this dreadful account of old Greedy's death.

As Mr. Merryman's observations on the horse, relating to its beauties, its defects, its gift of moving, its price, &c. would be very uninteresting, the subject will be discontinued till the next Dialogue, when a much more pleasing narration will be presented to the reader.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

MR. LOVEGOOD, MR. MERRYMAN, AND THE FAMILY OF
THE WORTHYS.

BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY DISPLAYED IN THE
PERSON AND CHARACTER OF MR. LOVELY, WITH
THE CHARACTER OF DOCTOR NESCIENCE.

THE horse-dealing business having been settled,
the family returned, and the Dialogue recommenced.

Wor. I suppose the old miserly uncle, left the Lovelys a fine penny.

Loveg. Sir, they say he has hoarded up for him, nearly five thousand pounds a year.

Wor. Is it possible ?

Loveg. Yes Sir ; and his original fortune was but three thousand pounds, which he had when he first came of age ; and an old aunt, (a Mrs. Pincher, it seems) soon afterwards left him another thousand pounds, all the rest he has been accumulating by hoarding interest upon interest, by his profession, by procuring for himself legacies, where he thought they would answer his end better than his fees, and a hundred dirty tricks besides. He was the most complete money-jobber in the kingdom.

Miss. Wor. Poor honest Thomas Newman, is a much richer man than old lawyer Greedy ever was.

Mer. And I really think he keeps a better house.

Loveg. I am sure he keeps a cleaner house : it is a good old proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." How that filthy old creature could live so long, and in so much dirt and poverty, is a matter of surprise to me : for he was turned of eighty-one before he died.

Wor. Well, I can suppose he might have died worth all that property, when one considers what a length of time he had to make his hoard ; for it seems he was always getting and saving, and never spending. But I had much rather hear how Mr. Lovely is like to spend it, than how that wretched miser contrived to get it.

Loveg. Sir, the old man left a very correct schedule of his possessions behind him, which Mr. Quirk artfully wanted to secrete. I immediately advised him to send for *one* honest lawyer, who lives a few miles out of that town,—Mr. Justice ; for I am sure the Grediton lawyers are such a set, as I never heard of before ; they were mostly tutored under old Greedy ; and I believe Mr. Justice, will prove a very upright agent, to that excellent young man.

Wor. Well, well, there are good and bad of all professions. But that amiable youth must feel this an astonishing reverse of fortune.

Loveg. Yes Sir ; and by the grace of God, I have a good hope, he will be enabled to carry this full cup of worldly prosperity with an even, and a cautious hand. Before he opened his uncle's will, he begged I would go to prayer. The will contained nothing but that his nephew was to possess all, with no other legacy than a pitiful five pounds a year, to the old woman (one Betty Farthing) who occasionally waited upon him ; allowing but fifteen pounds for his funeral ; which he thought might be sufficient, as he had preserved two large oaken planks from a carpenter, by way of fees, out of which he directed his coffin should be made, and that his old morning-gown, should save the expence of a shroud : so that his covetous purposes followed him to the very grave.

Mer. How could Mr. Lovely follow his directions,

as it respected the abominably mean way of his interment!

Loveg. Oh Sir, he ordered the oaken boards to be nailed together, and made into a decent coffin, sent for an undertaker, told him that though only fifteen pounds were allowed for the funeral; yet that he should make him a present of fifteen more, if it was necessary, for his own trouble, provided he would see to a plain, decent, but not mean interment of his uncle; as he must directly go to his father's at Fairfield, and should not himself attend the funeral. Thus matters were understood, and settled between the undertaker and Mr. Lovely, and the old miser was decently interred, if you can call it a decent business, when there was such an horrid uproar made, while the bearers carried him to the grave.

Mer. Astonishing! Did they insult the corpse of the old man while they carried it to the church-yard, and among a set of people so much like himself?

Loveg. Several insulting speeches were actually thrown out, as the funeral went along, even by the miserable inhabitants of that place. One cried "The Devil has been grinding him before now, for grinding the face of the poor." Another exclaimed, "The Devil had sent for his beloved son old Greedy, and that he had got him at last:" and many more such speeches were made.

Mer. It must have been rather a painful circumstance to Mr. Lovely, to possess a fortune procured by such abominable means.

Loveg. Though I believe the old lawyer's plan was to get money by all means, whether fair or foul; yet what was obtained by oppression and wrong, was but an inconsiderable part, when compared to what he had accumulated by the mere art of hoarding. But directly as he had ran over the schedule of his uncle's affairs, he cried, "Blessed be God, I find I shall have quite enough to make a restitution where needed, to assist the poor, to shew some tokens of respect to my relations, and to enjoy all the comforts and con-

veniences of life, that I can wish for my dearest Ann and myself: and O, may I spend the rest to the glory of God!"

Mer. Restitution it seems was the first thing he thought of.

Loveg. Yes; and the first thing he practised. He is a youth of a most admirable mind; for the first action was to restore the fifty pounds procured by the will of the poor man, fraudulently made by his uncle; and though he found the surviving family had risen since then, which was full twelve years ago, into very decent circumstances, yet nothing would content Mr. Lovely, till he had made restitution, by sending them a hundred pounds, that principle and compound interest might be discharged: as he said he never could be happy to retain that sum in his possession, which he had no right to call his own.

Wor. This was a noble beginning!

Loveg. But the next action was more noble still, for he could not rest till he had found out the family of the Needys, which the uncle had so cruelly ruined, about four years before his death; and he found that they were removed from the parish of Grediton, into their own parish, by one of the overseers, whose name was Pinchpoor; lest they should become chargeable to them, after the vile old miser had stript them of their all. Mr. Lovely went, and enquired of Mr. Pinchpoor about them, and found that he had sent them into the neighbouring parish of Starvington. The family, consisted of the aged mother, her daughter, her husband, and five small children, harbored in a miserable cottage, though in as good a plight as could be expected, their great poverty being taken into consideration; almost all their subsistence arising from the earnings of her husband, who was now only a day-laborer, the spinning of the children, and the parish scanty allowance of eighteen pence a week, to the poor old widow.

Mer. Oh, this was charming! and I will warrant

he relieved them liberally. Did he take you with him on this errand ?

Loveg. Sir, he would go nowhere without me. He is become astonishingly affectionate : and it was, I think, one of the most impressive scenes I ever beheld. When he first came into the house and saw their poverty, he gave to three of the poor children, who were then at home, a half crown each, and as he was entirely unknown to them, he asked the question, as though he was ignorant of it himself, how they came to be driven out of their little farm, after the husband's death ; and a dreadful story it was : for it appeared, that while the mere loan of a few pounds, during the hours of their calamity, might have kept them up, the miser's hard hand of oppression, completely threw them down. After Mr. Lovely had heard their tale, he stifled his grief, called me out, and gave vent to the feelings of his mind ; while he wept plentifully over the miseries of the family, his uncle had brought to ruin. After he had consulted with me on the most eligible way of their relief, he returned. He then told them who he was, and that he was now possessed of all his great uncle's property : that he was quite grieved at heart on account of what had past, and was now determined to wipe the tear from the widow's eye, while he should esteem it a call in providence, to superintend the good of the family, as a father and a friend : and then a second time he began to weep. Immediately he took ten guineas out of his pocket for their present wants, and promised them twelve shillings a week, with an engagement to pay their rent, till he could provide better for them in some little farm, that might belong to him, as soon as there was a vacancy, provided they proved industrious, and worthy of his attention.

Mer. Sir, could you stand all this ?

Loveg. Indeed Sir, I could not ; being quite overcome by it, I was obliged to leave the house a second time ; and while I was giving way to my feelings, in



MR. LOVELY RELIEVING A POOR FAMILY.

"When he first came into the house, he gave half-a-crown each, to three of the poor children.

"In came the honest man from his day labour, when he beheld his wife and children surrounding Mr. Lovely as in an ecstasy, and the old woman in tears, and on her knees, blessing God for such unexpected mercies—while he himself stood motionless, with his eyes lifted up, and his hands clasped together."

came the honest man from his day-labor. He was not only much surprised to see me so affected at the door of the cottage; but when he came in, he had to behold his wife and children, surrounding Mr. Lovely as in an ecstasy, and the old woman in tears, and on her knees, blessing God for such unexpected mercies. He wondered for awhile what could be the cause. At one time he thought that some cruel bailiff had entered the house, on account of a few trifling debts which had remained on account of his wife's father, but when he began to hear the true story, who Mr. Lovely was, and on what errand he came, with his eyes lifted up, and his hands clasped together, he stood quite motionless. Just then I returned into the house—I never saw such a scene in all my life.

Wor. This I call the luxury of doing good. It may easily be decided who felt the greatest happiness, the old miser in grasping after this money, or the nephew in giving it away.

Loveg. Ah Sir, but his most delightful conduct towards the man, his great uncle sent to gaol, poor Isaac Careful, because he would not resign the property of his wife and children, was if possible, more affecting and noble.

Miss Wor. Oh dear Sir! do let us hear it.

Loveg. Why Miss, the anxiety of his mind, on that occasion, was beyond all expression. The day after the funeral, he ordered two post-chaises; he and Mrs. Lovely went in one chaise, I and Mr. Justice in the other, to the county gaol, ten miles from Grediton. Mr. Justice was directed to enter into conversation with him, while Mr. and Mrs. Lovely sat by, as entire strangers. After he had heard but a part of the story, he cried—Oh Mr. Justice! let me hear no more: he must be discharged immediately. The man cried, What can all this mean? Why replied Mr. Justice, it means that Mr. Lovely, who possesses the late Mr. Greedy's fortune, will have you discharged directly, that you may see your wife and family before sunset.

Mrs. Wor. Oh what delightful tidings to a poor prisoner, confined at a distance from his wife and family! surely he must have been quite overcome by it.

Loveg. For a while it entirely overset him. For he immediately fixed his eyes on Mr. Lovely, and almost directly afterwards, quite fainted away with surprise, and joy, and it was some time before he recovered. Mr. Lovely next gave the keeper ten pounds, to be distributed among the most necessitous of the prisoners, begging, at the same time, that I might be permitted to drop among them a word of exhortation, for their general good. This office I performed with a considerable degree of difficulty, being so much affected at the scene which was before me; nor were most of my miserable hearers, less affected than ourselves: and while I was offering up a concluding prayer, especially for the poor man, who was the object of such providential mercy from the kind hand of Mr. Lovely; spiritualizing it at the same time, that every poor prisoner might seek for the gracious, and delivering mercy of our Lord Jesus unto eternal life; and it is amazing what a many tears were shed among them.

Wor. Nothing melts and conquers like love!

Loveg. That has been proved to us by the love of Christ. But oh! to see the countenance of the poor prisoner, just brought again to the enjoyment of his liberty, by that most delightful young man, as he walked from the prison to the inn, and the attention of Mr. Lovely, in first ordering him such a meal as he had not tasted for many a long day before; and then sending to a ready-made clothes shop, that his prison garments might be changed for a decent suit. Oh Sir! how he looked; how he wept; how he rejoiced; how he talked, during all these more pleasing and generous circumstances, on his behalf!

Mer. Blessed God! what a delightful scene was this! But it seems you made quick work of the business, if according to promise, the poor man was with his wife and family by sun-set.

Loveg. Sir, you know the days are yet long, and all matters were settled for our return in about two hours and a half; and then we drove off with this rich booty of humanity, so well calculated to feast the mind of this admirable youth. Mr. and Mrs. Lovely took me with them in their chaise, and Mr. Justice and the poor man followed in the other.

Wor. [To Mrs. Worthy.] My dear, what makes you weep?

Mrs. Wor. As a mother and a parent myself, how it strikes me; what must Careful's wife have felt, under such an interposition of divine Providence: Oh how delightfully surprised she must have been, on his unexpected arrival; was it not quite too much for her?

Loveg. Why Madam, that matter was left to me to soften as well as I could; but still the consequences were attended with very powerful effects.

Wor. [To Mrs. Worthy] Come my dear, wipe your eyes! Let us see if we cannot attend to them.—How did you break matters to the family?

Loveg. I first went to their house, which is near a mile from Grediton, made an excuse for taking the liberty to rest myself, as the day had been very hot; then I began talking to them about the death of old lawyer Gredy. At once the woman began, in the severest language, execrating his horrid memory, and especially his cruelty against them. I endeavored to correct her vehemence, and then asked her, if she had heard of young Mr. Lovely, who had succeeded to all his wealth. She immediately cried, Yes, she had heard he was a very good sort of a young gentleman, and that she was advised to present a petition to him, on the behalf of herself and family, if she could get any one to draw it up, that her poor husband might be released from gaol. I told her she need not do that, as he was released already. She said, "Surely you joke." I answered, "It is no joke; but if you will promise me to be mild and calm, as all earthly blessings are uncertain, I can tell you the particu-

lars of that joyful event." And when I came to relate that part of the story, how Mr. Lovely himself had even gone to bring her husband that day out of gaol, and that he was now at Grediton, at the sign of the Three Misers, the principal inn in that town, and that he would be with her in about an hour, the transport of her joy was excessive.

Miss Wor. How could the poor woman support herself, under such happy and unexpected news?

Loveg. Oh Madam! she was all ecstasy: at one time she was upon her knees; then her hands were lifted up with surprise; then she ran hither and thither about the house, like one distracted. She immediately begged, above all things, that she might go directly to see her husband, and bring him home; and I found her raptures were so great, that it was impossible to keep her back, and two of the children were as eagerly determined to attend her.

Mer. What a meeting that must have been?

Loveg. A meeting indeed! much more affecting than the former, The woman ran into the room like one distracted. As to conversation, it was all interrupted, by the vehemence of excessive joy between them, and the two eldest children. For it seems the family, though in a poor way, lived very happy together, till old Greedy sent the poor man to gaol, because he did not chuse to resign the property of his wife and children, into his rapacious hands.

Wor. Had they nothing to say to their kind deliverer?

Loveg. Sir, the dear young man could not stand it any longer; he was so affected at these delightful consequences of his benevolence, that he ran out of the room almost directly; especially when they began personally to thank him for his immediate, and great attention to their misery; he therefore called me out, and took a twenty pound bank-note from his old uncle's hoard, telling me to give it to them for their immediate necessities; and as the scene was too much for him, he begged that they would go home for the

present, and that he should send to inquire after them on some future day.

Wor. I will engage for it, such a scene as that, had not been exhibited in that inn, for many a long day,

Loveg. Oh Sir! Mr. Hoarder himself, the landlord of the Three Misers, though one of the real natives of the town, for once felt so much of the tender emotions of humanity, that he could not help dropping a tear with others; and what was still more astonishing, could even call the family into the kitchen, and give them a good dinner without any charge, though Mr. Lovely had before ordered them a dinner on his own account.

Wor. That wretch has a hard heart, whose eye never started the tear of compassion over human woe!

Loveg. True Sir; but there are many such wretches in the world, especially at Grediton.

Miss Wor. Oh me! what a delightful sight this must have been, and yet how affecting! But you have not told us how he behaved towards Simon Grasper's nephew, who as it was supposed, was flung out of three thousand pounds by a crafty alteration of the will.

Loveg. O Miss, he means to restore every half-penny of it: but as he has it in his power, and as he hears the young man is not over prudent, and has a large family: he means to settle it in such a manner, that all of them shall be the better for it; which it seems was the old uncle's design. He has already informed them of it by letter, and the joy of the whole family, which was almost reduced to poverty, is inexpressible: while they are exceeding glad that it is in such excellent hands, that it is likely to be settled upon them for their future good.

Wor. [To his daughter.] My dear Eliza, may you and you dear intended, live to see many such delightful sights exhibited towards numbers of our fellow creatures. I shall be very glad to help you out on all such occasions, as far as my fortune will allow; and it is not wise to go beyond it, even in doing good.

Loveg. Ah, dear young Mr. Lovely! I wish he was here to take this wise hint, and not to go faster than he can hold on; for directly as he had opened the will, and found what he was worth, he cried—"And why should I have all, and my dear sisters have nothing, who are as near akin as myself—I will send each of them a thousand pounds. My uncle's will was not a just one," I immediately added, "Probably not dear Sir; but then it will be publicly known, that he has left you in possession of all his large hoard; and while you live, the public will expect from you, what is suitable to such a fortune; let me give you my advice—do not spend the capital, but be liberal with the product; and at all times be frugal at home, that you may be generous abroad. Thus dear Sir, you will find it in your power to be liberal all the days of your life." I also urged, that all his sisters were in decent circumstances, and that two of them, who were married, were even affluent, that if, by any reverse of fortune, his liberal designs should be found necessary, it would then become him to assist, with a generosity equal to his fortune.

Wor. Well Sir, this was good advice, did he act upon it.

Loveg. He said he was determined to present them with a thousand pounds, to be divided between them as a compliment for mourning, and that he would take other matters into further consideration: though since then, I have found he sent each of them a thousand pounds: but oh the heaps of applications he had from almost every quarter, after these few instances of his liberal spirit were known in the neighbourhood.

Wor. Alas, alas, as soon as a man of generosity is found, what wretched harpies he is sure to have after him! Directly when he has relieved the really necessitous, multitudes of the hypocritical, and worthless, will be sure to find him out, that they may partake of the bounty he preserves for others; and it is a thousand times better to submit to imposition, than relax in

our generosity. But what did he do with these applicants?

Loveg. Sir, I advised hm to refer them all to his agent; and notwithstanding most of them were very futile, having nothing to complain of but hard bargains, yet he parted with not less than eight hundred pounds to satisfy their demands.

Wor. I fear this delightful young man will be sadly taken in, unless he is upon his guard.

Loveg. Why, soon after he had given away fifty pounds to one family, he found he was completely swindled out of it: and I was scarcely sorry for it, as it may teach him a good lesson. He thinks all the world are as upright as himself.

Wor. I think with you, this might prove a good lesson to this sweet-minded youth: how happy should I be, if he lived nearer to these parts, that I might give him the best advice in my power!

Loveg. Sir, his wishes thoroughly correspond with yours.

Mrs. Wor. I am sure they thoroughly correspond with mine.

Loveg. Why madam, he says the air of Grediton will never agree with his constitution; he exceedingly longs to find a habitation somewhere near these parts, especially while his father lives; though his mother seems somewhat more reconciled to him, since his old uncle has left him such a large portion of money and estates.

Mer. But Sir, could Mr. Lovely prevail on Mr. Saveall to lend you the pulpit for the Sunday?

Loveg. Oh no Sir; there was plenty of objections started against that attempt. He first said, he did not see the use of paying another for doing his duty, as he could do it himself. And when that difficulty was obviated, that no money would be needed; the next was, that "it was very wrong to encourage a modern set of ministers to do duty for nothing, when the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Mer. Yes; and that is the way these hirelings per-

vert the word of God. He forgot to quote, how happy Paul, and the rest of the Apostles were, when they had it in their power to preach Christ, without being burdensome to the people.

Wor. Ah, that doctrine stands in a part of the Bible they do not want to read. But what other objections could he have?

Loveg. Why, that I could be so weak as to go *gadding about* with that young man, who was so foolish as to *spatter* about his money, which Mr. Alderman Greedy had collected together with so much frugality; and that this was bringing a sad disgrace on the memory of the *worthy* Alderman, who was the father of the corporation; though he rather thought in some instances of frugality, he might have overshot the mark. And further, that at a private meeting of the corporation over a dish of sprats, sheep's trotters, and other such rarities, (though while they could feast themselves at the public expence, they were liberal enough :) Mr. Frugal, the present mayor, agreed that Mr. Lovely's conduct was an unpardonable offence. Alderman Stingey was also of the same opinion, and Mr. Closefist, the town-clerk, entirely agreed with them; though it seems Mr. Closefist, at times, affects even to be generous, and boasts of his numerous applications; and now and then gives away a trifle; as he finds it for his interest to be liberal, that he may thereby, not only avail himself of the custom of the people of the town, but take in those also that are not among its original natives. He is of the family of the Longheads, and is himself, supposed to be one of the most long-headed of any of that famous family: he is a poor thin-looking fellow, and seems to be made up of nothing, but low cunning, and mean designs.

Wor. What a strange set they all are! However amongst them all, it seems you were to be kept out of the pulpit. I wonder you were not almost determined to act like our good old reformation bishops, and preach out in the street, upon this text, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Loveg. I do not know what my dear honest friend Mr. Slapdash might have done, had he been in my situation.

Mer. I am sure you shewed very little of your constitutional timidity, when you preached your visitation sermon : but it is a terrible calamity that people should be left in such a state, and with such a teacher, to keep them all quiet and contented in their sins.

Loveg. Why Mr. Lovely, at one time thought of hinting it to Mr. Saveall, that if he would let Mr. Goodman be the curate, he would secretly pay the salary for him ; but his pride and enmity will never let him submit to that. At another time he thought of building them a chapel, and sending some good man to preach among them : but it is a sad soil for the gospel ; the *cares of the world*, would be very apt to *choke the seed* in that town.

Mer. Did you not preach in any church on the Sunday ?

Loveg. Oh yes Sir, I went to Fairfield with Mr. Lovely, to see his father, who seems to be one of a very excellent mind and temper, and he obtained leave of the pulpit from Dr. Nescience at a word ; for it seems they at once put me into his good graces by saying, I was a man of learning, and this pleased him *hugely*. Poor thing ! he happens to be one of the most stupid conceited pedants, I ever met with in my life.

Wor. Had you an interview with him ?

Loveg. Sir, Mr. Lovely's father invited him to sup with us ; and at once he began saying, how delighted he was to be acquainted with men of learning, and how glad he should be, if I had but time to see some of his *animadversions*, (as he called them,) on the book of Tobit, and on Bell and the Dragon, which he meant to publish ; but that now the world was grown so ignorant, that he could find no publisher, who would venture to undertake the work.

Wor. Why to be sure, the little Doctor is half mad.

Loveg. Quite so, I should rather apprehend, if what some have observed be true, " A little learning

makes a man mad, while a deal of it will bring him back again into his senses." But with what astonishing rapidity he ran on, with his curious expressions, and hard words! many of which he murdered as bad as the former. However, in the course of our conversation, I found he had been a great student in all the whimsical nonsense that had found its way into the world, through the crazy brains of Jacob Behmen, Count Swedenburgh, and others, by which means he had almost been deprived of the small share of sense that nature had bestowed upon him. And one night, they say, while he was sitting up, reading these visionary authors, he was overtaken with the cramp, upon which he immediately ran up stairs to Mrs. Nescience, crying that he was sure he was bewitched.

Wor. How in the world could you answer this whimsical Doctor?

Loveg. Sir, it was impossible to answer him; downright nonsense never can be answered; so that I did nothing but hum and hab, and say yes, and no, while Mr. Lovely, did all in his power to put another turn upon the conversation.

Mer. But Sir, how did it fare with you on the Sunday?

Loveg. Why, during the summer months, it seems they have two sermons, and I thought I should have been permitted to preach them both; but after he had heard my morning sermon, urging the necessity of a divine change, and recommending according to the best of my ability, the need of a personal application to our Lord Jesus Christ, that this blessed work might be accomplished, through the operation of his Holy Spirit: the little Doctor skipt about in his gown and cassock, like a *jumping joan*, saying, that with my leave, he should preach himself in the afternoon, and that he was sure he could confute all I said in the morning; for that he could not bear to hear the true religion he preached, contradicted before all the people.

Wor. Consequently you were under the necessity, of giving up the point.

Loveg. Yes Sir ; I told him I should be open to conviction, and said how willing I should be to read prayers for him, as in reading them, I was satisfied I should neither wound my conscience, nor contradict my sermon.

Mer. And what sort of a sermon did he give you ?

Loveg. Oh Sir, Mr. Lovely's father remembers that the little Doctor had given it them three or four times before.

Wor. What was the substance of it ?

Loveg. Why, first he began stammering and stuttering over a few lines, which he went home purposely to compose, by way of prefixing a few new thoughts as a preface to his old sermon ; and though these were written down, yet he was so terribly out of temper, from what he had heard in the morning, that he appeared much more like a man bewitched, than when he was seized with the cramp.

Wor. Do let us hear the drift of the Doctor's sermon. I'll warrant it was a curious performance.

Loveg. Indeed Sir it was. He first pretended to prove that we were all made Christians by baptism. Then that we were confirmed in our Christianity, when we were confirmed by the Bishop. And lastly, we were perfected in our Christianity, by receiving the holy sacrament : and this he said, was better than the strange notions that some people were fond of preaching up, about regeneration and inspiration, which he said, must be all false doctrine ; because that if we were inspired, we could work miracles ; making no difference between the extraordinary operations of the divine Spirit, and the implantation of the divine nature, which must exist in every real Christian, to the latest ages of the world.

Mer. One wonders that people can be so ignorant, as to suppose that a mere outward ordinance, however good in its place, will do as a substitute for that new and divine nature, mentioned so frequently in the word of God.

Loveg. Why Sir, I was told by Mr. Lovely, that

when the Doctor had to preach the visitation sermon before the Bishop, he outdid all the nonsense that was ever before exhibited in a pulpit.

Mer. What was the specimen of divinity he exhibited on that occasion?

Loveg. It may be necessary that you should first hear the text, before I tell you the application of it: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." Eph. i. 3.

Mer. In the name of wonder, and of common sense, what could he, what could any man make out from that text, but to exemplify the high state of spirituality, to which believers are called by the grace, and spirit of the gospel?

Loveg. In these instances, I believe wonders will never cease; for he first *profoundly* remarked, that the clergy were the people who were, "sitting in heavenly places in Christ;" and then observed, that their office itself, so operated upon them, that if they were bad men before they were in holy orders, yet when once they were promoted to one of these heavenly places in Christ Jesus, they must in course be made good.

Mer. What by a sort of spiritual legerdemain I suppose; however that was not the case with me. But how did he prove this egregious nonsense?

Loveg. You know there is no proving nonsense; but he first observed that the clergy, when they christened the children, could not but be reminded thereby of their own baptismal vows, and that prevented their breaking them: that visiting the sick, and burying the dead, would also remind them of their mortality; and that would render it impossible for them to lead wicked lives; and as to administering the holy sacrament, that could not but operate as a charm to make them holy too; and that reading the prayers and lessons, as appointed in the service of the church, must remind them of their duty, and direct them in the practice of it; and thus they were all, from their mere office, made good.

Mer. Is it possible that he could believe his own nonsense, when so directly contrary to matters of fact?

Loveg. Whether he, or others believed it I cannot tell; it seems however, that so he preached: and though the Doctor has the misfortune to be a remarkably high churchman, insomuch, that when he came to consider the religion of the country from whence he purchased his diploma, he could scarce sleep for three nights together, on account of the evils he apprehended from his *Presbyterian degree*; yet when he preached his famous visitation sermon, he was liberal in the extreme; for though he said it was certain, that the religion of the established clergy was the best that could be, and must therefore make them the best men; yet he supposed the religion of the Dissenting clergy made them good also, though it could not be admitted that it made them so good as the church clergy.*

Wor. What contemptible popish trash! but I wish you would tell us something better worth our hearing, than this strange nonsense. How did you finish the day?

Loveg. Sir, young Mr. Lovely begged I might do with them as I do at your house, expound a chapter, and give them a prayer; and I trust it was not without the divine blessing. The only person who appeared dissatisfied, as it was new work to them all, was the old lady. She is terribly afraid I shall make her son "righteous over much;" and has strange apprehensions, if that be the case, he will squander away all his money, by giving it among the poor.

Wor. She has quite the family failing then.

Loveg. I fear she and Mr. Lovely's father, though married, were never *matched*; she is perpetually tormenting the servant about wearing out mops too fast, drinking too much small beer, and wasting the brown sugar; spending so much for provisions on the dog

* An epitome of a sermon which the author heard at a Visitation.

and cat, suffering themselves to be cheated by purchasing such small half-penny-worths of sand ; so that their maid-servants are seldom with her longer than when they have seen about two or three full moons, and then they are off ; but as to Mr. Lovely's father, all these poor cast-offs gave him the best of characters, wherever they went.

Mrs. Wor. No wonder that Mrs. Lovely should keep back from going with her husband to see such a mother-in-law, though they loved each other so much.

Wor. I suppose he returned on the Monday ?

Loveg. Yes Sir ; and on the Wednesday, when I had engaged to return, Mr. Lovely requested me to accept fifty pounds for my travelling expences. I immediately told him that I should feel like a downright Gehazi, Elisha's mercenary servant, if I accepted more than was necessary to bring me back to my own door : however he would not let me come away with less than twenty pounds, and before my arrival the other thirty were sent, in a most affectionate letter, as a present to my eldest daughter, with a hope soon to meet again. After this Mr. Lovegood further related a conversation he had on his return in the stage to Brookfield, with old Dame Gossiper, who was very religious in her way, and who hoped to be saved by the help of "her church, her parson, and her good God : " but as the writer has scarcely any time to compose these Dialogues, except at a late hour when all is silent, he wishes to drop a conversation somewhat less interesting, while nature demands its accustomed rest.



THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Two days after Mr. Lovegood's return from Mr. Lovely's, the intended union between Mr. Merryman and Miss Worthy took place. The event soon transpired in all the neighbourhood, and they were saluted with the following hymn, accompanied with instrumental music :

In Paradise the joy began,
When male and female both were one;
Their hearts entwined in mutual love,
Their mutual joy was love above.

Let this fond pair, enrich'd with grace
Like clusters rich from Canaan's vine,
Be bless'd with all his love and power,
Who turn'd the water into wine.

With gifts and grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries far the best :
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
And that shall sweeten all the rest.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

MR. WORTHY AND FAMILY, MR. CONSIDERATE, AND
THOMAS NEWMAN.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

ACCORDING to the hint given in the former Dialogue, the reader must now be informed, that two days after Mr. Lovegood's return from the Lovelys, the intended union between Mr. Merryman and Miss Worthy took place. As the reporter of these events was not at the wedding, much information from him cannot be expected on that subject. From the feelings of female delicacy, it was the wish of Miss Worthy that the marriage should be solemnized with all possible secrecy; and in order to accomplish this, the family went to the church with Mr. Worthy and Mr. Lovegood, apparently with a design to see about a gallery that was erecting for the children of the sunday school, and some other accommodations, that the poor might be better seated, who so plentifully crowd the aisles. And while the carpenters were gone to their breakfast, old Andrew Snuffle, the Clerk, was ordered to attend at a moment's warning, and then the marriage ceremony was performed. They next retired to Brookfield Hall, when a very appropriate prayer for a blessing on the union, was offered up by Mr. Lovegood.

Though this event was thus performed in secret, yet it was not the wish of the family that it should be kept a secret. Old Andrew went directly to the ringers, who began ginging the bells as well as they could;

though one of them being cracked, and another of them having lately lost its clapper, the music of the steeple was but a coarse exhibition of the people's joy. Seldom had Mr. Lovegood an ill word from any of his parishioners ; but on this event the ringers were almost angry with him for having opposed the repair of the bells ; but he well knew, that this sort of music was frequently a temptation to disorderly conduct. Mr. Worthy was also of the same opinion, being entirely satisfied that a better set of bells could never be wanted to call the people to public worship, while *the best bell* in the Church, (referring to the pulpit,) was so thoroughly *sound*, and had in it such an *excellent clapper*, to charm the ears and hearts of all, who had grace to attend on its melodious sound.

Mr. Worthy therefore, having sent to the ringers the accustomed compliment, requesting them and the rest of the inhabitants of the village, to keep the testimony of their joy within proper limits, on that happy event, especially as the bride and bridegroom were going off for Sandover directly ; and that if they would wait for their return in about a fortnight, when they were to come and pass a few days at Brookfield Hall, he would then, on the condition of their orderly behavior, invite them to partake of a marriage feast at his own house ; and as a word from Mr. Worthy, was always a law throughout the village. Many cheerful blessings were pronounced on the union, all having one and the same wish, that the family of the Worthys might be built up in all its collateral branches ; and that from age to age, they might be a blessing to the country, wherever "the bounds of their habitations might be fixed."

Though the precise time of this intended union was known to none at Sandover but Mr. Merryman's servants, yet immediately on their arrival, though in the evening of the day, the event soon transpired through all the neighbourhood ; and Mr. Merryman had scarcely finished his family prayer, when they were saluted with the following hymn, accompanied

with instrumental music, and sung by some of his affectionate parishioners, in the court-yard of his rectory house.

THE HYMN.

IN Paradise the joy began,
When male, and female both were one ;
Their hearts entwin'd in mutual love,
Their mutual joy was love alone.

But ah ! lamented be the day,
When man forsook the God of love ;
Till Christ the second Adam came,
And brought salvation from above.

Invited to the marriage feast,
The Holy Savior grac'd the day ;
There his first miracle he wrought,
That thence he might his power display.

Let this fond pair, enrich'd with grace,
Like clusters rich from Canaan's vine,
Be bless'd with all his love and pow'r,
Who turn'd the water into wine.

Witness their marriage, dearest Lord,
Emblem of thy uniting grace ;
One with each other, one with thee,
For ever bless them, " Prince of Peace."

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted heart and hands,
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless, O bless, the nuptial bands.

With gifts and grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries far the best :
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
And that shall sweeten all the rest.

True helpmates in the heav'nly road,
O may they tread the paths of life !
Those peaceful paths so far remote,
From all the rugged ways of strife.

As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern mild, and chaste, and kind :
So may this new-met couple live
As one, in constant union join'd.

Many were inquisitive to know from whence these good people procured their poetry, while some were of opinion that it was the production of Mr. Lovegood, written on a former marriage occasion, and which had got into circulation by having been transcribed by different persons : yet others judged that it was somewhat below the general pitch of his poetry and that it might more probab'y have been the production of a Mrs. Rhymer, who lived in those parts, and to whom Mr. Merryman's ministry had been made very useful. But that we may deal upon uncertainties and conjectures no longer, the reader shall have other particulars in a dialogue, which took place between Mr. Worthy and family, and our old favourite Thomas Newman, who had been to Sandover with his eldest daughter Betty, the day after the marriage, that she might attend as a servant on Mrs. Merryman ; and where Thomas himself had been detained, that he might help Mr. Merryman with a little of his advice, as it respected the management of his glebe, and some other little husbandry concerns, which he now found necessary to undertake upon his settlement in a family way.

[Thomas is introduced.]

Tho. Your servant your honor ; I have a letter to your honor, from Madam Merryman.

[Mr. Worthy reads the letter, and hands it to Mrs. Worthy.]

Wor. Well Thomas, I perceive my daughter and her husband are very well—sit down, I want to have some conversation with you about them.

Tho. With your honor's leave, I had rather stand. I should be ashamed to sit down before your honor.

Wor. Nay, nay, Thomas, you must sit down ; I shall have many questions to ask, and you must be tired ; for you have had a long walk from Sandover.

[After much persuasion, Thomas sits down at a

modest distance from his honor ; for Thomas reads his Bible, and that directs him to “give honor to whom honor is due ;” while the truly honorable Mr. Worthy, is as wisely instructed to “condescend to men of low estate.”]

Wor. Well, and what do the people of Sandover think of Mr. Merryman, for having taken my daughter away from me ?

Tho. Ah dear, your honor ! why the people at Sandover are delighted *to admiration* at the match.

Mrs. Wor. I am glad they are Thomas ; I am thoroughly persuaded my daughter will do all in her power to make a good wife, and a good minister's wife.

Tho. Why Madam, the very day after her marriage, she went with that dear gentleman, and *for sure* he is a precious soul ! and visited ever so many poor *folk* about the parish, and gave something wherever she went.

Mrs. Wor. She told us, that she should want no fine wedding clothes in going to Sandover : and that she had rather, when she came there, lay out that money among the poor, that she might put a little decent clothing on their backs, for that they needed it more than what she did.

Tho. Why madam, I never saw a people so happy in all my *born days*, as the people at Sandover were, when they saw such a humble good young lady, walking about in such a plain way and dress ; while some foolish, proud *folk* supposed that your honor would have sent her home in a coach and six, and that there should have been bonfires, and nobody knows what fine things besides.

Wor. Indeed Thomas, had we acted such a part, the old proverb had been true against us, “A fool and his money are soon parted.” But I hope my daughter will prove a very useful helpmate to that good young minister.

Tho. 'Las your honour, you cannot tell how they talk of Mr. Merryman all the parish over, and what

stories the people tell of his humble, and good natured ways : though 'Squire Wild, that lives in his parish, never comes to hear him ; but orders that his pew should be locked up, that none of the poor people, who come from far, should go into his pew : and so good Mr. Merryman has ordered a pair of steps to be made, that people may get over into the 'Squire's pew, because he did not chuse to break the lock ; but he says nobody has a right to lock up their pews, if they won't come there themselves. And so the people can get over very well, and then the rest of the poor people sit upon the steps. 'Squire Wild was great enough with Mr. Merryman, while they were all living together in the same wicked way ; and now and then he would come to Church, but he would do nothing but laugh and jeer with Madam Wild and his daughters all the time : and now he says every thing that he can think of, against Mr. Merryman, poor dear young gentleman !

Wor. That is not at all to be wondered at Thomas, while " the carnal mind is enmity against God." But Mr. Merryman is quite in the right of it, no family should lock up a pew if they do not fill it themselves : though he does very wisely in opposing bad measures with as much mildness as he can. But did not the people want to be feasted upon the occasion ?

Tho. Oh no your honor ! Mr. Merryman said he should make no feast but for the poor : and so he sent five guineas to the bakers, to be given away among such poor, as he and the overseers might think fit.

Wor. Only five guineas Thomas !

Tho. Why your honor, I thought that was a *desperate big* sum ; but then he ordered five guineas more to be sent to the butchers, that a bit of meat might be given to every poor man, that was to have the loaf of bread. His heart is wonderfully set on doing good.

Wor. Why Thomas, the only proof that we are good, is when we are enabled by the grace of God to do good : every tree is known alone by its fruits.

But Mr. Merryman tells us he kept you all Friday and Saturday, talking about his little husbandry affairs, and that he would make you stop over the Sunday ; how did poor Betty do without you all the time ?

Tho. Why to be sure, Betty and I never were so long away from each other since we have been married, and now it is fourteen years, come a fortnight after next Mapleton fair day. It seemed to us a longful time to be apart ; and we both of us found it *desperate* hard work to part with our poor daughter ; but there she is gone to a charming place ; and young Madam Merryman takes to her wonderfully. The Lord bless the child, and give her grace !

Wor. Aye Thomas, that sets all right, and keeps all right : but how is it that you cannot bear to part with your children, when you have so many of them ?

Tho. The Lord be praised, we have none too many ! Betty and I have always noticed it, the more we have of them, the more the Lord blesses us. Whenever we seem to be a little sharp run, one good body or another, besides your honor, is always sending us something ; we want nothing but thankful hearts.

Wor. Why as Mr. Lovely's great uncle has left him his fortune, he talks of taking your eldest son Thomas off your hands.

Tho. To be sure, it is very kind of the young gentleman. Edward of the Golden Lion, has told me a deal about him. But it will be a desperate hard *gripe* for me and Betty to part with him. How movingly he talked about a sermon our minister preached a few Sundays ago, upon the wise and foolish virgins !* Dear child, he was quite in tears, while he was saying how much afraid he was, lest he should be among the foolish virgins ? and Betty and I were as much overcome at his talk as he was.

Wor. Well Thomas, this should give you encou-

* This must certainly have been the same sermon that so much offended Mr. Lovely, see Dialogue XXI.

ragement to bring up your children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Tho. Why I'll assure your honor, that Betty, who is gone to live with Madam Merryman, is a very pretty spirited child : though little Sammy is a mighty *stomachful* boy ; but by the Lord's blessing, he may get better as he gets older.

Wor. But Thomas, if Mr. Lovely should ever chuse to take your son, you must not object to it. I have no doubt but it will be the making of him, if he turns out well.

Tho. Oh no ; if the young 'Squire should chuse to take him ; I shall be sure to follow your honor's advice, and let him go : though they say he lives a *desperate* way off, almost half as far as London.

Mrs. Wor. But Thomas, how did you like Mr. Merryman on the Sunday ?

Tho. Like him, Madam ! Who could but chuse to like him : excepting Mr. Lovegood, I think he must be one of the finest men in all the world.

Wor. I suppose there was a fine crowd to see Mr. Merryman bring his bride to Church, for the first time.

Tho. Why your honor knows it is always crowded ; for Rector Grumble of the next parish, has been preaching such scolding sermons against modern *'thusists*, that he has driven all the people away. Some of them go off to a Dissenting meeting, where they say a very good man preaches, and a great many more of them come to Mr. Merryman's Church ; and yet Rector Grumble keeps scolding at the empty pews as bad as ever.

Mrs. Wor. I hope Mr. Merryman does not scold in return.

Tho. He scold, dear gentleman ! It would be a hard matter to set him a scolding. He has such a sweet loving heart of his own, since it has been changed by the grace of God ! but to be sure the Church was wonderfully crowded. I am sure it was *mighty moving* : I never was so affected in all my *born days*.

Mrs. Wor. What was so moving Thomas?

Tho. Why madam, there was such a wonderful fine garland placed over the gate of the church-yard, and on the side of it, there was a writing in great large letters, "God bless the happy pair!" and on the other side, "Long live the family of the Worthys!" and then your honor, there was over the garland a painting like two hands taking hold of each other, and holding two hearts joined together; and out of the two hearts, there was a flame of fire, and in that flame there was a writing, in these words, "*God is love.*" And as soon as Mr. Merryman and his lady came into the church, the singers struck up with such a charming fine hymn, I don't think Mr. Lovegood could have made a better.

Wor. Why, perhaps Mr. Lovegood made it Thomas, for he was in the secret about the marriage: but we have seen a copy of it.

Tho. It was the same hymn your honor, that they sung in the court yard, the night Mr. Merryman and madam came home. And then the singers would have me with them, to help them to pitch the tune; but instead of singing, alas your honor! the sight of it so much affected me, in seeing the people stand up, as though they were all praying for a blessing on them, at the same time, it made me quite cry for joy: if it had been King George, and Queen Charlotte, the people could not have given them more honor. The Lord grant that they may be as happy as Betty and I.

Mrs. Wor. I should suppose all this love, and affection from the good people, was enough to overset my daughter.

Tho. Why madam, I heard, when she came into her pew, she was so overcome, that she had almost swooned away.

Wor. Well Thomas, I have put my daughter into very good hands; and what is best of all, I trust they are both in the hands of the Lord.

Tho. Ah! but your honor knows, that he was not in the hands of the Lord before he heard our dear

minister at the visitation, and when he was running after all sorts of *romancing nonsenses*. And now there are some *folk* who can scarcely help making their *sports at him*, though he lives such a different life, from what he did in his wicked unregenerate days.

Wor. Why has any one been laughing at him of late?

Tho. Why they say old Mr. Quibble, the lawyer, met him the other day, while he was carrying a poor old woman's basket on his horse, because she appeared so weak, that she could not carry it herself, while she was walking along the road to market; and there lawyer Quibble, they say, made such a *jeering and joking* at him for it, when he was at 'Squire Wild's. But such sort of hard-hearted lawyers have no *conceivance* what the tender-hearted ministers of Christ feel, when they see their fellow creatures in such distress.

Mrs. Wor. Well, well, Thomas, we shall not be ashamed of our son-in-law for such easy, good-natured tricks as these; but did he not want you and your family to come over and live at Sandover, to take care of his gardens and little farming concerns? You might render them a deal of service, and I am sure they would be very kind to you.

Tho. Ah madam! that I am sure he would; but then there is my dear old master, and my mistress.— Sometimes I hope the Lord will change her heart, for she is wonderfully different to what she was. And then there is Master Henry, and Miss Nancy, and it is to *admiration* how kind they all behave to me and Betty: and then there is our dear minister. Why madam, I never can think of leaving Brookfield parish, while he preaches in the church.

Wor. Oh no Thomas, we have no inclination to part with you, though my son-in-law might be all the better for it; besides, I hope we shall have some *church preferment* for you by and by. It is much more likely that you should be clerk of the parish, than

that Mr. Lovegood should be archbishop of Canterbury.* I believe we must soon put off poor old Andrew Snuffle with a pension. He makes sad blunders, and you know he frequently puts our minister out shockingly ; at times he cries *Amen* in the middle of a prayer ; and when my daughter was married, he mistook the business, and began answering to the office of the churching of women.

Tho. Ah poor Andrew ! his hearing is very bad ; and his eyes are got very dim : but how shall such a poor creature as I am, stand up in such a place ? Though to be sure it would be a *rare* help to Betty and our children.

[Servant enters.]

Serv. Sir, Mr. and Miss Considerate are come to wait upon you.

[They enter, and Thomas retires, after returning many thanks for having received two half-crowns, the one from Mr. and the other from Mrs. Worthy, and an order to be well fed in the kitchen.]

Consid. Sir, I am come with my daughter to wait upon you with our hearty congratulations, on the happy marriage which has taken place in your family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wor. We heartily thank you Sir ; pray be seated. Is Mrs. Considerate well ?

Consid. Very well, I thank you Sir : but if I may be allowed to tell a family secret, in our little way, it unfortunately happens to be washing week ; and this is a season of great importance in little families. She supposes therefore, that as my daughter came with me, that her superintendence will be needed at home ; otherwise she would have walked with us. She means however, very soon to pay her respects to you on this happy event.

Wor. Mrs. Considerate has at all times been a notable Martha.

* See Dialogue VI.

Consid. Yes Sir, and since she has become a truly spiritual Mary, she has continued not less a notable Martha. She is always frugal and industrious, though never mean : while she is prudent and saving, she is just, generous, and kind.

Wor. Sir, it is your mercy to have such a wife.

Consid. Sir, a wife is either the best or the worst piece of furniture a man can possibly possess.

Wor. We have frequently heard, that her character is that of a most liberal œconomist : by all accounts, I do not know what her poor neighbours would do without her. It is said, that she can make the richest caudle, and cook the best broth, and patch up the greatest quantity of old clothes, at the cheapest rate, of any person in the parish, for the good of her poor neighbours.

Consid. Indeed Sir she can ; though by her notableness she coaxes many a shilling out of my pocket ; but while she is such a conscientious, yet generous œconomist, I lose nothing by all she gives ; and whatever she does, is done with cheerfulness ! I never saw her melancholy but once, and that was enough to make us both melancholy, when we lost our two sons by being both drowned in the river, at the same time.

Mrs. Wor. Ah dear Sir ! though we were not acquainted with each other in those days, yet we sincerely sympathized with you.

Consid. Oh madam ! It was enough to break our hearts ; two more promising children never lived ; and surely never were two brothers known to be more affectionately fond of each other. Indeed this was the cause of the catastrophe ; for my eldest son seeing that his brother had got out of his depth, and was crying for help, unfortunately plunged in after him with all his clothes on ; and was carried down the stream with him, when they both sunk together in a deep hole, under some willows that overhung the bank. To see two such lovely, alert children, that had left my house but an hour before, full of all that



MR. CONSIDERATE'S TWO CHILDREN
DROWNED.

"I never saw her melancholy but once, and that was enough to make us both melancholy, when we lost our two dear sons by the same event, when they were both drowned in the river. My eldest son, seeing his younger brother had got out of his depth, and was crying for help, unfortunately plunged in after him with all his clothes on, and was carried down the stream with him, when they both sunk together in a deep hole, under some willows that overhung the bank."

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vivacity and life which belongs to youth, brought home breathless, and stretched on the same board— Oh Sir!—[Mr. Considerate weeps.]

Wor. But it seems Sir, it was that calamity which first brought Mrs. Considerate to seek after the consolation of the Gospel.

Consid. Yes Sir, I trust this heavy judgment has been overruled in much mercy to us both; for while we still continued very much dejected by our loss, our kind neighbours did all they could, in their way, to revive our spirits, by inviting us to their tea-tables and card-parties; but alas! in vain. We did not then know, under the loss of both our beloved Isaacs, as we had no other child left but our daughter, that we wanted an Abraham's faith to support us.

Wor. Ah Sir! we get but poor consolation from any other quarter; it requires more than is to be found in nature under such circumstances, meekly to say, "Thy will be done."

Consid. Why Sir, for a time I foolishly thought I could console my mind from natural reasons and moral philosophy; and it was just then Mr. Lovegood sent us that excellent little treatise upon affliction,* entitled "Correction, Instruction; or the Rod and the Word;" together with a consolatory letter, written with such modest tenderness and humility, as very much captivated my wife and daughter, while I had too good an opinion of my own understanding, to suppose I needed any instructions from him; yet I could not but at the same time, love and admire his design.

Wor. But I think Sir, it was this event that first brought Mrs. Considerate and your daughter to Brookfield church?

Consid. Yes Sir, and I found they were soon instructed in the lesson of meek and humble submission to the will of God, which I had still to learn; and it

* Written by Mr. Thomas Case, one of the ejected ministers, and recommended by Dr. Manton, of which a new edition has been lately published.

was a long time before shame would let me go with them, though I never opposed. The preaching and conduct of Mr. Dolittle, gave me but a poor opinion of the religion he professed. Well Sir, though it has been the will of God to deprive me of my future expectations, by taking from me two such dear children, yet may your daughter, and newly adopted son, long live to be a blessing to their neighbourhood ! I really trust this will prove a happy event to many, though it is probable Mrs. Merryman, from her situation in life, might in some respects have formed a more advantageous connexion for herself.

Wor. Why, we esteem it a very happy connexion, when the better side of the question is taken into consideration ; for between friends, my daughter had a very handsome offer from young Mr. Gay ; and I was highly pleased with her conduct on this occasion. The moral character of Gay is quite unexceptionable, his fortune is ample, and in many respects he is a very desirable young man : but then his connexions are quite in the world, and he himself is not averse to what are improperly called the innocent amusements, or rather gaities of life.

Miss Consid. Yes Sir, she was pleased to give me a hint that she had received such a proposal ; but said, however in other respects she might like him, yet, as it regarded religious matters, she thought they never could be happy with each other.

Wor. Why we perceived that for some days there was a strong struggle upon her mind, till she broke it to us, with a full determination not to attend to it : and for a considerable time, we have discovered a much stronger bias towards Mr. Merryman.

Consid. Sir, I think nobody can wonder at that : since he has been blessed with the grace of God, he is become a very amiable youth. All that know him, one would think, would cry concerning him, " What hath God wrought !"

Wor. This made us determine to leave the young people to the leadings of their own minds. What

she loses in point of affluence, I am satisfied, by the blessing of God, she will gain in point of happiness.

Consid. Sir, if God preserve their lives, I have no doubt but that the union will be attended with his blessing. We have nothing to do but to follow the wise rules which we find in our Bibles, and that will assuredly prove the ready way to happiness. When people are unequally yoked in any connexions in life, especially in the marriage state, they may depend upon it, they will make themselves miserable through life. I cannot but think that Miss Worthy has acted a part, as you observe, highly commendable to her character. If she should be the less affluent, I am sure she will be a thousand times more happy with Mr. Merryman, than ever she could have been with Mr. Gay.

Wor. She will doubtless be called to move in a more humble sphere; yet therein she will be much more likely to be protected and preserved. Thomas Newman, who just left the room as you came in, has been giving us a very pleasing narration, how they were both received at Sandover on the day of their marriage.

Consid. Ah Sir! I have heard all about it. The people of Sandover think themselves very happy on the occasion, though Mr. Spiteful of Mapleton, goes about from house to house, railing at the match like a madman.

Wor. What is that to him?

Consid. True Sir; but I think he would burst if he had not now and then an opportunity to vent his spleen; he has got hold of the old stale cry, which is indeed promiscuously levelled against all religious people that Mr. Merryman is a Jacobin, and is contriving all he can to overturn the Church and State; and that all the *canting tribe*, round about the country, are secretly combined together in the same plot, by Sunday schools, and other religious exertions; while I hope truly religious people are better taught than

to interrupt the state, especially while the state never interrupts them.

Wor. I do not believe there is a man living, more attached to the government of his country than Mr. Merryman. But let Mr. Spiteful rail on, for nobody believes him; I question if he believes himself.—Such persons can do no harm, but as they do harm to themselves.

Consid. But Sir, did you hear what a fine speech poor Thomas Newman made use of to him, when he took it into his head to banter the poor man, while he had some of his master's cattle to attend to at the last Mapleton fair?

Wor. What was that, Sir?

Consid. Why Sir, Farmer Snakish and Mr. Spiteful, who are cousins german, came both of them together to the upper green, where you know the fair for cattle is kept, and seeing poor Thomas, who was there attending upon the sale of his master's property; they came up to him, and began talking about the price of cattle; but more with a design to banter him, than to deal with him. They next began sneering at Thomas about his young master, how he came to run away from home so soon after his *miraculous conversion*, and whether it was not after some of his old wicked tricks.

Wor. What could they mean by that?

Consid. Oh Sir, they had got hold of the story of Mr. Henry Littleworth's design in his journey to Locksbury, and this was their way of interpreting it. After this they began with their insulting speeches against Mr. Lovegood, laughing at Mrs. Chipman's *miraculous conversion*, and insinuating as though it was only a trick between her and Mr. Lovegood. Then they began making their bitter remarks on Mr. Merryman, saying that the top and bottom of his *conversion*, appeared now to be nothing but craft, that he might contrive to get your daughter for his wife. Thomas replied, that he was well persuaded such a conversion could never have been accomplished but by

the *great God himself*; adding, that it would be a greater miracle still, if God would convert either of them. Upon this, old Spiteful cried, "The great God! What do you know of the great God? I suppose *Parson Lovegood* has made you so wise, that you can tell us how great God is, and how little God is, and all about it."

Wor. To say the least of it, this sort of banter was horridly profane.

Consid. But *Thomas's* answer was remarkably to the purpose.—He paused and said, "Yes Sir, I can tell you, both how great God is, and how little God is." Spiteful cried—"Ah, I thought *Lovegood* had made a clever fellow of you: but let us hear it."—*Thomas* answered, "Though he is *so great*, that even the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, being the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and who dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto, and which no man hath seen nor can see: yet he is *so little*, that he can dwell in the hearts of the humble and the contrite; and take up his gracious abode, even in such a poor unworthy sinner as myself."

While *Mr. Considerate* and *Mr. Worthy* were thus in conversation, *Lord Rakish's* carriage drove up to the door, with their congratulations on this event. *Mr. Worthy* rang the bell immediately, and ordered his boots, that he might appear as if he were going out, that his Lordship might think it necessary to shorten his visit. *Mr. Considerate* was very glad to make his escape from the interview, while the poor flimsy conversation of his Lordship would be as uninteresting to the reader to peruse, as it would be unpleasant for the writer to relate. Nor has he time to give a minute account of what took place, at the promised marriage-feast at *Brookfield-Hall*. Let it suffice, that it was conducted with that liberality, yet decency and sobriety, which are the standing orders of the house. Some very appropriate hymns were sung; an exhortation

was given by Mr. Lovegood, principally upon the duties of the marriage state; while he still kept up his constant rule, never to expatiate upon *moral* duties, but upon *gospel* principles. Thus the writer concludes the present Dialogue, with an additional request to his young readers, that whenever they may be called in providence into the marriage state, they would not forget (at least) to take this leaf out of his book; that their marriage may be conducted with the like solemnity, and equally in the fear of God.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

MR. LOVEGOOD, AND THE FAMILY OF THE
WORTHYS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MINISTERIAL CHARACTERS OF
MR. DELIBERATE, AND MR. LEGAL-DEFINITION: TO-
GETHER WITH A FURTHER NARRATION OF THE AF-
FAIRS OF MRS. CHIPMAN, AND THE RESULT OF MR.
LOVEGOOD'S VISIT TO LOCKSBURY.

THE reader will remember, that he has been twice interrupted in the narration of the affairs of the unhappy Mrs. Chipman. It has been thought most adviseable to attend to the chronology of events, rather than regularly to detail each subject by itself. Whatever is done by Providence, has in it abundantly more beauty of design, than that which is dressed by art. To refresh the reader's memory, he is requested to recollect the conclusion of Dialogue the Twenty-sixth: he will there find, that Mrs. Chipman was left perfectly deranged, in which state she continued for full six weeks.

After her recovery, she was still bent upon the idea, that she could never more make her appearance at Locksbury, where her notorious conduct, had rendered her the object of universal disgust. She wished rather to keep a school where she was; but still the yearnings of a mother's bowels over the fatherless, and forsaken child, would not suffer her to be happy, till she had it under her immediate care. However, Mr. Reader was as unwilling to part with his grand-child, as his

daughter was to live without it; and other circumstances turning up in Providence, demanded that Mrs. Chipman should forego her feelings, and return to her native home. Mr. Chipman had a younger brother; an attentive, decent young man. The neighbourhood advised that the business should not be dropt; and Mr. Reader agreed that the deceased brother's property should be continued in the business, provided his daughter, for the sake of the child, should be a partner in the concern. Matters being thus settled, she had no other alternative, than to leave Brookfield, and undertake the charge of the partnership assigned to her care.

Her father therefore, wrote to her after her recovery, begging her to submit to the plan; persuading himself that their happiness with each other, being now found on the solid basis of their union with Christ, and consequently on the best of principles, would be far superior to what can be enjoyed from mere natural affection, independent of the loving influences which are experienced in the hearts of all those, who "love the Lord Jesus in sincerity."

Mr. Reader at the same time strongly urged, that Mr. Lovegood should attend her, in order that he might accept Mr. Fribble's offer of the pulpit, that his neighbours might have an opportunity of hearing the same glorious truths, whereby such wonders of grace had been felt, not only on the hearts of his daughter and her husband, that he humbly trusted on his own heart also. Mr. Worthy was equally desirous that Mr. Lovegood should attend the call, though his congregation at all times parted with him with much regret; while Mr. Lovegood felt himself more at liberty to a second excursion, though so speedily after the former, under the consideration that a serious clergyman, Mr. Deliberate, was then upon a visit in that neighbourhood. Perceiving therefore, that he should not leave his beloved flock under the care of Mr. John Nokes, or Mr. Thomas Styles, provided he was but in *holy orders*; he concluded it was again the call of

Providence, that he should make his second excursion from his congregation, and family. He allowed himself only one Sunday's absence for this journey. From this, his domestic disposition, may have lamented that one of the best of ministers has been prevented from shining among others, equal to the full lustre of that character, which he ever appeared to possess, in the retired situation he filled with such dignity and devotedness of heart. Matters being thus settled, Mrs. Chipman, with many tears, and the strongest expressions of gratitude, and thankfulness to her kind benefactors, departed from Brookfield, in one of the stages which goes within a short distance of Locksbury, attended by Mr. Lovegood—giving leave for Mr. Spiteful to say, that *Lovegood* had left the country, and was gone nobody knew where, with the woman he had so marvellously converted : insinuating much by saying little. Such were the speeches of this wretched creature ; himself being such a miserable composition of jealousy, craft, and spleen.

Mr. Lovegood's journey to, and from Locksbury, occupied near a fortnight of his time. The reader shall be acquainted with the result of this visit, in the conversation which took place between him and the family of the Worthy's at Brookfield Hall, on his return on the Saturday afternoon.

Wor. Well Sir, we are glad to see you home again, though we had two very judicious sermons from Mr. Deliberate : He is a serious and solid divine, yet I wish he was not so dry and formal.

Mrs. Wor. His sermons may be good ones, but I cannot admire for myself, such a formal, cold, systematic method of preaching.

Loveg. Mr. Deliberate is an excellent chamber divine, if I may so speak, and capable of writing good sound lectures in divinity ; but that which is delivered with greater simplicity, and which comes more to the

point, so as to reach the conscience, certainly does most good.

Wor. I confess that the heart should be affected, as well as the head instructed; our afflictions should be enlivened, while our judgments are enlightened; though Mr. Deliberate is certainly a man of a very deep understanding.

Mrs. Wor. My dear, I do not pretend to be a judge of the depth of his understanding; but it appeared to me, that though the people continued gaping at him through half his sermon, yet, before he concluded, some of the congregation seemed to be half asleep. But in my opinion he is a better preacher, than Mr. Legal-definition.

Loveg. As to Mr. Legal-definition, I could very readily put up with his long and tiresome definitions, of which he makes almost the whole of his sermons, if he would but give us more of the gospel.

Wor. I think I have heard him preach three times, and one of his sermons was tolerably evangelical; but the others had not a word of the gospel in them: all the time was taken up upon the duty of forgiving our enemies.

Loveg. And what a fine opportunity he had of impressing that excellent duty from evangelical principles, when we are directed "to forgive one another, even as God, *for Christ's sake*, has forgiven us!" It is much to be admired, how closely St. Paul urges all social, and relative duties, as resting upon no other principles, than those which are evangelical; as though he knew no other arguments to be conclusive among Christians, but those which spring from the atonement and salvation of our Lord. We are "bought with a price, therefore we must glorify God in our bodies, and spirits, which are his." When the mortification of sin is mentioned, it is said, we are "crucified with Christ," and "made conformable to his death;" that thereby "we are crucified unto the world, and the world unto us;" so that "we reckon ourselves to be dead unto sin," through his death; and that we

are so completely dead unto sin, that we are even said "to be buried with him." So in regard to that heavenly-mindedness, which is the very life, and soul of all spiritual obedience, we are said "to be made partakers of the power of his resurrection;" to be "risen with Christ; quickened together with Christ;" and that we are "made alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." How poor and low are the dry arguments of the moralists, when compared with these! If these motives will not prevail against our corruptions, I am sure no others will.

Wor. I know that all other arguments in defence of morality, have argued almost all morality out of the country. We never can have practical religion, but upon evangelical principles. But Mr. Legal-definition is very fond of what he calls, "guarding the gospel," which he only ventures now and then to bring out as a *rarity*.

Loveg. Guarding the Gospel! Why what guarding can the gospel need? They must have a poor opinion of divine truths, who talk in this cold inconsistent manner. We are only *set upon our guard*, when we *suspect an evil*. And what evil is there to be suspected from the gospel? What part of the gospel-dispensation have I to guard? When the gospel freely holds forth the name, and salvation of Christ only, for the pardon and acceptance of sinners, how are we to guard it? It is to be hoped, not by contradicting; not by saying, that our repentance is to be mixed with the divine mercy, to render it effectual: If so, I have as much reason to love, and thank myself, as I have to love, and thank my Savior: and while we lessen our obligations to love him, we certainly lessen our obligations to obey him; how then can the interest of holiness be promoted, by preaching in such a stile, so as to tempt the ruined sinner to keep away in despair? What motives can be stronger to create a spirit of loving obedience upon our hearts, beyond those encouraging promises of our free forgiveness, and acceptance, whereby we may

“draw near to God, and have grace given us, that we may go and sin no more?”

Wor. Yes, it is upon this very principle that they think the gospel should be guarded, “lest we continue in sin, that grace may abound.”

Loveg. And so this inconsistent, cautious tribe of *guarders*, think they do credit to divine truths, by bringing forward the objection started, and which ever will be started by its enemies, in all ages of the church, while upon that very subject St. Paul shews, *how the gospel guards itself*: “How shall we that are dead in sin, live any longer therein?” But these people seem to me, to have no idea of the gospel, but as it is limited to the justification of our persons, through the redemption of Christ. Is not the sanctification of our natures, by the influence of the divine Spirit, another essential part of the gospel, where by the blessing of personal holiness, is *absolutely* secured to all the redeemed of the Lord? and can we be tempted to live in sin, by receiving such a glorious salvation from sin.

Wor. I cannot see what we have to be afraid of, or to guard in all this.

Loveg. Why, I suppose we are to tell people, that as they are not to trust *too much* on the merits of Christ on the one hand, so they should be *aware* lest they trust too much on the work of the Spirit, on the other: as if living on the grace of the *Holy Spirit*, could feed their corruptions, and make them *unholy*.

Wor. One would suppose, what you frequently call the gospel of our “sanctification,” operated by the rule of reverse; as though lectures on honesty, need to be guarded, lest they should direct us to be thieves; or lectures on chastity should teach us to be impure.

Loveg. I really do not know what they can mean by “guarding the gospel,” unless it be a perverted gospel; and as perverted truth is nothing better than falsehood, so a perverted gospel, is no gospel at all. Some persons seem to think, though it be as contrary to truth, as light is to darkness, that the gospel is with-

in a hair's breadth of downright Antinomianism, which turns the holy truth of God into a licentious lie; whereas, nothing can be more inconsistent with truth, than that foul and filthy error. Am I in danger of error, while I receive *the truth*? or must I guard against *wickedness*, while I humbly submit to be ruled by that doctrine which is according to *godliness*? I wish all our worldly prudence about guarding truth, and preaching it *moderately*, or *soberly*, as they call it, may not lead to something much worse, by producing ignorance, and indifference, which must ultimately terminate in corrupting, or giving up the whole.

Wor. Well Sir, nobody will suspect you of such sort of false fears, though I am sure you are quite as practical as you are evangelical.

Loveg. Yes Sir, and I hope I shall always feel it my duty, to dwell upon the practice which such principles *must* ever produce; for although the Gospel needs no guarding, yet I should still call those unguarded preachers, who greatly injure the sacred cause, by such a neglect.

Wor. I think you good ministers of the gospel, have nothing to do, but to "contend earnestly for the faith, once delivered to the saints."

Loveg. Then Sir, we need not guard those holy truths, which God himself hath "delivered to the saints; and if delivered to the saints, it was designed of God, that we should be "sanctified by the truth." Thus, all this guarding the gospel seems to come home against the gospel itself. In my opinion, it is in itself, a most unguarded expression; no wonder if the bad consequences of these truths are suspected by others, while we seem to suspect them ourselves.

Wor. I do not know that Mr. Deliberate is by any means, such a great "guarder of the gospel" as Mr. Legal-definition is. I believe he knows much more of the truth, and is therefore much less afraid of preaching it, though his style of preaching renders him tedious and dull.

Loveg. When I was curate at Abley, there was a clergyman in these parts, who lived in a parish in your preaching, near to my honest warm-hearted friend Mr. Slapdash, called Mr. Slopdash; and he seemed to be just the reverse of Mr. Deliberate. For while Mr. Slapdash scarcely dares speak at all, but as he continues looking at every expression again, and again, lest it should be otherwise than the most judicious and correct; Mr. Slapdash without any consideration whatever, will be pouring out vollies of the most disgusting nonsense. Notwithstanding the cold, plodding, phlegmatic disposition of Mr. Deliberate, may render him a heavy preacher, yet I had rather a thousand times attend on the good sense of the one, than the mere rhapsody, and nonsense of the other.

Mrs. Wor. And so had I. But then it appears to me, that of two evils, I should only choose the less.

Mrs. Considerate asked Farmer Littleworth how he liked the sermon, and he said,—“Ah madam, to my liking, our own dear minister *out-tops* them all. This gentleman has so many heads, and tails, and so many tops, and bottoms to his sermons, that we country *folk* can scarce know how to make him out.” And poor Thomas Newman said, while Mr. Deliberate was splitting his heads, that by attending to him, he thought his own head would have been split at the same time.

Loveg. Why, half the skill of preaching to a country congregation——

Wor. [Interrupts.] Aye, and to a city congregation too, for not one in ten of them, is wiser than ourselves.

Loveg. I quite agree with you Sir. But I was going to observe, that half the skill of preaching is, to bring truth home to the lowest capacity of our hearers; and while we attempt to make them wise unto salvation, the world will certainly call it “the foolishness of preaching;” but still it will be widely different from *foolish preaching*. While we can preach with “simplicity, and godly sincerity, and not with

fleshly wisdom," we may expect the same blessing which attended the ministry of St. Paul. He tells us plainly, how he went to work : " And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech, and of wisdom, declaring to you the testimony of God ; for I was determined to *know nothing* among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified ; and my speech, and my preaching, was not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power : " and what a noble reason he adds to all this, " lest your faith should stand in the wisdom of man, and not in the power of God."

Wor. But Sir, I think Mr. Deliberate does not aim at what some fulsome pretended orators suppose to be the excellency of speech or wisdom.

Loveg. I quite agree with you Sir ; and I did not quote that passage from scripture as immediately levelling its meaning against one of his discription. Mr. Deliberate is a good man, and a man of learning, and thought, and our natural dispositions all widely differ from each other.

Wor. Just so I conceive of matters. But I am so much interested to hear the result of your journey to Locksbury, that I must beg leave to interrupt the present conversation, and make some enquiries about that event.

Loveg. Oh Sir! the nearer the poor widow came towards Locksbury, the more her mind was agitated and distressed. I thought she would have lost her reason a second time.

Wor. I suppose that her feelings must have been keen indeed. I am almost afraid to ask, what was the result of the first interview.

Loveg. Sir, the people of the inn, when we alighted, immediately knew who she was, and there was an immediate buz about the house ; I therefore requested, that she might be shewn into some back room, where she sat, more agitated, and affected, than I can well express ; and there I left her while I went and apprised her father of her arrival. When I came

into his house, and told him who I was, how he trembled, and wept, and in what strong terms of gratitude he expressed himself, for all the attention paid to his daughter! He wanted to go with me immediately, to conduct her to his house, but I objected to this plan, as I thought this first interview, which was likely to be a very affecting one, had better not take place in a public house. He immediately saw the propriety of my objection; it was therefore judged best, that I should return and conduct her to her father's house.

Mrs. Wor. Oh! what a painful office this must have been! I wish Sir Charles had been there to have seen the consequences of his abominable, and brutal conduct.

Loveg. Why madam, it is supposed that miserable creature is now no more.

Mrs. Wor. What is he dead?

Loveg. It is strongly reported about Locksbury, that soon after Mrs. Chipman left him, he went over to Ireland, where he thought it might be more convenient to assume another name; and there, fighting a duel with one of the same stamp with himself, he was killed upon the spot.* But as for such monsters,

* Report at present only says, that after Sir Charles had worn out the credit of his own name in England, he went over to Ireland, where he assumed the name of Mr. M'Fury. There he met with a military wild Irishman, with whom he picked a quarrel about some of their wild intrigues; on this account they met, and according to the style of our modern polite barbarians, (called however, among themselves, men of honor,) they fought a duel; the Captain proved the better marksman, and shot Sir Charles nearly dead upon the spot. He had only time to utter two or three most profane expressions, and spoke no more.

Is it not, however, high time, that the magistracy of the nation should resume the dignity of their office; and no longer suffer these umpires of their own disputes to proceed, without afterwards conferring upon them the dignity of the halter? I question if this *honor*, twice, or thrice conferr'd would not prove an effectual remedy to so terrible a disease.

When the whole race of such Duellers, find they are liable to be hanged as intentional murderers, for presuming to settle



DUEL BETWEEN SIR CHARLES DASH AND CAPT. O'BLUNDER.

After Sir Charles Dash had worn out the credit of his own name in England, he went over to Ireland, where he assumed the name of M'Fury. There he met with a military wild Irishman, Captain O'Blunder, with whom he picked a quarrel about some of their vile intrigues. On this account they met, and, according to the style of our modern polite barbarians (called, however, among themselves, men of honour), they fought a duel. The captain proved the best marksman, and shot Sir Charles nearly dead upon the spot: he had only time to utter two or three profane expressions, and spoke no more.



they are quite callous to all the fine feelings of natural affection, while sunk in the gratification of their mere brutal appetites. However the scene, between Mrs. Chipman, and her father, was so affecting that it almost overset me.

Wor. It will be well if the bare recital of matters, does not overset us all : but we must hear it.

Loveg. When I returned, I told her how affectionately her father designed to receive her. She cried, "Had he treated me with severity, and contempt, that, I think I could have borne, for I know I have deserved it; but oh, what I feel at the thought, that such a monster should be treated with so much affection and love, while I deserve to be abhorred by all!" It was some time before I could get her to move off her chair to attempt the walk; and every step she took reminded me, of a criminal going to execution. Though I begged her to suppress the emotions of her mind as much as she could, yet the moment her father opened the door, she was down upon her knees, crying, "Oh my dear father, for God's sake forgive me, for Christ's sake forgive me!" He immediately stooped down and embraced her, and kissed her, and said, "My dear child, I have forgiven you—from the bottom of my heart, I have forgiven you." He attempted to raise her up, immediately she went off in an hysteric fit, and it was full half an hour before she could be brought to her recollection; directly as she could speak, she began again to accuse herself of being her husband's murderer, for her ingratitude to her father, and for her brutality to her child. I then spoke rather sharply to her, and said, that if she had any regard to my advice, and her father's feelings, she must make no more use of that sort of language against herself; and especially being now, as we trusted, in a penitential state, the

their disputes, excited by the mere freaks of passion, and generally in a drunken frolic, when they ought to appeal to the wholesome laws of their country, it will be much to the credit of a civilized nation.

language of humble gratitude, would best suit her state : and I went to prayer.

Wor. And how was she after prayer ?

Loveg. Somewhat more calm, but still very low and hysterical. I waved the subject as far as I could, and entered into conversation with Mr. Reader about the alteration of his views, as it respected spiritual matters ; and I found his mind in a most pleasant state, of holy surprise at his former ignorance, compared with the views he now enjoyed of the gospel-salvation. But while he inadvertently began to mention some of the blessed expressions which dropt from the dying lips of Mr. Chipman, the grief of the poor widow was rekindled almost as bad as ever. She sat sighing, and sobbing all the evening ; but as I charged her to make no more of these vehement exclamations against herself, she said little, but wept much. At length she cried, “ Father may I be permitted to see my dear child ? ” He answered, “ My dear, you had better wait till to-morrow, till your spirits are a little more calm ; ” and in this advice she peaceably acquiesced.

Wor. But I should suppose, she had another difficulty to surmount, in returning back to her husband’s house.

Loveg. Oh Sir ! the very mention of her return thither, quite overset her again.

Mrs. Wor. And it was enough to overset her. What woman who was once blessed with such a husband, who had lost his life through her brutish conduct, could bear to return and find him absent ? And what sleep could she expect, while lying on the bed she had so treacherously forsaken ; and on which her husband had died of a broken heart ?

Loveg. No doubt, but such must have been her reflections, and painful ones they truly were. Slaves of sin, have bad wages for their slavery. But when Mr. Reader mentioned whether she chose to stop a day, or two with him, or go to her own house, her grief became nearly as excessive as before. She cried,



MRS. CHIPMAN'S RETURN TO HER FATHER.

The moment her Father opened the door, she was down upon her knees, crying, "Oh, my dear Father, for God's sake forgive me, for Christ's sake forgive me!" He immediately stooped down and embraced her, and kissed her, and said, My dear child, I have forgiven you from the bottom of my heart ; I have forgiven you."

“ Oh ! that I could but have lived a thousand miles from the place, which brings to my recollection so strongly, every circumstance of my most vile and treacherous conduct ! But if my return should be the cause of breaking my own heart with grief, it will become me to submit to the most righteous judgment of God, should I be carried from the same bed with a broken heart, to my dear husband's grave.” Mr. Reader said, “ My dear Jemima, you shall not leave my house till your spirits are more recruited ; but I will send for your child to-morrow morning, and you shall see it.” Thus matters were settled ; and after family prayer, I left Mrs. Chipman in possession of the bed designed for me, and got myself accommodations at the inn ; and sad accommodations they were.

Wor. What sort of accommodations then had you ?

Loveg. Oh Sir ! the bed was good enough, but in the next room, there was a meeting of some club : and the partition being very thin, I was obliged to submit to hear all their noise, and nonsense, intermixed with language the most blasphemous and obscene, till about two o'clock in the morning ; and their horrid songs which they began singing, when they were half drunk, were worse than all. However at length, the landlord came in, and begged them to break up. What a mercy to be redeemed from the filthy conversation of the wicked !

Wor. None of these things would have been allowed, had honest Edward, of the Golden Lion, been the keeper of the inn. I will engage for it, you would have rather been accommodated with some good, clean straw in a stable.

Loveg. A thousand times : how much preferable the company of natural brute beasts, than the company of those who are brutalized by sin. But as it was found an insurmountable difficulty to get Mrs. Chipman home, at least while I was there, I afterwards slept at her house, while she continued to occupy the bed designed for me at her father's.

Wor. It would have been a desirable event, if she could have surmounted that difficulty while you were there, that she might have been persuaded to have engaged herself in some family concerns.

Loveg. Sir, for the present, the sight of any of her old acquaintance, fills her with immediate consternation. She has kept herself a close prisoner ever since she entered into her father's house.

Wor. How then did she act on the Sunday you preached there?

Loveg. Oh Sir! she was nearly as much affected as she was on the Wednesday evening, when we first arrived: her anxiety to attend militated so strongly against the sense of shame.—I therefore thought it best to come to advise her father, to lay his injunctions upon her not to come to Church on that Sunday, as she would have been a public spectacle to all the congregation.

Mrs. Wor. Certainly it was the best advice, though the shame she felt, is neither to be lamented, nor wondered at. Indeed I always thought this the best evidence, that her repentance was genuine.

Loveg. That it certainly was. The Apostle speaks of those things, whereof the really converted christian is now *ashamed*; and that they shall be made to know that it is “even a *shame* to speak of those things done of them in secret.” I even suspect the genuine repentance of those, who seem to express themselves with a degree of carnal indifference, respecting their old sins, under a vain confidence, that they are now forgiven. I wish such sort of believers would but recollect, that there is such a grace as “Repentance towards God,” as well as “Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.” I hope, notwithstanding, Mrs. Chipman will soon have sufficient evidence to believe that God has forgiven her; though I am sure she will never forgive herself.

Mrs. Wor. But how did she bear the sight of her child, which according to promise, was to be introduced the next morning?





**MRS. CHIPMAN EMBRACING HER CHILD AFTER
A LONG ABSENCE.**

Mr. Worthy. How did she bear the sight of the child?

Mr. Lovegood. Why, sir, while we were at breakfast, Mr. Reader was out, and brought it in: one of the most lovely cheerful babes, I think, I ever beheld, springing in its nurse's arms, and sweetly smiling at its grandfather. He took and placed it upon the mother's lap.—She looked at it, watered it with her tears, affectionately embraced it, and then began quoting that text, "Can a woman forsake her sucking child, &c."

Loveg. Why madam, while we were at breakfast, Mr. Reader went out and brought it in; one of the most lovely, cheerful babes, I think I ever beheld, springing in its nurse's arms, and sweetly smiling at its grandfather. He took and placed it upon the mother's lap, she looked at it, watered it with her tears, affectionately embraced it, and then began quoting that text which had so impressed her mind: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb!" and then quite fainted away. The child was taken from her, and as soon as she was able, she was led up into her chamber, where she continued most of the day.

Wor. What misery this poor creature has entailed upon her own mind. But did she make any further efforts to surmount her feelings, as it respected her child?

Loveg. Yes Sir, I believe several. But every attempt she made, was with the same cutting reflections against herself. Sir, we who are blessed with children, and with a parental love towards them, may judge what she felt, when she was recovered by the grace of God, from the brutalized state of mind which possessed her, while she was captivated by that unprincipled monster of iniquity. However, towards the latter end of my stay, she would now and then attempt to smile on her child, while every smile returned by the child, would be sure to bring a fresh tear from her eye.

Wor. It will be well, if the child does not lose both its parents, by the same event.

Loveg. Sometimes I fear this will be the case; at other times I have my hopes that she will still survive her grief. I requested Mr. Reader to set her about some household affairs, and to try to divert her attention by the use of the needle, and this was done with some success. Though oftentimes, while she was at her work, she would bedew it with her tears, till completely overcome by the recollection of her former misconduct; she would then entirely

lay her work aside, and again give way to the extreme grief of her mind.

Wor. It must have been exceedingly distressing to her poor father, to have seen her overpowered by such excessive grief.

Loveg. The grief of the parent, was 'nearly equal to that of the daughter, though he exemplified astonishing patience on the occasion. All his affection seems entirely restored ; he now loves her as much as ever he once could blame her. It is amazing, what the forgiving love, and converting grace of God does, on the hearts of all the children of God.

Wor. Did she not in any degree recover her spirits while you were there.

Loveg. I humbly trust she did : there were such cheering prospects of good, which attended the divine services on the Sunday, as revived the hearts of all ; through my final departure from Locksbury, exceedingly depressed her spirits.

Wor. That must have been a very trying moment between you both.

Loveg. I am sure Sir, I could not have sustained the concluding interview without a very considerable injury to her feelings and my own ; I therefore took my farewell by sending her a letter, and at the same time I composed for her a penitential hymn.

Mrs. Wor. Do Sir, let us see a copy of it.

Loveg. Oh madam, my poor rhymes scarcely deserve the name of poetry ; If I had by me a correct copy, it would never be worth your perusal.

Mrs. Wor. Leave us to judge of that, we must hear it.

After much persuasion, Mr. Lovegood submitted. He is a man of uncommon modesty, though of considerable ability. He lives much as Moses did, on the mount with God : and as this made Moses's face to shine, "though he wist not that his face shone," when he came down from the mount, to do the work of God below, so also it is with Mr. Lovegood, though

in my opinion, he shines less as a poet, than as a divine. However, from some short-hand notes he had in his pocket-book, he delivered the following hymn, supposing it to be the genuine experience before God, of an humbled sinner of her description, panting for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.

THE HYMN.

AND must I sink beneath my load,
By weighty guilt borne down?
How can I bear the heavy rod,
Of God's eternal frown?

Who can thy righteous power withstand,
Or who thy wrath restrain?
But mercy still withholds thy hand,
And lets me here remain.

Why should'st thou yet forbear to slay,
If not inclin'd to spare?
Shall I then fling all hope away,
And yield to wild despair?

This were my sad account to swell,
Too big to be forgiven:
All sins lead down to death and hell,
But this shuts out from heav'n.

No: still I'll hope for grace divine,
That mercy may abound;
Others, with guilt as vile as mine,
Have still thy mercy found.

Peter deny'd his blessed Lord,
With base blaspheming breath;
Paul rag'd against the heavenly word,
And hunted saints to death.

What though a Magdalene had been
Of sev'n foul fiends possess'd?
Yet Peter, Paul, and Magdalene,
Were with forgiveness bless'd.

And why not I, this grace obtain?
Did not my Savior die?
Or did he shed his blood in vain,
To ransom such as I?

O! let me hear thy gracious call;
"Come thou, with guilt oppress'd,
"On me let all thy burthens fall,
"I give the weary rest."

The door I trust is open still,
Whate'er my guilt has been,
And since 'tis my Redeemer's will,
I'll humbly enter in.

Mrs. Wor. Well Sir, I dare say, we are all of the opinion, that you need not have been so much ashamed of your poetry; But oh! what a mercy to be kept from the evil propensities of our corrupted hearts, and to be under the sanctifying influences of God's most blessed Spirit.

Loveg. Yes madam, the blessings we enjoy in this world, in being so graciously converted, so mercifully preserved, and kept, are inexpressible; in the next they will be infinite.

Mrs. Wor. Oh Sir! how shall we sufficiently express ourselves, for the kind providence which sent you among us? Mr. Worthy, and I, both felt we wanted something, but we knew not what.

This observation of Mrs. Worthy coming home rather personally to Mr. Lovegood, rendered the conversation desultory, though still edifying. It turned upon the following subject, "What is there, which thou hast not received?" But as the author aims at an abridgment of every subject, remembering the old Greek proverb, "A great book, a great evil;" he begs leave to close the present Dialogue, and resume the subject, when the conversation may be more to the point.

DIALOGUE XXXIV.

THE FAMILY OF THE WORTHYS, AND
MR. LOVEGOOD.

THE CHARACTER OF MR. FRIBBLE, AND SOME FURTHER
NARRATION OF EVENTS, OCCASIONED BY MR. LOVE-
GOOD'S VISIT TO LOCKSBURY.

MR. LOVEGOOD dreaded personal praise, more than any thing. Having therefore retired for a few minutes, to break the chain of conversation which terminated the last dialogue, though so deservedly to his praise, he again returned, and thus the conversation recommenced.

Wor. Well Sir, you have now told us all you know respecting Mrs. Chipman: we must next request you, to tell us how it fared with you on the Sunday.

Loveg. Sir, you should first ask me, how it fared with me on the Saturday.

Wor. Begin where you like. But we want to know how you succeeded with Mr. Fribble, according to the dying request of Mr. Chipman.

Loveg. Oh Sir, after Mr. Reader had sent him word of my arrival, he came and called on us. I found him as complete a puppy as ever I met with in my life; and he invited me and Mr. Reader with a vast deal of affectation, (for his father it seems was a dancing master,) to tea with him, as he was pleased to express himself, on the Saturday evening.

Wor. Did you accept the invitation?

Loveg. I conceived it was not in my power to say

no : but I told Mr. Reader, it could be only on the condition that he should go with me ; and we had such a dose !

Wor. I suppose you found him to be a most curious sprig of divinity, according to the fashionable taste of the day.

Mrs. Wor. How could you hit it off together ?

Loveg. Why madam, he first began bowing and scraping, with such an abundance of compliments, that I could not tell what to do with them.

Mrs. Wor. Not with one half of them, I suppose.

Loveg. No—nor with one quarter of them, madam.

Wor. After the compliments were all over, how did you proceed ?

Loveg. Sir, he began chattering away at a most extraordinary rate ; first upon one topic, then upon another ; I think I never heard so much incoherent chatter before. But the first thing which struck me, was the furniture of his room. On one peg were hung a pair of skaits, with red Morocco straps ; on another his violin ; at another place his bows and arrows were exhibited, as he was a member of an archer's club ; over his chimney-piece were piled, his gun and other accoutrements for that sport, with two or three dog-collars ; then there was his backgammon-table, his cribbage board, and among other pretty play things, he had his battledores, and shuttle-cocks.

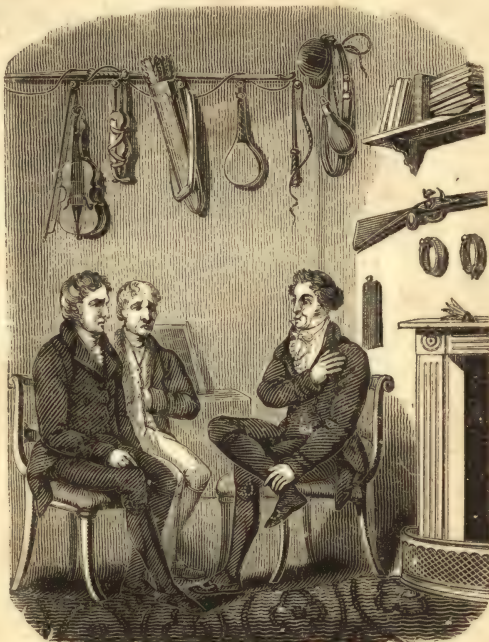
Wor. From the furniture of his room, you might easily guess the furniture of his head.

Loveg. I thought that was more easily described, by what appeared on two or three shelves of books, which he called his library ; containing little, that I could find, but a parcel of plays, loose poetry, and empty novels.

Wor. Had he no books of divinity ?

Loveg. Sir, he had a few tramperry pamphlets, and among the rest, he had one book somewhat better bound than the others, called “ The Religion of a polite gentleman.”

FURNITURE OF REV. MR. FRIBBLE'S ROOM.



Lovegood. The first thing that struck me, was the furniture of his room.

On one peg were hung a pair of skaits with red morocco straps; on another his violin; at another place his bows and arrows were exhibited, as he was a member of an archer's club; over his chimney-piece were piled his gun, and other accoutrements for that sport, with two or three dog-collars; then there was his backgammon-table; his cribbage-board; and among other pretty play-things, he had his battledores and shuttlecocks.



Wor. In the name of wonder, what sort of a book can that be ?

Loveg. I should suppose a jumble of affectation, and religious compliments. I asked him however, out of curiosity, what were its contents. He directly answered, he had only read a *little in the middle of it* ; but that the author plainly proved, that no gentleman should be over morose in his religion, and that this was supposed to be the fault of St. Paul, for that he was bred a Sadducee.

Wor. A Sadducee ! Did he not mean a Pharisee ?

Loveg. I suppose he might, but that he did not know the one, from the other.

Wor. And had he no other religious publications besides ?

Loveg. Sir, he had a book called “*Thesaurus Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*,” written by one Ecton.

Mrs. Wor. Sir, we do not understand what these Latin titles to books of divinity mean.

Loveg. Why madam, it means, “*The Treasury of the English Church*.”

Mrs. Wor. I suppose then he had one good book at least ; for in the Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies, there is a treasure of divinity, remarkably good, and sound : and it is wonderful how well those writings against are popery, to confute the modern protestantism of the day, as you Sir, (to Mr. Lovegood) have often remarked.

Loveg. O Madam, Ecton’s *Thesaurus*, contains nothing but an account of the worth of different livings, and all other church preferments. If I were to give it another name, it should be, *A Guide to preferment-Hunters* ; though they commonly call it among themselves, *The Parson’s Bible*.

Wor. What could be the style of the conversation of this poor creature ?

Loveg. Sir, the most empty, and frivolous imaginable. I did not at first, (according to Mr. Reader’s desire,) introduce religion too hastily, lest I should forfeit the use of the pulpit ; he supposed that I had

not much more to do with it, than himself; only he conceived I might be of a more grave, and phlegmatic turn of mind; and that I was a *fine orator*, as he called it.

Wor. I should suppose this idea respecting your turn of mind, might have had some check upon his frothy talk.

Loveg. Not in the least; his chatter was incessant. He first began asking me, if I lived in a good sporting country. I waved it, and said, that I was fond of my study, that I had a large family, and a good deal to do in my parish; and that I had really no time for such amusements. He then said, he confessed he was of another turn; and that he could not see the need of *muzzing* over a set of books all the day long. Then he went on telling me what a wonderful deal of game he had killed that season, with one Esquire Madcap, a strange wild young fellow, who lives in those parts. Then all at once, he cried, "Oh Sir! you really came a day after the fair; for Mr. Madcap, our young Esquire, who lives about three miles off, treated us with a horse-race; he is a merry fellow I can assure you; and really Sir, we had charming sport." I answered, I supposed it might be to them that liked it. But hints of that sort were of no avail; for on he went, crying, "Really Sir, between the pleasures of the horse course in the mornings, and the card parties, and balls in the evenings, we were all alive!!"

Wor. Did you not tell him, it was much to be lamented, that the people of his spiritual charge, could not be kept alive, without the aids of cards, balls, and horse races?

Loveg. Sir, I said to him, what was their life, would be my death; and he immediately cried, "Oh my stars and garters! I think you were born under a strange planet."

Mrs. Wor. A strange one indeed, I suppose to him; but how did he proceed?

Loveg. Madam, he said, I entertained very differ-

ent notions of religion to Mr. Archdeacon Wildblood, for that he not only was at the horse race, but that he rode his own horse ; yet he did not *sport a solo*, for that another clergyman, young Bob Dapper, rode his horse as well as the Archdeacon.

Wor. Indeed, this is worse than bad. What must be expected from a church, while some among its very dignitaries are not masked even with common decency ! But was the rattle of this empty creature correctly stated ?

Loveg. Sir, when I asked Mr. Reader how far this circumstance was true, he told me, that an Archdeacon, known by the name of Jack Wildblood, actually rode his own horse ; and that before common decency was insulted, by turning *Jack* into a *Parson*, and afterwards into an Archdeacon, he was an officer in the army ; and that after having made his calculations, he discovered from family connexions, it was probable that things *spiritual*, would pay him better than things *temporal*.*

Report also says, that while on the horse course, his stirrup unfortunately broke, and that he *swore* at the mob, most profanely to get out of the way, lest, as he could not manage his horse, he should ride over them ; but his excuse it seems is, he does not swear as the Archdeacon, but as the Captain.†

Wor. We all remember an anecdote respecting a certain German Prince-bishop, who was much given to swearing ; and when accused of it, especially as being such a great indecency in a Bishop, his answer was, he did not swear as the bishop, but as the prince.

* Report says, some of these military *parsons* are still on half pay.

† If the reader objects to the above, supposing that circumstances must have been exaggerated, I answer, would to God they could be contradicted ! But he may be assured, that however bad things may be with us, they are actually worse in Ireland. I was told, when once there, of a *Dean* who is as complete a jockey, and as finished a Jack Wildblood, as the person who is represented above.

And the next question naturally asked was, if the Prince went to the devil for swearing, what would become of the Bishop? Now just the same question rests between the Captain and the Archdeacon. But how could this poor brainless creature run on at such a rate?

Loveg. Sir, he ran on as fast as ever, exposing himself and his fraternity at a strange rate; though it seems, that Mr. Reader played poor young Bob Dapper a sad trick.

Wor. What was that?

Loveg. Why, the worthy old gentleman, feeling himself offended at the loose conduct of these giddy chaps, made a sermon on this text, "So run that ye may obtain," in which he lashed these abominable indecencies, pretty severely. And this sermon young Bob Dapper bought of Mr. Reader, who sold it him under the idea that it was *suitable to the season*. He supposed it to be a thanksgiving sermon, suitable after a plentiful harvest; whereas Mr. Reader composed it as being a *suitable reproof*, during the season of such an abominable outrage against all the rules of decency, and good order.* Poor Bob therefore,

* Were the ministers of the church of Scotland, or of many other Protestant churches, to act a part nearly as inconsistent, they would soon be brought into better order. If it be added, that it is to be hoped such instances are rare, it is answered, it is much to be lamented that they exist at all. The evil consequences of these things, are incalculable. If a set of such clergy as these are found to complain that a set of preaching Cobblers, Barbers, and Taylors, not having priestly authority, interrupt them in what they call their duty, let them look at home for the cause, mend their own manners, universally preach, and live the doctrines of the church of England, and see if these Cobblers, at least the most of them, will not stick to their stalls; the Barbers keep to their blocks, and the Taylors to their goose.

Some talk of persecuting these poor creatures: but before they begin upon the business, it may be well if they would first ask themselves, if an innocent, well intentioned man, with a few good brains in his head, and the grace of God in his heart, be not likely to give better instruction in point of religion, than such a set, so ordained, and from such motives, as are too

after having procured the sermon, came home from his sports, so late on the Saturday night, or rather so early on the Sunday morning, that he had no time to read it over, but trusted entirely to the good writing of Mr. Reader. Thus this redoubtable *spiritual* jockey, who was once "moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon him the sacred office of the ministry," took out this sermon and began to read it.

Wor. And I should suppose, the whole of it was a most pointed declamation against his own conduct.*

generally sent to fill the church, and then determine if it would be wise, or politic, or just, to put such preachers under the castigation of the law. If the plea be, that folly, and enthusiasm ought to, be corrected, the answer is, leave it alone, and it will correct itself. But from what has already been exhibited, others may deserve chastisement, as much as the wildest enthusiast in the land.

* During the time of Mr. Madcap's revel, Mr. Reader mentioned another circumstance which occurred, and which equally proved the inconsistency of these things, as belonging to the character of a Christian, and in a ten-fold more aggravated point of view, when exhibited in the character of a Christian Minister.

Soon after the business of the horse-race, and all concomitant diversions were concluded, the bishop of the diocese, came about those parts to visit and confirm. Previous to this, he very properly sent his circular advice among the clergy, to put into the hands of the young candidates for confirmation, some small devotional exercises, by way of impressing their minds with a suitable improvement on that occasion. Among others who came to take a more moderate and *sanctified peep* at these fooleries, was the Rev. Mr. Demure; and yet, that he might act consistently with the bishop's direction, while he had been enjoying these things according to the real appetite of his mind, (like a man who would now, and then, indulge himself with a little carrion as a rarity,) he wrote to Mr. Reader on the subject, supposing that as he could make their sermons for them, he could also make their devotions. Mr. Demure's letter, and Mr. Reader's answer to it, may not be unacceptable, as it may throw a farther light on the same subject.

" SIR,

" According to the laudable advice of our worthy Diocesan, we are desired to lay before the young people who may be

Loveg. Sir, Mr. Reader told me, that he laid it on as thick as ever he could, and thus poor Bob, after a short introduction, began exclaiming against horse races, as the worst of *revels*; and that “revellings and such like,” were strongly prohibited: asking the

judged fit for confirmation, some small devotional tracts, that they may afterwards be properly instructed, how to do their duty, and to *say their prayers*. I apply to you Sir, for assistance, as you know this week we have been pretty much engaged in seeing our friends, who came in great abundance to partake of the amusements of Mr. Madcap’s horse-race, so that we have not had sufficient time to attend the pastoral admonition, his lordship has condescended to send us; and as you can make such excellent sermons for us, I have no doubt but you can make some devotions also, which we mean to get printed, and distributed as directed by his lordship. Though I am sorry to say, that some of the clergy did not properly attend to the rules of decency, and good order, yet I will assure you Sir, others of us, (*thank the Almighty,*) considered our duty, and came home in due time, so as not to suffer our innocent diversions, to interrupt our devotions.

“I am SIR,

“Your obedient humble servant,

“PETER DEMURE.”

Mr. Reader, not a little offended at the inconsistent, sanctionious pretensions of Mr. Demure, returned the following answer:

“REV. SIR,

“I have received your proposal to draw out some devotional exercises, for the young candidates for confirmation.

“As to myself, had I inclination, I confess, under present circumstances, I wish to decline the work; as I am now satisfied it is high time for the clergy to convene themselves together, and enlarge the plan, by composing such sort of devotions as will be suitable to their diversions, that the world may be convinced respecting them, (for they begin to be much suspected,) that according to a scripture rule “whatever they do in word, and deed, they do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God, and the Father by him.”

“Now what I conceive will prove a high recommendation to this publication is, that the plan will be entirely new; for though it has been said, there is nothing new under the sun, I believe devotional exercises of this sort, have never as yet made their appearance; while at the same time, it will prove a

question, how any but the friends of debauchery, and riot, could sanction such *revels* by their presence? and how Christians, who take the Bible as the model of their Christianity, could presume to patronize, by their presence, such exhibitions of mad and wan-

capital criterion of the *innocency* of the diversions themselves. Whatsoever we do, that we can ask God's blessing upon, will never do us harm.

"First, for the mottos to this publication; and these will be best found in the Bible;

"Pray without ceasing.

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto, with all perseverance.

"Continuing instant in prayer.

"Now from these texts, the real Christian is at least directed to continue in a perpetual aptitude for prayer.

To the *pious* compilers of this new publication, I beg leave to recommend the composing some forms of prayer on the following occasions.

"A devout supplication before going to a tragedy.

"Another before going to a comedy.

"A short form of prayer, to be said before a farce.

"Another prayer also may be necessary before going to a harlequin entertainment, or a masquerade.

"Then let the *reverend* composers of this new work, direct their *devout* disciples, not to omit any of the accustomed forms before going to bed; but as a proof of their proper gratitude to almighty God, for such *blessed innocent amusements*, let them add a thanksgiving prayer, which for the sake of avoiding prolixity, may be made equally suitable to each of the above mentioned occasions; and then the title to such a piece of devotion will run thus. 'A Thanksgiving Prayer, to be said after returning from a Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, Harlequin Entertainment, or a Masquerade.'

"And as short titles sound best, I next advise a Puppet Shew Prayer, that people's heads may be made wiser, and their hearts better, by their *devout* attendance thereon.

"As children also take much delight in scenery, such as dancing dolls, &c. whether they be large or small, it might not be amiss to make a *religious* use of these pretty *jump-about*s, for the good of the rising generation, by never suffering them to go to a puppet shew, a play, or a ball, unless they can at least say *pretty pat*, the first of the three things their *devout* God-fathers and God-mothers engaged for them in baptism, *that they should renounce the devil, and all his works, the pomps, and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.* But to finish the plan of this new intended Manual, which I

ton riot, which so notoriously abounded during these seasons of entire dissipation? Then poor Bob again cried out against himself, "Feign to yourselves, how preposterous would be the sight, should that very sacred character, of all others the most mortified, and devoted to God, exhibit as a *public Jockey*, for the diversion, and scoff of the most wicked, and profane:" asking them, Whether they had taken the model of their religion from the wanton tricks of a set of heathens at their Olympic games, or from the holy word of God?

Wor. Oh poor Bob! how he was taken in! how could he go on?

would recommend to be short, that it may be snug and portable for the pocket, as also fit to be bound up with the Week's Preparation, or the Companion to the Altar, should there not also be a proper prayer made before going into a ball-room, and another after returning from it? A prayer also may be necessary before a card assembly, together with a few holy ejaculations, to be said between the deals. I would also recommend having a huntsman's prayer, and a horse racer's prayer, especially for such of the reverend clergy as commence their own jockies, that the Almighty might protect them from breaking their necks, while they are exposing the pure, and holy religion of the gospel, to the ridicule, and contempt of the profanest people of the world. I lastly ask the question, if those amusements which will not bend into devotion, are fit for the clergy, as their very office demands it of them, that they should be devout at all times? and whether any recreations can, in any wise, be admissible among them, but such as leave them at full liberty to devote themselves to God, and for the people's good? Wishing that you, and all the clergy, may be as much a credit to their office, as their office itself would then be a credit to them,*

"I am,

"Rev. Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"JAMES READER."

It may easily be supposed that Mr. Reader lost not a little of his custom in the business of sermon-making. Mr. Demure, however *charitably* concluded, that he was a little deranged through family misfortunes, and so it passed off.

* Some of these thoughts appeared in a former publication, which was not intended for extensive circulation.

Loveg. It seems he hummed, and hawed, and stut-tered, and stammered ; took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, again and a gain ; turned over two or three leaves at a time, but found it all just as bad : got out of the pulpit as fast as he could, and *swore* he would tell the Archdeacon, what a trick that *sanc-tified* fellow, old Reader, had put upon him.

Wor. How in the world could he face his parish-ioners after this ?

Loveg. Oh Sir, he has but few of them to face. Men of this cast are sure to empty their Churches ; but it should seem, all his comrades had something to say to him ; one asked him, Who made his ser-mon for him ? Another wondered, how he came so dreadfully to quarrel with himself ? A third asked him, if his great-grandfather was not an old Puritan, and whether he was not so much in a hurry as to take up some of the leaves of one of his old *long-winded* sermons ? It seems, poor Bob laughed it off as well as he could. And thus ended this most dis-graceful farce.

Mrs. Wor. Could Mr. Fribble approve of the con-duct of Bob, and the Archdeacon ?

Loveg. Madam, he confessed, that Mr. Archdeacon Wildblood went rather a little too far, but that the clergy were *flesh and blood* as well as others ; and that one of his best sermons was written upon this text : “ We also are men of like passions with you.” And when I told him, how dangerous it was to in-terpret the Scriptures according to the coarse, vulgar sound of words, as we might thereby entirely pervert them from their original most holy sense, and design ; he cried, “ I beg your pardon Sir, but why may not my notions of that text, be as good as yours ? ”

Wor. Could he then be so weak as to suppose, that our Lord’s first Apostles, might be as wicked as a set of heathens, by having the like corrupted passions with others ; and especially, when they came to preach the pure, and holy dispensation of the gospel, which directs and enables us, to lay aside all our im-

pure desires, and to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord?"

Loveg. I suppose he had not thought, as it related to the connexion of the words, that the apostles were only intreating the poor heathens, not to worship them as gods. But I have heard before now, that the same passage has been pressed into the service of *licentiousness*, by these inconsistent preachers of *morality*.

Wor. Instead of being *preachers of morality*, what better are such, than mere *apologisers for sensuality*? But what had he to say for himself?

Loveg. Sir, he said he thought the text might be taken *two* ways; yet as to himself, he had no great notion of frightening people by being "righteous over much; though for his own part, he was very sorry people did not keep Good Friday, more strictly than they had done of late years;*" and that these were the sentiments of his father, and mother, before him.

Wor. What could you say to all this rattle?

Loveg. Indeed Sir, he gave me no time to say any thing, for he next began chattering away about the balls, and card-parties, they have in the town, during the winter season; and then observed, how impossible it was to spend a set of long dull nights, one after another, without something to prevent jovial minds from being *hipped to death*. Then he directly asked me, what were my favorite games at cards? but instead of waiting for my answer, which by the bye, would have puzzled me, he began crying out about a Miss Peg Prim, a famous dancer in their town; and how she moved like an angel; and though Mr. Reader cautioned me against religious topics with him, yet I could not but observe, that I did not think a set of silly Misses in a ball-room, moved like angels.

Wor. How did he take your hints?

* The author is as much for keeping Good Friday, as Mr. Fribble, notwithstanding the superstitious abuse of the day among some.

Loveg. Oh Sir! the shatter-brained creature took no notice of my remarks; but went on chattering away about what an elegant skaiter young Mr. Dapper was, and that though he was reckoned a pretty good *dab* at it himself, yet how glad he should be if he could but exhibit in the same manner; and how he and young Dapper, one rainy day, when they could do nothing else, played at battledore and shuttlecock, and that they kept up the shuttlecock two thousand and fourteen times, before they let it drop; and that they performed this wonderful feat within the space of twenty minutes, and then cried—"Was not that clever?"

Wor. Some people are children all the days of their lives. One would have thought he had scarcely left off whipping his top, or driving his hoop. But is he not a great man for archery also?

Loveg. He is fond of every thing that will introduce him to shew his empty airs among the giddy, and the gay. But at length, I thought my patience would have been quite exhausted: for after tea, he took down his fiddle, and began playing with his tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee, and cried, "This is the first air my father taught me." Then he said, "Did you ever hear that charming fellow, Giardini? he is certainly the first violin player in the kingdom." And when I observed, I never heard of that gentleman's name before, he exclaimed, "Odds bobs! I think you know nobody;" and then on he went, skipping, and fiddling about the room like a monkey; and would, every now-and-then, be asking me how I liked this, and how I liked that; and when I said that none of them suited my taste, he cried out, "By Jove Sir, you seem to like nothing?" I just gave him the hint, that I supposed he principally read heathen authors, as he had been taught to swear by their gods; and immediately Mr. Reader took up the cudgels for me, by saying, I was fond of such conversation, as had in it, something that was rational, and

instructive. So he hung up his fiddle, and left off skipping about the room, and sat down.

Wor. I fear he was set upon a hard task, if he was only to talk about that which was rational, and instructive.

Loveg. Why directly upon this, he began complimenting me upon the supposed powers of my oratory, because I had persuaded Mrs. Chipman, though once so bad a woman, to renounce her connexion with Sir Charles ; and how much the curiosity of the people was raised ; and what a fine sermon they expected from me ; and that there was one great orator about those parts, called Dr. Puff ; and that he himself had done all in his power to make himself such an orator, by reading over Shakespeare's plays, and by studying Mr. Garrick's directions for reading the Common Prayer ; yet he never could come up to the Doctor : and when I began telling him, that the change accomplished was not done by my oratory, but by the grace of God, he directly, with a great deal of complaisance, replied, " O surely Sir ! it was by the grace of God, and your oratory put together."

Wor. I dare say he would have chattered with you upon any subject you chose.

Loveg. I suppose he would ; for Mr. Reader says, the poor, vain thing, is very good tempered. However, he entertained us for a while with the history of Sir Charles Dash ; that he was once in company with him, but that he was not in the habit of telling those great people, what was their duty ; that his mother, Lady Dash, was still living ; and that she was a great church-goer ; and how mad the minister of the parish was at her, for being almost the only one who came to Wednesday, and Friday prayers, when he wanted to drop them : that she scarce ever missed the sacrament, and that she was much stricter in her religion than people are now-a-days. Then all at once, he burst out, and observed, " The clergy of our day, seem to differ about how strict we should be in our religion ;

pray, what are your notions on that point?" And when I began to tell him of St. Paul's account of the Christian minister, and the Christian ministry; he again immediately interrupted me by crying, "Upon my word, and honor Sir, I confess I do not pretend to understand St. Paul; and I know some of the clergy who are of opinion, that people would have been quite wise enough in their religion, if we had only the four Gospels, without any of the Epistles."

Wor. I remember some years ago, that a vehement, anonymous pamphlet, made its appearance against the writings and character of St. Paul, recommending to the bishops, that all the New Testament should be suppressed, excepting the four Gospels; and all the Epistles, especially those of St. Paul, had a tendency to promote a spirit of enthusiasm, and methodism as he called it, throughout the land; and this book he dedicated to one of our bishops.*

Wor. How could you answer such a mere rattle?

Loveg. Really Sir, he saved me all that trouble; for he had no sooner said one thing, but without waiting for an answer, he would start something else, quite foreign to the subject. All at once he cried, "Oh Sir! as you come from near Mapleton, perhaps you may know Mr. Jackadandy. He is my first cousin: our mothers were two sisters, the two Miss Prattles, that lived somewhere about those parts before they were married." I gravely said, Yes, I have heard there is such a young clergyman who lives in the next parish to Dr. Orderly. Mr. Fribble immediately cried, "Dr. Orderly! aye, Dr. Orderly! what a queer old *quiz* of a fellow he is! he always puts me in mind of *old square toes*. I suppose he would not put his foot into a ball-room for all the world; and I am told, that he will not speak to my cousin, because he loves a little *harmless mirth*, he is such a *precise old codger*; and they say his Curate, Mr. Sedate, is just such ano-

* I remember this horrid production, made its appearance about forty years ago, and was dedicated to Dr. Hinchcliffe, a late bishop of Peterborough.

ther. Now you do not think it necessary that we should be so strict as all that: and I have a notion Sir, you are a little strict in your way; though I can assure you, such strict notions in religion will not do for the people of our town."

Wor. How could you bear to hear this frothy chap run on at such a rate?

Loveg. Really Sir, I could not bear it, I therefore only spoke a few words in vindication of the respectable old Doctor, and turned him over to Mr. Reader.

Wor. And how did Mr. Reader deal with him?

Loveg. Sir, he talked to him far beyond my expectation, in a very serious and appropriate manner indeed. And glad enough we both were, after having been pestered with his nonsense for near an hour and an half, to make our escape.

Wor. I suppose Mr. Reader's views of such ministers are completely altered.

Loveg. Altered indeed! He wonders at his ignorance, that such miserable bits of vanity should ever have been esteemed by him, as ministers of the word of God! and how he laments the pitiable state of that town, so awfully deprived of all that is necessary to their spiritual good!

Wor. And what a pitiable state the Church must be in, when such miserable creatures are appointed as her spiritual guides, and are afterwards permitted to continue in that office! Who in the world, with conscience, and common sense, could continue under such a ministry! Many an application have I lately received, requesting my assistance towards building Dissenting Chapels in different places; and however I may love the Church, I shall begin to think my money better spent than ever, for such purposes, if a set of better ministers can but be provided in another line, for the general good. Should any event in Providence remove you from us, a circumstance we should have greatly to lament: and were we to meet with such a successor as Mr. Fribble of Locksbury, I

could now never submit to a double starvation, both of body, and soul within the stone walls of our deserted parish church, as was the case while Mr. Deadman was our parish minister, when there were scarcely any to hear, and nothing to be heard. But let me not interrupt you in your story.

Loveg. Blessed be God, all this produced good, notwithstanding; for I urged seriously on Mr. Reader, the necessity of considering the lamentable state of the town, and to open his school-room, at least on the Sunday evening, for family worship, to which all his neighbours might have free access: and on those occasions, that he would offer up a prayer himself, or read a part of our excellent church service, together with a chapter from the Bible; and then read some of the homilies, together with other books of good, ancient divinity, once universally preached in the church of England, but till of late, almost as universally laid aside; a plenty of which should be immediately transmitted to his hands.

Wor. Did he seem to acquiesce?

Loveg. Sir, he promised me to exert himself to the utmost of his power, but that he did not know how he could venture to undertake such a solemn charge.

Wor. I hope he will. This will prove a much more profitable way for people to spend their Sunday evenings, than in idle visits, and foolish chat.

Loveg. Why Sir, I believe I have in a measure, pinned him down to the work, by telling him, with his leave, I would make a beginning on the Sunday evening, after the services of the Church; and that if he knew any of his neighbours who were of a serious turn; he might invite them as to family prayer: however, if he undertakes the work, it will be with much "fear and trembling."

Wor. The better for that. In all religious engagements, diffidence and success are constant attendants on each other. But must he not take out a license for his school-room?

Loveg. I believe not Sir, according to the present disposition of the town; it for is astonishing the attention and respect which was shewn me, after the two sermons I preached on the Sunday. Prejudice, though it seems to me, to be the brainless monster which the sons of bigotry universally adore, is, I trust, through the divine mercy, not so much that idol in Locksbury, as it formerly was.

Wor. Blessed be God, as far as this, it is a glorious triumph. But should Mr. Reader take out a license for himself, and his school-room, where would be the harm of it? He only swears allegiance to the state; and if he cannot swear allegiance to his protectors, it is not fit that he should be protected.

Loveg. Yes Sir; but then does he not, by that oath, put himself under the protection of the act for the relief of Protestant Dissenters?

Wor. Certainly so. But there is nothing said why he dissents; that is entirely out of the question. He takes precisely the same oath enforced on the clergy. The law only demands, that every public preacher shall be obedient to the state. You and I, if we lived at Locksbury, should be dissenters from Mr. Fribble's ministry, if not from the Established Church. What can be more disgusting than to have the solemn service of God, conducted by such unmeaning fops? That mild and wise law, therefore, "asks no questions for conscience sake;" but gives equal protection to all, who can give a proper test of their obedience to the state: no man is obliged to swear *he is a dissenter*; but all public teachers, whether Dissenters, or otherwise, *swear allegiance*; and would to God, that all denominations of Christians, were as candid to each other, as the laws of the land are liberally framed for the protection of all.

Loveg. Upon these principles every clergyman may take out what is called a Dissenting license, at any time, if there were occasion.

Wor. If he were compelled to it, unless he hates

the government, and wishes to overturn it; and then instead of protection, he deserves a gaol.

Mrs. Wor. [To Mr. Worthy.] Now my dear, you have given your idea as a justice, about licenses, do let Mr. Lovegood tell us how it fared with him as a minister, on the Sunday.

Loveg. Madam, I found Mr. Fribble was willing that I should do the whole of the duty for him; so I read prayers and preached.

Wor. I am glad of that; I doubt not but it was a good preparatory business to the sermon: your solemn way of reading those excellent prayers, has been very useful before now.

Mrs. Wor. What was your text?

Loveg. Madam, in the morning I preached upon the purity, and holiness of the law, from that text, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." You know, that is a favorite subject of mine; from thence I expatiated on the infinite holiness of God, and his law; and in the afternoon, I preached on the parable of the Prodigal Son. But it was with some difficulty I was admitted a second time into the pulpit; for the first salutation, after the morning sermon, from Mr. Fribble, was very coarse indeed: "Sir, (said he,) you were too *strict*, you were a deal too *strict* for my congregation. Did I not tell you, that they would not like such *harsh* doctrine? I am sure my Rector, Mr. Careless, will be very angry, if I let you preach again." Immediately, a very sensible, sedate gentleman stepping forward, whom I afterwards found to be one of the Churchwardens, addressed Mr. Fribble, and said: "Sir, after such an admirable sermon, such an one as we never expect to hear from you, I am persuaded, the people of the town will be very much disappointed, if they do not hear Mr. Lovegood a second time; while many others expressed themselves with equal gratitude and thankfulness, for what they had heard."

Wor. I suppose after this, Mr. Fribble *drew in his horns*.

Loveg. Directly, His apology was, that he was

apt to be warm ; but begged I would be less *strict in my doctrine*, when I preached in the afternoon.

Wor. Sir, if you preached them such a sermon on the prodigal's return, as you once preached to us, soon after Henry Littleworth's return, it was a very affecting one indeed.

Loveg. Sir, through divine mercy, I felt the subject exceedingly ; the riotous living of the prodigal, was easily exemplified by the riotous consequences of Mr. Madcap's horse-race. However, I hinted but little on that low subject, before I expatiated largely on the infinitely tender love of God our Savior, towards all returning prodigals. Then I made a distant allusion to the character of Mrs. Chipman : and in the application, considering the circumstances which brought me there, I was much more affected, than I can express. I was so overcome that my voice at times faltered exceedingly, and I could scarcely conclude the sermon, without many tears ; and indeed, the congregation appeared not less affected than myself.

Wor. Sir, you never find our minds so seriously impressed, under a sense of divine truth, as when you feel their impressive influence on yourself. O what ignorance, and hardness of heart, that we are not all more affected at the glad tidings of salvation, by Jesus Christ !

Loveg. I confess Sir, I never saw people more affected in all my life ! A vouchsafement of the divine presence I trust, was very eminently upon the congregation.

Wor. Why Sir, the Lord has promised " to rain down righteousness upon us," and to give us " showers of blessings !" these are the happy times of " refreshment from the presence of the Lord."

Loveg. Yes Sir, and we have a right to expect more under the New Testament, than under the Old. Christ, in his commission to his Apostles, has entailed the same blessings upon us which he promised to them : " I am with you always, even to the end of

the world." And I really think, if ever I felt the divine presence, it was through the mercy of God, when I was preaching at Locksbury Church. Oh Sir, how much we lose by expecting little ! and yet, what may we not expect, from "the exceeding great, and precious promises" of the Gospel ?

Wor. And a man is to be esteemed as a downright enthusiast, if he humbly waits the fulfilment of these promises.

Loveg. It is no great difficulty to put up with the reproach of the world, while we realize those blessings, so frequently promised in the word of God. But there is a wide difference between the enthusiastical reveries of some, and these holy influences from above, which are so wise in their operations, and so gracious in their consequences, as they are exemplified by the peaceable fruits of righteousness, which are produced thereby.

Mrs. Wor. Dear Sir, you know we are delighted to hear this sort of good news. We wish you to be more particular. I suppose the Church was very full ?

Loveg. Oh Madam, the Church was crowded. The curiosity of the people, all round the country, was highly excited ; not only by the return of Mrs. Chipman, but also from the character Mr. Fribble gave of me, that I was a *very great orator*.

Wor. Motives of mere idle curiosity are frequently over-ruled, for an abundance of good.

Loveg. Such was the case here ; for it was amazing with what affection, and kindness the people received the word ; how gratefully they expressed themselves to Mr. Reader, for inviting me, and how earnestly many of them sought my acquaintance. Mr. Reader therefore hinted my design of introducing family-worship in his school-room in the evening of the day. The whisper soon circulated, and the school-room was crowded.

Wor. This was a good sign.

Loveg. Yes Sir, and the effects of it were not less

pleasant to my own mind, after that service, which was very serious, and I trust profitable. Many of the people came about me, and pressed me to continue with them another Sunday; mentioning how lamentably they were served, between Mr. Fribble, and his Rector; and that the next parish, contiguous to theirs, was worse off still, as it was served by one Jack Bully, who was a complete blackguard.* I told them how happy I should be to comply with their request, but that my own parochial charge absolutely demanded my attendance; yet if they could procure the pulpit for me, I would take the earliest opportunity to repeat my visit.

Wor. Your visit to Locksbury was attended with much more desirable consequences, than your visit to Grediton. But do not you think, you have already done too much mischief against *the religion*, (as I suppose they call it,) of Mr. Fribble and his Rector, to expect a second admission into the pulpit?

Loveg. Sir, I am told, that Mr. Careless does not mind who preaches, provided his parishioners are pleased, and he is left at liberty to do what he likes best; and as to his poor insignificant curate, he is nobody.

Wor. Hardly fit to be candle-snuffer to a card-table. What an evil when such men are entrusted with the care of immortal souls! and what a curse to the people, who have them for their ministers!

Mrs. Wor. Sir, we now do not wonder that you did not come home till Saturday evening, as you were so well engaged at Locksbury.

Loveg. Madam, I found it impossible to leave them till the latest moment I could allow for their service.

* His character must be omitted from the general list, as it would be too bad for public perusal, only that he was a great advocate for boxing, and bull-baiting; I suppose also for cock-fighting, and cudgel-playing; in order to give people an heroic spirit, and keep them steady to the Church, that they may not be seduced by the enthusiastic spirit of the day.—See some speeches in the House of Commons on this subject, as detailed in the public prints.

Many, even among the respectable inhabitants, invited me to pass the evening with them, that they might enjoy the same privilege of family prayer, which they had at Mr. Reader's ; and as to the poor, I was almost universally accosted by them, requesting me to repeat my visit, and inviting me into their houses ; and on this occasion, I found that the bundle of little religious tracts, you gave me for distribution, were very serviceable indeed.—Sir, I humbly trust there is a work of grace begun, in the hearts of many in that town, which has laid a foundation for much future good.

Wor. One would think you had scarcely an opponent left throughout the town.

Loveg. Oh Sir, notwithstanding the general goodwill of the inhabitants, the Gospel, as in all other places, had its opponents. Dr. Rationality, the physician, Mr. Pestle, the apothecary, and Mr. Proveall, the mathematician, went about from house, to house, saying, that all this talk about regeneration, and conversion was downright nonsense ; and that they could explain all these things from physical causes. And I heard that a Mr. Discussion, a man of considerable reading, and a very leading man in the Town ; though it seems he is wonderfully wise in his own conceit, went about, saying, he could not tell whether he was more disgusted at the ignorance of Mr. Fribble, or the enthusiasm of Mr. Lovegood ; while several other comrades of Mr. Fribble, especially one Jack Pert, pretended to ridicule what they could not understand. But still I humbly trust, an abundance of good has been done : and the most pleasing circumstance of all, arose from a visit I received from a Mr. Thoughtful, a serious, respectable clergyman, who seems to have been entirely bewildered with the religious notions of the day,

Mrs. Wor. It will be a great mercy if some of the clergy in those parts, should be influenced by divine grace to preach, what all of them should preach, according to the Bible, and their own subscriptions—the

glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ; instead of downright heathenish morality, or a sort of undefined jumble, between law and gospel, which nobody can understand.

Loveg. Well Sir, I think Mr. Thoughtful is in a fair way, of being all that can be wished, as a minister, in those parts. He heard me twice expound the Scriptures in private houses; and with a great deal of humility, he acknowledges his defective views of the plan of the gospel salvation. His moral conduct at all times, has been perfectly correct, and he seems to me like a devout Cornelius, and one who wishes to know the truth.

Wor. I should hope his acquaintance with Mr. Reader, will be a benefit to them both.

Loveg. I trust it will; for before I left Locksbury, Mr. Reader, seeing how many people of the town were struck at these things, became quite courageous: though at first he was timid, yet he is now determined to open his school-room, upon the plan I first mentioned.

Wor. I really hope an abundance of good will come upon all this. Oh Sir! you must visit them again as soon as you can: we must put up with Mr. Considerate, or even Mr. Legal-definition, sooner than that you should neglect this call in Providence.

Mrs. Wor. You said, you thought poor Mrs. Chipman began to look a little more cheerful before you left town. These tokens for good were enough to make you all cheerful.

Loveg. Madam, I prevailed with her so far, as to get her into the school-room on the Sunday evening; she sat next to her father, weeping and sobbing all the time; but when she heard how much the people of the Town were affected at the sermons which had been preached on the Sunday, she began to take some consolation from what I had frequently hinted; that God permits evil indirectly, for the advancement of his own glory. So all this good was brought about at Locksbury, indirectly, by her unhappy elopement,

in submitting to the intrigues, of the abominable Sir Charles Dash.

Wor. But, under such uncommon displays of divine mercy, what need there is to guard our minds against the sad temptation of doing evil, that good may be the result.

Loveg. Yes Sir, St. Paul's caution on that subject, is truly wise and good : but all true penitents, are sure to be preserved from such presumptuous sins, while they fear God, and tremble at his holy word. The idea of apostatizing into sin, will be more tremendous to them than hell itself : such as are among the pure in heart, who shall see God, will never more wallow in the filth of sin.

After this, commenced a deal of talk about regeneration, on which point Mr. Lovegood was very accurate, and great, and it might be very edifying if here transcribed for the reader's perusal. But as these Dialogues have already swollen far beyond the original design, nothing further shall be related, than an abridgment of the present subject.

Mr. Reader wrote to Mr. Lovegood about a fortnight after his departure, sending him the most desirable information he himself could possibly have wished to have received, as it respected his visit, to Locksbury. This letter threw an abundance of labor into the hands of that attentive and invaluable servant of God. He had first to write Mr. Reader a letter, half as long as a sermon, for his own private instruction ; then he conceived it necessary to aid Mr. Reader, in giving him some heads of sermons, upon a better plan than what he formerly adopted : and, besides all this, he had to write a variety of letters to each of his new friends at Locksbury ; as from the state of spiritual ignorance in which he found them, he thought it necessary to give them

individually, a copious share of his wise, and pastoral advice.

While thus engaged, he received a letter from his old friend, Mr. Slapdash, informing him of his intention to give him a visit: for though he had never seen him since his removal from Abley, yet, that now, providence seemed to grant him a release, he hoped they might be indulged with an interview with each other, from the following cause: His church was much out of repair, and wanted also a considerable enlargement. He had been reading prayers, and preaching in the Church yard, as long as the season would permit, that on this account he should have about three sabbaths to spare before the public service could recommence. This unexpected event, gave Mr. Lovegood an opportunity to repeat his visit to Locksbury, much sooner than he intended; he having been brought to a determination thereby, to pass the first sabbath with Mr. Slapdash at Brookfield, and then offer his services at Locksbury, for the two last sabbaths, his good old friend meant to continue in those parts. Matters being thus settled, Mr. Lovegood immediately determined upon a considerable abridgment of his epistolary design as a personal interview with his new friends was likely so soon to be renewed. On the arrival of Mr. Slapdash, the reader may expect a further narration of events

DIALOGUE XXXV.

THE REV. MR. SLAPDASH, MR. MERRYMAN, AND
MR. LOVEGOOD.

THE FOLLY AND EVILS OF SECTARIAN BIGOTRY EX-
POSED : TOGETHER WITH A FURTHER ILLUSTRATION
OF THE CHARACTER OF MR. SLAPDASH.

AT the time appointed, Mr. Slapdash arrived at Brookfield. He first went to the Vicarage; but as Mr. Lovegood's house, and pocket, were too scanty to deal much in the entertainment of others, he was immediately conducted to Mr. Worthy's, where he was most affectionately received, according to the standing order of that hospitable house.

Here Mr. Slapdash first met with Mr. and Mrs. Merryman, who were there on a visit, after their marriage. The unmeaning compliments of the people of the world, are never needed among those who "love the Lord Jesus in sincerity:" Mr. Slapdash says, he never had any, and therefore never attempted to fabricate them. The courtesy of the Christian being composed of better materials however, was not wanting. A deal of conversation naturally took place, as it related to that variety of events, which have already been made known to the reader. These were heard with delight, and rapture by Mr. Slapdash, and attended with such remarks, as might naturally be expected from one of his warm, and animated, yet affectionate, turn of mind.

Mr Lovegood however, was very desirous to hear

how matters stood at Abley, after he had been dismissed from his curacy; and one morning, after breakfast, Mr. Worthy being detained at home on some business as a magistrate, the three ministers walked around the pleasure grounds, when the following conversation took place.

Loveg. I am anxious to know how matters are at Abley since I left them. Does Mr. Steepleman continue in the curacy, who was sent to succeed me, when I received my dismissal?

Slapd. Aye, he has been preaching up the Church, till he has driven almost all the people out of the Church; and has been preaching against schism, till they are all turned schismatics, at least in his esteem, throughout the neighbourhood.

Mer. What sort of a character is he?

Slapd. Why, he is half a papist.—In some of his high flying notions, he is quite a papist.

Loveg. Hush! Hush! my good brother you always speak so vehemently.

Slapd. There is no taking the devil by the nose, but with a pair of tongs;* and I am sure Mr. Steepleman's doctrines is completely popish, and where can that lead to, but to the devil.

Loveg. A heavy charge, brother Slapdash!

Slapd. No more than just, be it ever so heavy. Who can bear the thought, that a set of ruined sinners should have their eyes, and hopes turned from God, to seek for salvation in outward Churches, as they are called, and in the tricks of priests?

Mer. [To Lovegood.] Why, there is a deal of truth in the observation; thousands, in different ways, are deluded by these means: I shall take sides with

* Alluding to a popish legendary story, respecting St. Dunstan; when the devil accosted him as a tempter, the saint took him by the nose with a pair of tongs.

Mr. Slapdash. But do Sir, be more particular about Mr. Steepleman's religion.

Slapd. Sir, salvation with him is just the same as with the papists. He has scarcely any thing to urge, but that "you must keep yourself in the church, and trust in her priesthood." As to our good old reformers, while they universally charged the Church of Rome as Antichrist, Mr. Steepleman tells us, she is the true old Christian Church, and the mother of us all; and that though in some things it might have been necessary to reform, yet that in others we have gone too far. The power of the keys, in his favourite topic, and that Jesus Christ has delegated, all the powers of salvation to the priesthood, who can turn in, and turn out, lock in, and lock out, just as they please. He says the Reformers ruined the Church, by giving up confession and absolution.

Mer. It seems, that Mr. Deliberate, spent two years of his time in Ireland, before he came unto these parts; and he gives an awful account, of the horrid evils of priestcraft in that country. He tells us, that thousands of the poor ignorant papists, can live in open violation of the pure, and holy laws of God, without the least apparent remorse; but directly as they transgress the laws of their Church, or the directions of their priesthood, they are alarmed at the consequences, as though certain damnation were just about to overtake them; and I fear that Mr. Steepleman's religion, is but one shade better.*

Loveg. How many thousands there are, of all quarrelsome sects, "who make void the law through their traditions;" and how terribly are the consciences of sinners, screened from conviction, and hardened in sin thereby!

Slapd. Now, I said it, and I think I can stand to it, that Mr. Steepleman is quite a papist at least as far as this goes. First, he supposes, should a man live like a devil, yet, if he be of the true Church, it will

* See much of this in Sir R. Musgrave's account of the late rebellion in Ireland.

prove a great step towards his salvation; but, on the contrary, should a man live like an Angel, and be what he calls a schismatic, through this *damnable* sin, the most tremendous consequences are to be expected; and as to priests, he will have it, that the efficacy of their functions, is in their office, and is not at all affected by their characters; so that a priest, though as wicked as sin can make him, in himself, has a power, by a sort of spiritual conjuration, to send others to heaven, while he himself, if wickedness can take him thither, is going fast for hell.—Is not this popery?

Mer. Indeed Mr. Slapdash, it is popery down right.

Loveg. [smiling.] I thought brother Slapdash would soon make you a convert.

Slapd. Why cannot you remember, when you were curate at Abley, that you preached in my Church, at a meeting of Ministers; and what a sermon you gave us on that text, “Having the form of godliness, but denying the power:” and how you explained to us, that excellent definition of a sacrament we have in the Church catechism, that, in itself it was only “an outward and visible sign, of an inward and spiritual grace;” and was only meant as a pledge, or token of the divine mercies? Don’t you recollect, how you ript up all the lying hopes of those who trusted in these outward signs, and formal Churches, instead of seeking for the inward and spiritual grace? and the absurdity that some have fallen into, who suppose that the outward ceremony of baptism, creates the inward regeneration of the heart?—I think you were *Slapdash* on that occasion.

Mer. Well, well, we must all give up the point. The consequences are really awful, when such wretched substitutes are permitted to occupy the mind, instead of the realities of the gospel. Just so far as a vain confidence in Churches, and priests prevails, the need of that which is inward, and spiritual, will sink in our esteem. “The kingdom of God is *within* you.”

Slapd. Yes, and one evil is almost sure to beget another. When you [to Mr. Lovegood,] were curate of Abley, what were the grand objects the poor people were directed to seek after? What you felt, you immediately began to preach, that you and all your congregation were a set of ruined sinners: so that if you had not had Christ to set before them, in his justifying blood, and righteousness, and sanctifying spirit, you had all been in despair together; and this you know was the top and bottom of all your preaching; and you remember in what a loving, uniting spirit, you were then all kept as one, having nothing in view "but the one thing needful." But when Mr. Steepleman came with his *chaff*, no wonder that such as felt any thing like a spiritual appetite, were constrained to seek after something better; and I wish with all my heart, that they could have found what they sought after. But here from one extreme, they were hurried into another; for, while they were driven from the Church by the disgusting trumpery of Mr. Steepleman, they unfortunately hit upon a Mr. Stiff, who it seems, first made an unsuccessful attempt to get into the established Church, though afterwards he put himself under the tuition of a Dr. Buckram, and then turned out one of the most narrow-minded, rigid dissenters, I ever met with in all my life. Having procured a license, he preaches in the farm house where Mrs. Goodworth lived; and while Mr. Steepleman keeps railing at separatists, and schismatics, Mr. Stiff will be casting out his invectives against the church, and all establishments; and conceitedly insists upon it, that their church government is the only one exactly modelled according to the word of God, and the practice of the primitive Christians; and it is said, that at some of their dissenting ordinations, he has been most abominably abusive.

Mer. Oh, the terrible consequences of these controversies about mere empty forms! For after all, who are the people that constitute the real church in

the sight of God? Why penitent believers, when convened together, of every party. How dreadful, when any, who are thus saved, and blessed, are found to anathematize, and condemn each other!

Loveg. How much it is to be lamented, that a man of a meek and mild turn of mind, could not have been found to instruct the poor people, when they were under the necessity of seeking for instruction from another quarter. For although it may appear, how well designed the established church is in itself, for the conveyance of general instruction; yet still, in a variety of instances, through the badness of her patronage, and prevalence of corruption, every candid clergyman must acknowledge the end designed thereby, is by no means accomplished. Were then the work of public instruction confined, merely to any establishment, however good, the evil complained of would be necessarily increased. It is therefore evident, that something is needful to be done, which after all, cannot be done by the members of any established church. Therefore what an impediment, it is to the advancement of the general good, when people are contending about outward forms, while none of these things are precisely settled in the word of God!

Slapd. Mr. Stiff would have given you a good *trimming*, if he had heard you advance that doctrine.

Loveg. I suppose he would, and almost every exclusive sect, on the most ill-grounded pretensions, has claimed the same; but as for my part, I can find nothing more in the Bible respecting these matters, than that the primitive Christians lived in connected harmony, and friendship with each other; that elders, or overseers, or bishops,* if you please to call them so, were ordained, or appointed in different cities, to govern the juniors; and sometimes we hear of many of these elders, who presided over one and the same congregation, which happens to be the plain

* These words in scripture, are evidently of the same import.

English of the word *church*; and some of these it seems, had the public management, or superintendence of the people, while others of them, were its public teachers.

Mer. Why don't you think that all these elders, or bishops, were teachers?

Loveg. By no means. That passage evidences the reverse: "Let the elders that rule well, be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word, and doctrine;" and we hear the word of direction given to the people respecting these; "to know them who labor among them, and are over them in the Lord, and admonish them: and to esteem them very highly in love, for their works' sake;" or, as we have it elsewhere, "obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account." It is strange, that from such simple rules, different parties should have formed such various conclusions, and then act with such anathematizing severity, towards each other.

Mer. Why, it appears to me impossible, that a precise mode of discipline, could have ever been fixed in the New Testament, circumstances as they then were, being soon afterwards exceedingly altered. We cannot suppose that the ministry of the twelve apostles, or of the seventy disciples, was meant as a standing order for the church, otherwise every preacher must continue a perpetual itinerant. Though the same need of an apostolical spirit, will ever remain, because, from the corrupted state of the human race, the Church is continually apt to decline; and without such revivals, we should be in a wretched state indeed.

Loveg. It is evident from the epistle to the Corinthians, that the mode of worship among the primitive Christians, was very different from that, which in after ages was necessarily adopted. While the extraordinary influences of the Holy Spirit, rested

upon the church, full liberty of speaking was allowed to all, even to the women, without any limitation.

Mer. Do you then think that some of the women, were public preachers in those days ?

Loveg. They certainly were ; for the apostle directs them how to preach, with their heads veiled, or covered, in the public assembly. "Every woman that prayeth or prophecieth, with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head," for that it was "uncomely, that a woman pray unto God uncovered." However, this general permission, for all to speak, was attended with some disorder, even in the purest ages of the church. And indeed it should appear, from the directions given in St. Paul's epistle to Timothy, and Titus, that somewhat more like a standing ministry, would be wanted, when the immediate, and supernatural influences of the divine Spirit, should be withdrawn. We know indeed, that an attempt to revive this mode of public worship, has been made among the people called Quakers, as though the same divine power still existed, supposing that the immediate influences of the blessed Spirit, are still to be expected, in order to qualify their public teachers, for their public work. But alas ! they also prove, that while one sect runs into one extreme, another can run into that which is directly the reverse ; and thus they naturally prove the weakness of each other's pretensions.---It appears therefore to me, that many things must naturally have been left to future circumstances. Still we should follow the general outlines of the word of God, and see that "all things be done decently, and in order."*

Slapd. When Mr. Stiff was ordained, it seems there was a great talk among them, that the right to the ministry entirely depended upon the election of the people. As to myself, I cannot recollect in what place of scripture, that sentiment is revealed, as being a part of the discipline of the New Testament church.

* See 1 Cor. xi. *ad fin.*

Loveg. No more can I. And what is more extraordinary, I never could find out, that any one pastor was ordained as the settled teacher over any particular church;* and yet I most readily admit, that it is a very good *human* regulation, that people should have their stated ministers, and that proper means should be made use of, to provide a pure, and holy ministry, for the edification of the Christian church, and that the people's choice, so far as they are fit to choose, should be properly consulted. It is astonishing that such disputants, cannot discover upon what a slight foundation, they ground their contentions against each other.

Slapd. O, how Mr. Stiff railed against our church episcopacy, though I believe, other dissenters, milder than he, are much ashamed of him for his vehement spirit; and what a dressing Mr. Steepleman gave him in return, on the following Sunday, as one of a set of schismatics, insisting, that it was impossible there could be a Christian church, without a Bishop at the head of it! How the devil must have been delighted at this!

Loveg. Well, but according to Mr. Stiff's plan of government, he needs not to have been alarmed at the name of Bishop, for his notions of equality in their

* I have heard, that some have supposed this matter, from the allusion made to the Angels of the seven Asiatic churches; but in my humble opinion, prophetic allusions, fall exceedingly short of positive proof. Others have also supposed, that the word *χειροτονειν* proves the point, from its derivation, to choose by the holding up of the hand; but scarcely any terms at all times abide by their original derivation. We find this word twice in the New Testament. In 2 Cor. viii. 19, we are told of Titus, and another brother, who was *chosen* by the churches in Corinth, to take their alms to the Macedonians. This might have appeared to the point, had it been to *choose a minister*! The other place is in Acts xiv. 23. where Paul, and Barnabas, first travelled through different cities, confirming the churches, and then left them, after *they* had *ordained* or *chosen* them elders in every city. It appears here then, the reverse to what might be expected. The Elders were ordained, not by the people, but by the Apostles.

Church discipline, render the whole body of them a set of Bishops, or overseers among themselves, as the rule equally belongs to all : such are the clashings between Mr. Steepleman, and Mr. Stiff. No wonder at the terrible confusion created on every side of the question, by such extremes ; but with the leave of Mr. Stiff, and Mr. Steepleman, something more moderate, might have been the discipline of the primitive Church. I never could see the great improbability, or impropriety in the idea, that when the Church began to be considerably enlarged, the presbyters, that they might make their government more compact among themselves, should think it necessary to appoint a superintendant over their body ; as we have it in civil matters, a Mayor in a corporation, presiding among his brethren, the elders, eldersmen, or aldermen of the City : and what is there in all this, that is either despicable, or absurd ? and yet this might have existed, without the least affinity to that strange, wordly government, afterwards adopted in the times of darkness, by the Church of Rome.

Slapd. But what a wonderful piece of work Mr. Stiff made, in ordaining what he called his seven Deacons.

Loveg. Why seven ?

Slapd. I suppose that he might closely imitate the conduct of the apostles, who ordained seven Deacons, as we find in the Acts.

Loveg. Deacons ! where are they called Deacons ? not in that chapter, but in the translator's preface, and that will not stand for inspiration ; though the summary they have given to each Chapter, is generally very correct, and good.

Slapd. What must we call them then ?

Loveg. Seven men of good report, as the Scriptures call them ;—and I suppose, their office was to attend to the proper distribution of the estates, sold in the times of persecution, when it was necessary, that people should have all things common, that they might take that burden off the Apostles' hands, whose

office it was, to go about every where, preaching that men should repent.

Slapd. Mr. Stiff has not adopted that into his primitive discipline, though that might turn to his advantage.

Loveg. Nor does he wash his disciples feet I suppose; and yet these were scripture precedents, as well as the seven Deacons, as he supposes them to be. If it be necessary that we should follow them in one point of view, I think we should in all; or else at once admit, that each body of Christians should act for itself, as it judges best, only secluding the wicked from their communion, and still manifest towards each other, all that candour, and moderation, which the cause evidently demands.

Slapd. Nay, but do not we hear of Bishops, and Deacons in the epistle to the Philippians?

Loveg. Put the word in plain English, and it only means overseers, and servants; and this accounts for it, why presbyters, or elders, are not mentioned on the same list, because they are the same characters.

Slapd. But is there not a particular account, how a set of people called *deacons* should act?

Loveg. That is how the *servants* should act, and in all other places in scripture, the same expression is translated servant, or minister; and this point by a little attention, might easily be proved if we had leisure.*

* I lay before the reader an abridged criticism on this subject, printed on a former occasion.

The word *Διακονος*, though in very frequent use, is only translated *deacon*, in two places in the New Testament; once in 1 Tim. iii. where the word is carried through the chapter; and in Paul's dedicatory address to the Philippian church. Now I really conceive, strange as it may appear, that the mistake arose from a Popish original; that communion being over fond of garnishing their church, by a multiplicity of officers, and pretended mystical ideas, adopted, in their vulgate Latin translation, abstruse expressions, only calculated to mislead. Hence the word *Παρακλητος* must be by them translated *Paracletus*, so they have rendered it in English *Paraclete*; in our translation, by the

Slapd. Then we may as well say, those three honest men who are digging in that shrubbery, are some of Mr. Worthy's *deacons*.

more plain and easy term, the Comforter. So by the same Popish translators, only in the two instances quoted above, we are treated with the barbarous word *deacon*; and our language knows nothing of the character, but as received from them. To illustrate this, how preposterously would it have sounded, had it been translated, Christ was "made a *deacon* of the circumcision!" there translated minister, Rom. xv. 8. And still more so, Is Christ the *deacon* of sin? There also minister, Gal. ii. 17. Thus again Christ speaks of his worshippers, "Where I am, there shall my *deacons* be;" there rendered servants, John xii. 26.—St. Paul speaking of the civil magistrate, says, "He is a *deacon* of God to thee for good," Rom. xv. 4. People little think, that the lord-mayor of London is a *deacon*, or rather an *archdeacon*, he being the first magistrate of the metropolis. Phoebe, "a servant of the church," should, to have kept up this translation, been called a *deacon* of the church; and, if one word be better than another, she well deserved it. But it would have been a curious translation indeed, had it been rendered "Who then is Paul, or who is Apollos, but *deacons*, by whom ye believed?" properly called ministers, 1 Cor. iii. 5. Similar to this, "Whereof I, Paul, am made a *deacon*:" that is, minister, Col. i. 23; and again, ver. 25. "And so Timothy, the Grecian bishop, is also called a *deacon*:" "If thou put the brethren in mind of these things, thou shalt be called a good *deacon* of Jesus Christ," better translated minister. See also 1 Thess. iii. 2. So also, had our translators gone through with the coinage, and rendered the verb ΔΙΔΑΚΝΕΩ to *deaconize*, they would have been nearly as preposterous: for then it would have ran, "The mother of Peter's wife being healed of her fever, arose and *deaconized* unto them," Matt. viii. 15. So it is said, "Our conversation is always to be to the use of edifying, that it may *deaconize* grace to the hearers," Eph. iv. 9. The women who ministered to our poor Savior of their substance, that we through his poverty, might be made rich, are said to have *deaconized* unto him, instead of administered. And again, The Son of man came not to be *deaconized* unto, but to *deaconize*, Matt. xx. 18. And as a further proof of the clumsy effects of this awkward, unmeaning, new-invented word, even the damned themselves are represented as saying, "Lord, when saw we thee sick, &c. and did not *deaconize* unto thee?" Matt. xxvii. 55. And to finish my criticisms on this subject, Judas was a *deacon*; unless it can be proved that the person who does the office, is not the officer; for thus stands the original word, "He was numbered with us, and obtained a part of this *dea-*

Mer. Yes, and that poor woman, and her daughter, who are picking up the loose stones from off the lawn, are two more of his *deacons*?

Slapd. What would Mr. Stiff say, if he were present, to hear all this about his deacons?

Mer. And what must we say, about our deacons also?

Loveg. Why, that Mr. Stiff and ourselves have both mistaken their real office, or character; and however wise it may be, to put men into a probationary state of orders, yet it would have been wiser still, to have given them another name.

Slapd. And what must become of our archdeacons also? Oh how Mr. Stiff used to play it off against that order of our Church clergy!

Loveg. Why, in point of positive institution, Mr. Stiff's Deacons, and our Deacons, and Archdeacons also, seem pretty nearly on a par; only we are not so strenuous to contend for their divine appointment. However, had our good Reformers reduced the size of our Bishoprics, and dispensed with this race of *second-*

conship.—*Διακονία*, more properly *ministry*. And yet this *deaconal* office was the apostolic office. Acts i. 15. brings this to a point: "that he," the elected person, Matthias, "may take this ministry, *deaconship*, and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell." Many other criticisms of the same sort, might have been brought forward to prove, that a *deacon* is no new officer, only a servant. Upon the whole, it appears to me, that some good people have been misled by the barbarous word *deacon*, and mistaken the servant for the elder. Dr. Owen, while he pleads for the independency of the churches, as it is called, yet strongly urges the necessity of the existence of a little presbytery, for the internal management of those churches. I believe a variety of Christian congregations, would be much more happy among themselves, if instead of being governed "by old men, and maidens, young men, and children, provided they call on the name of the Lord," and are admitted into their communion, they had constituted among themselves, such a sort of a spiritual committee, for the management of their church concerns. I insert this criticism, that all parties may be less positive, and more candid and affectionate towards each other, and to see if I cannot bring Mr. Stiff, and Mr. Steepleman, nearer together.

hand bishops, our Church discipline had been nearer the model of the primitive times. Yet after all, I see very little, if any, impropriety in the office of our Archdeacons, if they did but seriously attend to that office, as coadjutors in the episcopal work, by stirring up the clergy in their different districts, to a more diligent discharge of their sacred works ; so that if Mr. Stiff chuses to keep to his Deacons, and we to our Archdeacons, as mere names are of little or no consequence, we should act much more consistent with the spirit, and temper of the gospel.

Mer. Really, it appears to me, as though the Apostles, and their successors in the ministry, after they had received their commission, acted as circumstances seemed to direct them, without laying down any plan of regular operations for themselves, or their successors.

Loveg. So it ever appeared to me. And if this sounds loose in the ears of some bigots, who insist upon it, that their's is the only form prescribed in the word of God, we need not to be under any great apprehension, from the mismanagement of these outward matters : each party takes into consideration the purity, and spirituality of the word of God ; and, according to their different modes of government, they direct their Churches agreeably to that excellent rule.

Slapd. I wish both Mr. Steepleman, and Mr. Stiff, were within your reach, that you might give them a good lecture for their bigotry.

Loveg. Though I utterly dislike controversy of this sort, yet, as I equally hate the bad consequences of bigotry, I should not care if they were. I would then ask Mr. Steepleman, what would become of his high Church, episcopal religion, were he to pass the Tweed into Scotland, where the established religion is presbyterian ? Then he immediately becomes a dissenter, or, to speak in his own proud language, " he would be living in schism, against the established religion of that country ; and would maintain, that there were no Christian Church, because they have no Bishops."

Slapd. And consequently they are all going to hell together, though their hearts may be as full of grace, as his head is full of these strange, high-church imaginations. I think you might also ask, where is the harm, if a Scotsman should continue a presbyterian in England? and where is the harm of an Englishman being an episcopalian in Scotland? Have I a right to knock a man's brains out, because he is a Jew, or a Mahometan? Therefore how much more horrid, when they, who call themselves Protestant Christians, cannot have the least Christian charity, one towards another! I believe there is not a party bigot upon earth, that would not persecute if he could. Blessed be God, for a more enlarged heart, that we may love all that love God, and love to obey him.

Loveg. And upon this principle, my good old friend, I feel it would be my privilege, to hold Christian communion with every protestant Church upon earth. Were I in Germany, it would never be a question with me, Are you Lutherans, or Calvinists, but are you Christians? Nor would it distract my brains, or concern me, if their modes, and forms did not altogether suit my judgment, or taste; and were I to attempt the reformation of such matters at the expence of peace, I should do abundantly more harm than good thereby. As in the Church, so it is, in a great measure, in the state. Have I, or has any one else, a right to go from state to state, and try to overturn their different existing governments, because they are not modelled according to that which I so much admire in my own? This would be like an unskilful surgeon, who would hazard a mortification for the sake of cutting off a wart. I wish people would but act more according to that excellent prayer in our Church liturgy, that we may be "kept in the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."*

* It may not be amiss, to remind every high Churchman of Mr. Steepleman's spirit, of a passage that is to be found in the

Slapd. Ah Church liturgy! how Mr. Stiff rails at Church liturgies, while his own prayers, with a very little variation, are as much a form as any of ours, and I am sure, not more scriptural, nor yet more spiritual!

Loveg. I suppose then, we should have but a bad bargain of it, if we were to exchange our form for his. But what are their psalms, and hymns, but forms of prayer, or praise? I think the least he can do, is to let us alone with our forms, while he is so formal himself. It would have been well if the poor people of Abley could have met with such a man as Mr. Peaceful, instead of Mr. Stiff.

Mer. Was not Mr. Peaceful the Minister who was in the habit of visiting Mrs. Goodworth? I have often heard you mention his name with much approbation.

Loveg. O! he was a man of a most excellent spirit; and, though from principle he was a dissenter, yet beginning of the Common Prayer Book, *Concerning the service of the Church*, as it breathes that spirit of true Christian candor, that should never be forgotten.

“And in these our doings, we condemn no other nations, nor prescribe any thing but to our own people only, for we think it convenient, that every country should use such ceremonies, as they shall think best, to the setting forth God’s honor, and glory, and to the reducing of the people, to a most perfect, and godly living, without error, or superstition.” Had they adopted the practice of such liberal sentiments nearer home, would not the Church of England have shone more, as being possessed of the temper, and spirit of the church of Christ? and which of her advocates will vindicate that spirit, whereby she stands aloof from all other reformed churches throughout the Christian world, without having the least ministerial fellowship, and connexion with them? Even the most able, and excellent ministers of the established church of Scotland, though precisely under the same civil protection with our own, are perfectly secluded from any connexion with our establishment. How often have I heard, even candid dissenting ministers lament the fact, that while the ordination of a Popish priest, is deemed valid, so that after recantation, no further ordination is demanded; yet if a protestant minister of any country, wishes to join her community, reordination is rigidly required!

nothing could equal his love to all, who "loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity." Every thing that was bitter, and railing, he utterly abhorred, while he was the kindest apologist for all, however he might differ from them in things not essential; and while he would make an apology for himself, as it respected our Church liturgy, to which he could not well subscribe, yet he would admire its general tendency, and even would say, with its few defects, that he esteemed it to be one of the national blessings of the land, as a general knowledge of the truths of the gospel, was thereby wonderfully preserved.

Mer. It is much to be lamented, that we should lose the services of so good a man, on account of such scruples of conscience.

Loveg. Not at all. The Dissenters are a very useful body; and in numberless instances, nothing can be done without them.

Mer. I hope you will except Mr. Stiff, and his fraternity.

Loveg. With all my heart. But these good men may work where we cannot, and in many places where their aid is deplorably needed; and why should we wish all the good men to work in one line!--It is amazing what an abundance of good, Mr. Peaceful does among all the Dissenters in these parts, his spirit is so tender and good.

Mer. I suppose Mr. Peaceful might have had some other objections against conformity.

Loveg. Yes he had. His principal objection seems to have been, the much lamented want of discipline, as also the too near affinity between the Church and state: but then he would candidly acknowledge, as it was national, it could scarcely be expected to be otherwise; and that national establishments, like all human things, must have their advantages, and disadvantages; that consequently, as the state had a right to her choice about religion, so the Dissenters were left at full liberty to chuse for themselves; and that it was no more right for the Dissenters to attack the

established Church, than it would be for the established Church to oppress the Dissenters. But nothing delighted Mr. Peaceful's mind so much, as to make his annotations on St. Paul's view about the distinctions of meats, and days, and of meats offered to idols, which exemplifies so much of the forbearing mind of Christ, in the character of that Apostle.*

Mer. Sir, my mind has been much occupied on that subject of late. How much the Apostle urges the meekness, and gentleness, of the Christian character!

Slapd. One wonders that an angry bigot, can live after he has read those chapters, if he has the grace of God in his heart.

Mer. A bigot with the grace of God in his heart! Two principles, strangely opposite, and these to be the inhabitants of the same bosom! But let us retire into this pleasant retreat, and talk these matters over more seriously: the weather is delightfully mild, for this advanced season of the year, and I fear this subject is too much overlooked, I am sure it has been so by me. [They sit down, and the conversation recommences.]

Loveg. [With a small Greek Testament in his hand.] Nothing can equal the tenderness of the apostle's mind in the 14th of the Romans. You know that this chapter refers to those Christians, whose minds were not perfectly free from Jewish prejudices; and, though they ill understood the holy liberty of

* Nothing is more to be lamented, than the angry spirit, with which these different controversial writers, treat each other, while the high churchman rails at the schismatical, of every party, with the most superstitious contempt, the dissenter in return, will exaggerate the most trifling causes for dissent, against the churchmen, in language equally uncandid, and unfair, I forbear to mention the names of several authors of this angry cast. The writer was exceedingly sorry to find, that on the wrapper, Dr. Gill's reasons for dissent, appeared on seven of the numbers of this publication, without the author's knowledge, and consent, which the publisher immediately withdrew, at the author's request

the gospel, and their consciences were consequently misguided; yet still it was in matters, not essential to salvation. These, while thus "weak in faith, were to be received, but not to doubtful disputations," or in other words, to unnecessary wranglings, and discussions. The dispute ran in this chapter, it should seem, upon keeping Jewish seasons, and eating meats according to the Jewish law: this was certainly for want of better knowledge; and yet what a kind apologist St. Paul was for them, in regard to eating meats ceremonially impure! What a spirit of love he inculcates by that observation. "Let not him that eateth, despise him that eateth not; and let not him which eateth not, judge him that eateth, for God hath received him." "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth, or falleth; yea, he shall be upholden, for God is able to establish him." In the same spirit he goes on about days, only observing, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" and I remember, that was a favorite expression with Mr. Peaceful.

Slapd. I wish it had been a favorite expression with Mr. Stiff, it might have made a better man of him.

Loveg. Aye, and of Mr. Steepleman too; but let us forget them both, and mind the lovely remark of the Apostle on the subject: "He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it: he that eateth, eateth unto the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks;" that is, on both sides of the question, they acted according to their light, and consequently were not to be judged of each other.

Mer. And what a lovely conclusion he draws from it, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth unto himself! For whether we live, we live unto the Lord: whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." What a wonderful change must have been

wrought upon the mind of this once stiff, bigotted persecutor, to make him so much the reverse to himself, so gentle, and so mild !

Loveg. But I think this most lovely spirit, is still more richly displayed in what the Apostle further remarks: "Let us not therefore, judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block (or cause of scandal) in his brother's way. I know, and am persuaded, by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean in itself, (though before the coming of the Lord Jesus, many things were prohibited as being unclean;) but still to him who esteemeth any thing unclean, to him it is unclean." And now mind, what a lovely conclusion he again draws: "But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably or (according to love) destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died."* "Let not then your good be evil spoken of; for the kingdom of God is not meats and drinks, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Slapd. Stop there brother Lovegood, for a moment, that's the point.---If any *could* go to the devil with such blessed, excellent tempers, I should like to go with such for the sake of good company; and then let a set of violent bigots, curse and excommunicate each other, as hard, and as fast as they can, on account of a set of non-essential punctilios; provided we can live together on earth, as believing that the same heaven, if we are blessed with the same mind, is to receive us all at the last.

* The reader may find, that Mr. Lovegood, in reading his Greek Testament, made some slight alterations in the text, which, after all, are so insignificant, that they prove how well the public may confide in the present translation. But on that expression, "destroy not him for whom Christ died," he first remarked, that the drift of the argument was only to shew how the *peace* of such was destroyed, and not that the purposes of God according to election could not stand, if the will of an angry bigot should strive to prevent it. He further shewed, that such were at least the attempts of such angry bigots, however unsuccessful those attempts might prove.

Loveg. You will speak like yourself. But it is next said, that "if in these things they serve Christ, they are acceptable to God, and approved of men." There is no hell for the holy, nor heaven for the unholy: indeed we have heaven in us upon earth, when we are holy. But do let us finish our observations on the chapter, which I conclude to be one of the best *recipes* to cure the bigotry of the human heart. "Let us therefore, pursue the things which lead to peace, and the things whereby one may edify, or build up another; for meat destroy not the work of God." Now in my opinion, this evidently refers to those for whom Christ died, and who are the workmanship of his Spirit. Then we see how the Apostle next observes, that through the liberty of the gospel dispensation, "all things are pure; but that it is evil to a man who eateth with offence," against his own judgment. "Therefore it is good neither to eat flesh, or drink wine," by which a weak brother stumbleth, is offended or made weak. Hast thou faith, have it to thyself before God. Happy is he who condemneth not himself in that which he allows, for he that doubts" about these matters "is condemned" in his own judgment "if he eat," for want of this faith of knowledge; "for whatsoever is not of faith, is sin."

Slap? I wish the worthy translators of the New Testament, had used a milder word in their translation of that passage. Mrs. Scruple, a good woman in our parish, one of a very conscientious turn of mind, was kept from the sacrament a long time, till I explained matters to her, and gave her to understand, that the passage had no reference whatsoever to the sacrament; and that the passage, which still more alarmed her about eating, and drinking our own damnation, did not mean eternal damnation, but a temporal judgment, as was evidently then the case of the Corinthian church: "For this cause many are weak, and sickly among you, and many sleep."

Loveg. I fear many good people are sadly puzzled

about such passages as these ; but then we should take more abundant heed to explain them.*

Mer. It has oftentimes struck me, that much of the same excellent temper, and spirit is likewise manifested by the Apostle, not only as it respects meats and days, but also in things offered to idols : I fear that this subject also, among common people, is but little understood.

Loveg. As we have a little time before us, we will trace that subject also. You know that the heathens in those days, adopted a superstitious trick, in offering the beasts they killed at the shambles, to some of their heathen deities. A portion of the offerings was sold, and another portion of them was eaten in the idols, temples ; while some, even of the primitive Christians, of a looser cast, too many of whom were found in the Corinthian Church, were frequently seen sitting in the idols' temples, and eating these offerings with others, as though they were idolaters too. The Apostles therefore, very justly blames them, for this lax, and wanton conduct : for though they knew that the idol was nothing, and the food neither the better, nor the worse for their superstitious conduct, yet while weaker brethren were offended thereby, that altered the case. What a spirit of love he exemplified, when he said, " If meat make my weak brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world stands !"

Slapd. Oh, how soon would these bitter controversies about trifling non-essentials be at an end, if all were blessed with the same spirit of love ! and what a distinction the Apostle makes, between that proud " knowledge which puffeth up, and that humble love which edifieth !"

Loveg. Yes, and how kindly he apologizes for those, who in judgment differed from himself ! " Howbeit, there is not in every man this knowledge ? for some with conscience of the idol, unto this hour, eat it as a thing offered unto an idol, and their conscience

* This subject is more largely explained in Dialogue the 5th.

being weak is defiled? but meat commendeth us not to God: for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse." But then we are to take heed, lest this liberty should become a stumbling block to them that are weak; for "if we sin against the brethren, and wound their consciences, we sin against Christ."

Mer. Has not the Apostle some additional remarks of the same nature, in the tenth chapter of the same epistle?

Loveg. Yes, and most tender, and delightful remarks they are. Oh! what is Christianity without the loving, and forbearing mind that was in Christ! But we will turn to them. He first observes, many things may be lawful that are not expedient, because they edify not: how beautifully therefore he directs, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth, or good!" And after some further direction, as it respects the weak consciences of others, what an admirable conclusion he draws! "Whether therefore ye eat, or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God; give no offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to" your brother Christians, called "the Church of God; even as I please all men in all (lawful) things; not seeking my own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved."

Slapd. And I think to this we may also add that most beautiful passage, which displays so much of the same blessed temper, "Unto the Jews, became I as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews: to them that are under the law, (ruled by the Jewish law,) as under the law;" while he acted the same towards the Gentiles, as being without law, that he might "gain them also." "To the weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some; and this I do for the gospel's sake."

Mer. Then it should appear, the crime was not in differing in judgment with others; for it seems

they differed even with the Apostle himself, but for shewing such a contentious spirit against each other. One would think that this breed of coarse Christians, had never read the thirteenth of the first of Corinthians, concerning that charity or love, "which suffereth long, and is kind, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that is not easily puffed up."---Let me see, I forget what comes next.

Loveg. Why, that love is a modest grace ; it does "not behave itself unseemly : " that it is a disinterested grace ; it seeketh not its own : that it is a peaceable grace ; "it is not easily provoked : " that it is an affectionate grace : "it thinketh no evil." It is also a most happy, and comfortable grace ; for it rejoiceth not in iniquity ; but it rejoiceth in the truth : and lastly, it is a most patient grace ; it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things."

Mer. While mankind are so corrupted, what need have we for the exercises of these graces inwards to each other ! [To Mr. Lovegood.] Sir, when I first heard you preach, that naturally sent me to the Bible, and I was immediately convinced, that the religion of that book was the religion of love : and I now esteem it a mercy, that I had none of these educational prejudices to contend with.

Slapd. Do not run from the subject, my young friend, as I sometimes do, when I get into the pulpit, till my text brings me back again. What becomes of the religion of Mr. Steepleman, or Mr. Stiff, if this be the religion of the Bible ?

Loveg. Oh, my good old friend, I am more than ever convinced of this, when I consider other passages which have such a remarkably strong reference to our tempers, and the feelings of our minds, on all these occasions, before God. How much of the mind of Christ appears in that passage to the Ephesians ! "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness, and meekness, with

long suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace."

Mer. And what a heaven even upon earth we should enjoy, if all the people did but prove the reality of their Christianity, by following the same Apostle's advice, in "laying aside all anger, wrath, and malice;" and instead of these, "as the elect of God, holy and beloved, put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering, forbearing one another, forgiving one another: if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave us;" and then again, "above all things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness."

Loveg. Oh, this is Christianity indeed! I once heard of a Deist, who could ridicule the Bible, while he was entirely ignorant of its contents, and design. But when he was referring to the twelfth of the Romans, he was not only struck with the purity, and sublimity of the subject, but at his own wickedness, and folly, for having ridiculed a book, so wonderfully calculated to promote the good of mankind: and how admirably are these blessed tempers inculcated in the same chapter! "Let love be without dissimulation; abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good; be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another."

Slapd. Almost the whole chapter runs upon that subject; but the conclusion is most excellent: "Recompence to no man evil for evil. If it be possible, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Mer. We shall have enough to do, if we quote all the passages that relate to this subject: the sum and substance of the Bible, seems to be nothing but love.

Slapd. I am sure all the epistles of John, are en-

tirely on that subject. "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God."

Loveg. Aye, born of God; and by that word, how evidently it appears, we have no solid proof of regeneration, but by its effects, as produced by the grace of love; for "love is the fulfilling of the law."

Mer. The doctrine of a divine change seems to me, to be the glory of the scriptures.

Loveg. Yes, and a full proof of their divine original. None but a God of almighty power, could dare to give the promise to change the heart of man, since nothing short of such an almighty power can accomplish a change so glorious.

Mer. I can put my solemn amen to that truth; I never can be too much humbled for what I was; nor can I ever be too thankful for what, by the grace of God, I trust I now am. Oh, that text! "What, know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and your spirit, which are God's."

Slapd. It strikes me, I will preach upon that subject in your church, when you are gone to Locksbury.

Loveg. You cannot take a better.

Slapd. But will you try to make me a hymn, suitable to the occasion? for I am no poet.

Loveg. I will attempt to put a few rhymes together, to the best of my power; I can go no farther.



Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Worthy, and Mrs. Merryman, came up, otherwise their profitable conversation on the new birth, might have continued. They took a further range about the pleasure grounds, and then returned to the house.

Mr. Lovegood, shortly afterwards, went his second

journey to Locksbury, which was no less grateful, and satisfactory to him, than the former. But Dr. Rationality, Mr. Discussion, and others, took the pains to procure Dr. Stately, and his curate, Mr. Leadhead, to whom Mr. Fribble very readily lent the pulpit, to confute the *enthusiastic* notions of Mr. Lovegood. But this they did in such an absurd, and contradictory manner, that they entirely confuted themselves thereby. Dr. Stately held him out at arms' length, with the most supercilious contempt, as being hypocritically strict, and sanctimonious in his religion, while his curate, Mr. Leadhead, could understand him no better, than that he was a preacher of faith without works; both of them charging him also with several other preposterous notions, the most contradictory, and absurd; and the result was, that the people's minds were not a little confirmed in those essential truths, which Mr. Lovegood had before delivered among them.

Mr. Lovegood also told about a Mr. Timid, whom he found out in that neighbourhood, who, though he preaches the gospel, yet does it in such a cold, and cautious manner, that nobody is the better for it; that he is ever pleading the necessity of so preaching, as not to give offence; and that he had no notion of exciting people's prejudices, by being too plain. Thus, while by attempting to render "the preaching of the cross" of Christ palatable to the world, so as that "the offence of it might cease," neither the world, nor the church would give him credit for his design. Mr. Lovegood however, is of opinion, that if he could be got to take some of Mr. Slapdash's elixir, which, while it warms the constitution, and is an excellent stomachic, yet never throws into a fever, it might purge him of some of his worldly prudence, and thus make him a useful minister in those parts.

As it is now high time to abridge all these events, nothing more shall be laid before the reader, than Mr. Lovegood's hymn, made for Mr. Slapdash's sermon, as mentioned above.

It seems, the sermon was much in his own style. When he had to display the regenerate heart of man, under the metaphor of the living temple, his imagination became so sprightly, and his language so animated, that it was almost a query with farmer Littleworth, Thomas Newman, and many others, whether he was not nearly as great a minister as Mr. Lovegood himself: however the reader may depend upon it, that Mr. Slapdash became a great favorite at Brookfield, and that his visit was attended with an abundance of good, though it was the opinion of Mr. Spiteful, and Mr. Dolittle, that he was one of the maddest fellows that ever entered a pulpit; while he was followed with the cold pity of Mr. Wisehead, that he was sorry he was not more *rational* in his religion, though he believed him to be a *good-hearted* man, though so extravagantly wild.

Were the whole life, and conversation of Mr. Lovegood to be drawn out, at full length, so holy, and active was he in all manner of conversation, that these little volumes, might soon be swollen into volumes, much too bulky for the public use: on this account, many pleasant, and profitable occurrences must be omitted, while the copy of the hymn, mentioned above, shall conclude the dialogue.

THE HYMN.

"Believers, the Temples of the Holy Ghost."

Cor. vi. 19, 20.

Produc'd at first, by pow'r divine,
Man as a creature stood,
A sacred building in design,
A dwelling-place for God.

With finish'd art the pile was rear'd,
Well fitted for its use;
Just symmetry throughout appear'd,
And glory fill'd the house.

God smil'd in friendly visits there,
And thus his dwelling blest, •
While solemn acts of praise, and prayer,
The creature's love exprest.

But sin defac'd its form, and broke
The stately structure down ;
His ruin'd temple God forsook,
And left it with a frown.

Polluted thus, and thus abhorr'd,
The house in ruins lay,
Until again by Christ restor'd,
His glory to display.

Laid deep in love this building stands,
Cemented with his blood ;
Work'd all with unpolluted hands,
And fitted up for God.

Here his transforming Spirit dwells,
To beautify the place ;
With kindly influence sin expels,
And sheds forth life and grace.

Oh, dearest Lord ! return, reside,
Within each sinful heart :
Be thou our king, and none beside,
And never more depart.

As temples of the living God,
Thus shall we prove thy grace :
We'll sing aloud redeeming blood,
And chaunt thine endless praise.

DIALOGUE XXXVI.

MR. CONSIDERATE, MR. TRAFFIC, FARMER LITTLEWORTH,
AND MR. LOVEGOOD.

NO GOOD MARRIAGES, FROM BAD MATCHES.

SOME time after, Mr. Merryman set the example of marriage, in his union with Miss Worthy, which is said to have been so honorable in itself, and was so honorably conducted by them, that other matches were thought of. Henry Littleworth had the happiness to be united to Mr. Considerate's daughter, and Billy Traffic was determined to make himself happy with Miss Nancy Littleworth; and about the same time, Miss Patty Littleworth, was married to Will Frolic, mentioned in dialogue the sixth.

Previous to the final settlement of these marriages, it was thought necessary that the old people should meet together, to arrange the family concerns of each party. As it would, on the one hand, be very wrong in me to divulge these family secrets, so, on the other, it would by no means prove an interesting subject to the reader. Suffice it to say, the meeting took place at Mr. Considerate's; Mr. Lovegood, for the sake of his wise advice, being one of the party; and in the evening of the day, the conversation took the following turn.

Far. Well, Mr. Considerate, I *tells* my son Harry, he is in high luck to have your daughter: the Lord keep him humble!

Consid. A difference of a few pounds, as it re-

spects money matters, is of very little consequence, either one way, or the other, where the best principle for happiness, is solidly established by the blessings of the grace of God upon the heart.

Loveg. All our happiness between each other, independent of the grace of God, rests upon very slippery ground. Even the common social, and relative duties of life, which so plainly recommend themselves to every man's judgment, and conscience, will be ill practised where this divine principle is wanting.

Far. Aye, aye, so we found it in our house, till we found the grace of God in our hearts. And if dear Harry makes as good a husband, as he has been dutiful and loving to me as a son, since he has been blessed with this precious grace, I have no doubt, though he is but a farmer's son, that they will be *main* happy with each other.

Consid. Why Mr. Littleworth, your son has his share of good sense, and you gave him a good education, and God has given him the blessing of his grace, and my daughter is an excellent child; therefore I have no doubt, if God preserve their lives, but that they will be a happy pair.

Far. Ah! my poor daughter Patty, she will never be so happy with that wild young *blade*, Will Frolic, and she is quite bent upon having him!---Poor girl! I cannot help it; if she will please her fancy, I fear she will plague her heart.

Loveg. Why Mr. Littleworth, under these circumstances, things must be permitted to take their course. When children are grown beyond our restraint, opposition oftentimes answers no other end, than to rivet them in their purposes. You can go no further than to act a parent's part, and commit them to God.

Far. Yes, yes, Sir, I shan't mind giving her a child's portion; I can afford it without injuring the rest of my children, for the Lord has wonderfully blessed me of late; but I am afraid that *spark* is more

fond of the money, than of my daughter, though at times, he appears *desperate loving*. He took it as a hard *gripe* upon him, when I would have the money settled upon my daughter, and her children, especially, when I did not think it necessary to bind up Billy Traffic in the same way, in his marriage with my daughter Nancy? but why should I? for Billy is a very sober, regular, good young man; but as for Will Frolick, if I had not bound him up *pretty tight*, he would soon have made *ducks and drakes*, of all the money.

Consid. Your determination had almost been the cause of breaking the match. •

Far. Why that was the *upshot* of the design. Harry, dear child, said, that would be the best way to settle matters, though he was once so wicked himself; but when his old miserly uncle, Mr. Stingey, the tallow-chandler, happened to be overtaken by a generous fit, he offered first to give him fifty pounds out and out, provided I would give as much towards furnishing the house; and then he said he would give a bond to his nephew of two hundred pounds more, to be paid after his death, provided it was all secured to my daughter, and her children, and that brought on the match again; and though they now appear so loving, I am sadly afraid they will soon live like *cat and dog*.

Loveg. I should not wonder at it; for there is no real foundation for love, but in the love of God. That foolish fondness, which some people discover towards each other, very frequently degenerates into complete disgust.

Far. It is to *admiration* how I used to remark, what a different way of courting my Harry, and Billy Traffic, had to Will Frolic. Whenever Billy came to my house to see Nancy, he would behave so decent, and orderly, that it was quite a comfort to see them together. And whenever your daughter visited us, we always found she never would come without *Madam Considerate*, or yourself; and what nice pro-

fitable talk we always had ! But when that wild blade would come to see Patty, he would act as if he was half mad. Neither I nor Harry could keep him in any tolerable order ; and I never could get rid of him, till I called the servants in for family prayer, and then he would be *off like a pistol*.—Poor girl, I am *desperately* afraid that the match will be her *ruination*.

Consid. I am sorry to hear that he is such a sad, wild fellow ; and I am told also, that he is very insulting in his conversation.

Far. Why, he never could keep his tongue in any sort of order, when at my house ; what an uproar he made one night, when he told my daughter Polly, that she would never be married, because she had lost two of her fore-teeth, and then she was all in a passion.—She is full of envy, that her young sisters Patty, and Nancy should be married before her.

Consid. [smiling.] Perhaps if the loss had been on the tongue, instead of the teeth, it might have been a less calamity.

Far. Ah, poor Polly, even from her cradle, she was a sad *crabbed* child, and I think she is *crosser* than ever, since she has taken to spend so much of her time at Madam Toogood's ; and then she comes home as *brim full* of scandal, as ever she can hold ; but still she is my child.—The Lord make her his child !

Consid. Well, I am glad Mr. Littleworth, my daughter's visits were so acceptable at your house. I can assure you, Mr. Henry's visits were not less so at ours. His conversation at all times, was much to the purpose ; and instead of being driven away on account of prayer, he would often stop and be our family chaplain, and much to the edification of us all.

Far. Aye, aye, dear child, and he prays so humbly, and so much from the heart ; I am sure it does my heart good to hear him. And then, as soon as ever he has done the business of the farm, away he goes after some of his good books : and directly he has saved a little money, he is sure to go and buy some

fresh ones : but he is extravagant in nothing else, dear child !

Loveg. Really Mr Littleworth it appears to me, that the grace of God mends the head, while it converts the heart. It brings the mind into such a sober, holy, regular frame, we can know nothing of the good of our own existence, till we exist in God.

Far. Why, now it appears just so to me, as though I had been all my days without brains, while I was living without grace. But blessed be God, what nice winter evenings we now spend at our house ; when Harry sits and reads, and talks to us out of some of his good books. And then he gets Billy Traffic, and some other young people, to come and see him. At times we have quite a little congregation, and then we have such sweet singing and prayers ! But as for my part, I never could sing, but I *does* my best to “ make a joyful noise unto the Lord.”

Consid. You cannot think me to blame Mr. Littleworth, while I give my free consent, that my daughter should marry such an excellent young man.

Far. To be sure Sir, I cannot but be very thankful for the merciful providence of God, that has contrived such a charming match for my child. Little did I think, when he was a wicked wild sailor, that he would ever be married to a gentleman's daughter, who has been twice mayor of Mapleton !—The Lord keep him from pride !

Consid. There is no great honor in being mayor of Mapleton Mr. Littleworth.

Far. Why Mr. Strut, the present mayor don't think so : he fancies he has a right to act as though he was a little god. How he struts about our town, *like a crow in a gutter* ! To my mind, he thinks himself as great a man as King George.—God bless him !

Loveg. I hope Mr. Littleworth, your son has too much good sense and grace, to be proud. Pride is nothing better than the offspring of folly, and the disease of fools : and pride turns all things into confu-

sion. When proud people meet together, they never can be happy.

Far. Why Harry, dear child ! makes us all happy ; and Nancy is a sweet, humble, diligent girl. And she is so notable, and attentive to her mother. My dame sees what it is that makes the best child. She begins to think of coming to Brookfield church, oftener than she used to do. I hope to the Lord she feels more in her heart, than she likes to express, for she is ashamed to say much, as she cannot forget how she thwarted us, when we began to think about the salvation of our souls. But the Lord be praised ! she is wonderfully altered.

Loveg. Indeed Sir, I think she is. Nothing can please her better, than the intended marriages of her son, and daughter ; while she is so much concerned at the union designed, between Will Frolic, and Miss Patty. But it seems that several bad matches have taken place in Mapleton, and its neighbourhood of late : I am surprised however, if in this world we are to be surprised at any thing, that good tempered, humble, young woman, Rachael Meek, the linen-draper's daughter, should have consented to marry that strange dogmatic young chap, Jack Positive, the lawyer.

Consid. Ah Sir ! love is blind : I believe the unhappy young woman, heartily repents of it. If ever she presumes to give her advice, she is snapt at directly.—He will say, “Madam, when I need your advice, I will ask it—till then, I shall act as I like best.”

Loveg. What must one of her humble, and tender mind feel, under such contemptuous, and cruel treatment.

Consid. Sir, he will do worse than all this. If the poor innocent creature asks a question, his answer will be, “I shall do as I like best.” If he should venture upon any wrong, or wild pursuits, as obstinacy frequently misguides him, and she begins with ever so much weakness to expostulate, his answer will be, “I shall not be guided by a woman.” Then,

lest she should further provoke him, she very wisely keeps silent, only now and then drops a tear.

Far. Poor dear creature, she must have a *dog's life of it*.

Consid. I dare say a much worse life than your dog leads ; for whatever he commands must be observed, be it ever so absurd ; and when he has burnt his fingers by his own folly, he will blame her that she did not consult with him ; while he appears so little to respect her judgment, as not to allow her to go to market, to provide for the family, but under his orders, and directions.

Loveg. Better to be a beast of burden, than the wife of such a man. If “wives are to be in subjection,” yet they are not doomed to be the abject slaves of such abominable tyrants. But it seems that her father was always against the match.

Far. Ah, fathers can't, at all times, get their children to follow their advice : we are a stiff-necked generation ; but to my mind, that was another strange match on the contrary side of the question, when my poor taylor, Simon Simple, married Fanny Pert, the milliner ; for though he makes the breeches, yet all the *folk* say, she is determined to wear them.

Traf. Why, he has been the taylor for our family for some time ; and while he does not want for a share of good sense, yet being of a meek, and harmless disposition, he has unfortunately, given the rod out of his own hands, and then she flogs him well for his folly. Once when my son Billy went to their house about a job, he told a strange story on his return.

Consid. What was it Sir ?

Traf. Why, the door being a little a-jar, he heard her cry, “Simon ! why Simon ! what are you at ! why don't you come down directly ? young Mr. Traffie is here ; I shan't stand bawling after you all day.” And when he gave her to understand that he had overheard her coarse way of talk to her husband, she blushed, and said, “she did not mean to scold

him, and that it was only *the tone of her voice* that made him think so, and that they lived very happy together.

Consid. Happy ! how can he be happy, while she is dinning his ears all the day with her impertinent, and noisy talk, and with her insulting reflections ! I believe that all his happiness consists in patiently suffering himself to be *hen-pecked* whensoever she pleases, without saying a word in his own behalf.

Far. There is another match nearly of the same sort, which is quite as bad. You know a Mr. Placid, that married Miss Fury. By all accounts, what a life she leads the poor gentleman ! I am told, there is not a bigger termagant in the town.

Consid. I know the unfortunate man very well. If ever he thwarts her, directly she is the downright tiger. She hears not a word of reason, but falls into a terrible passion, and then cries, out of mad revenge.

Traf. What can he do with such a creature ?

Consid. Why, he puts her in good humour again as soon as he can ; and in order to keep a little peace, he is obliged to submit to all her whims, and projects, and let her have her own way in every thing.—And all that won't do.

Far. Why, to my mind, she must be worse than the devil ; for there is an old proverb, “ The devil is good-natured, when he is pleased.”

Consid. But it is a difficult matter to say when she is pleased ; for if her husband dares not contradict her, yet she supposes herself at all times at liberty to contradict him. It has oftentimes grieved me to hear, how rude, and snappish she is to him upon every turn, and yet she won't suffer any one else to scold him but herself. Once, on an occasion of this sort, he said, “ My dear, I should not care if all the world scolded me, provided you did not scold me yourself.”

Traf. I'll warrant she gave him a good sharp *curtain lecture* for that speech.

Consid. No doubt of it. But this is not all of poor Mr. Placid's misery. She is such a horrid tormentor of her servants, hunting, and driving them about like a mad woman : if there are any servants he likes, she is sure to dislike them, and to drive them out of the house as fast as she can. She says, if women won't *keep up their authority*, it is their own fault.

Loveg. It is a terrible evil when poor servants are to have their lives made a burthen to themselves, by such tyrannic usage. It is to be lamented, that such masters, and mistresses were not made to serve also under the hard hand of oppression. There is not only a deal of ungodly cruelty, but a considerable degree of cowardly meanness, exemplified by the conduct of these petty tyrants. But while some matches about these parts, have been terribly calamitous, others of them have been as singularly ridiculous.

Traf. I suppose Sir, you allude to that strange match which took place the other day, between Miss Sally Chatterbox, and old Mr. Taciturnity.

Loveg. Oh, that was a strange business!—They say, the sedate old man is so grave, that he will not speak, till he has been spoken to, two or three times, while her tongue is never at rest.

Consid. It seems she is good-tempered, but the greatest chatterer that ever lived ; and runs on with such eggregious stuff, (for people who talk much, frequently talk nonsense) that she oftens puts the poor old man to the blush.

Traf. I wonder how the good old gentleman can answer half her questions.

Consid. I am told, she does not ask so many questions, but keeps on with a straight-forward rattle ; and the few questions she asks, the old man evades as well as he can. He hums and haws ; and now and then cries, " Yes my dear," and then " No my dear ;" and then again, " I can't answer you, you speak so fast." And when his patience is nearly exhausted, he will cry, " My dear, you talk so fast, that it quite makes my head ache."

Loveg. What is supposed to be the difference between their ages?

Consid. Why, *Miss* was about twenty-five, and the old gentleman about sixty-five; and it seems, this young lady, is his third wife. He is a very good sort of an old gentleman, and has a considerable deal of money, while the young lady has little or none, only she had, as it is called, a very polite education at a boarding-school; where I suppose, she was taught to talk at this extraordinary rate.—But did you never hear what a sad mistake took place, when the old gentleman was on a journey, about a fortnight after their marriage, with his new wife, and his son by his first wife, to pay a visit to some distant friends?

Loveg. The story is quite new to me.

Conid. Sir, report says, that when they came to the inn where they were to rest for the evening, the old gentleman and his son retired to sleep, somewhat sooner than the bride, she being engaged to write some letters to her friends, on this *happy event*. When she called for the chambermaid, she unhappily turned her into the chamber of the old gentleman's son. The young man, finding that a young woman was beginning to undress by his bed side, and not immediately recollecting her, cried out against her as an impudent strumpet, and told her to get out of the room, or he would kick her down stairs. Directly she made her escape, called for the chambermaid, told her what a mistake she had made, and asked where the other gentleman was gone to bed: the maid answered, "Why ma'am, there is no other strange gentleman gone to bed in this house, but your grand papa."

Loveg. What blunders are produced by these imprudent matches! But how came Mrs. Liberal to put up with Mr. Scraper, for her second husband?

Traf. By all accounts, there is sad quarrelling between them already. While she will always have her table covered with sufficient provision, that a plenty may be left in the pantry for occasional visitants, he

will be hunting after bits, and scraps, supposing that almost any thing will do to mess up for a dinner. And as about food, so he is about raiment. He would appear like an old broken tradesman out of a work-house, with his tattered clothes, and darned stockings, if his wife would let him ; and when she only gave away some of his old clothes the other day, that had got into this trim, to a poor old neighbour, this so offended him, that he would not speak to her for near a fortnight.

Loveg. Does not he want her to dress as shabby as himself ?

Consid. O Yes Sir, and he is always telling her where the cheapest old remnants are to be bought ; and that she leaves off her clothes too soon, when she might scour, and dye them, and then turn them, and thus wear them over, and over again.

Loveg. This must make sad jarrings between them ; what strange confusion is created in the world, by the contests which exist between the different corruptions of the human heart !

Consid. Yes, and when people are united, who are under the influence of the same sort of corruptions, the evil will be abundantly worse. What a terrible misfortune it was to Mr. Sharp, and Miss Trimmer, that ever they should make a match of it !

Traf. Ah, that poor girl was ruined from her childhood. Her foolish mother humored her on every occasion ; and though her temper was naturally bad, yet her mother has made it ten thousand times worse, by puffing up the pride of her heart, in telling her she was a girl of fortune : and yet at first they appeared fond of each other, though such love scarcely deserves the name.

Consid. Whatever love might have been between them, 'tis all hatred now. While he tries to thwart, and contradict her upon every occasion, she flies at him in return, like a fury, calling him fool, puppy, and tells him he would have been a beggar if it had

not been for her fortune ; though his business, as a large vinegar merchant, is quite equal to the trifling sum he may have received with her.

Far. But I'll warrant she pays him home again, and gives him *tit for tat*. I remember she came once to our house, to see my daughter Polly, so dressed up in her *furbelows* and *fal-lals*, and I thought her tongue run *desperate glib*. I have a notion she is a sad *saucy puss*.

Consid. However, it seems that her husband can match her in language, and insolence. "Hold your tongue, you insolent jade. Madam, I will be master ;" and sometimes the house is all of an uproar between them. Of late, it seems that she has been very jealous of him, and trims him well on that score.

Loveg. Oh, the terrible consequences of sin ! What a variety of little hells are created in hearts, and in families, and throughout all the world, by its horrid existence ! Lord, what is man ! who can deny the fall ?

Consid. True dear Sir, and I think there is another union in our town, which perfectly proves the same awful truth. It evidently appears to me, that it is almost as necessary to prove, that a man is to die, as that he is a fallen creature.

Loveg. To what other matches do you refer ?

Consid. Oh Sir ! it was that unhappy union between Miss Jemima Meek, and Mr. Lofty, who is a great man in his own esteem, because his great grand-mother, was the daughter of some lord, who lived in the reign of Charles the Second ; and on this account, though he is almost a beggar in his circumstances, he can strut about with such consequence !

Loveg. What silly thoughts can feed that carrion bird of pride, when roosted during the night time of our ignorance, in the unregenerate heart of man ! But who is this Mr. Lofty ?

Consid. He is the gingerbread baker, that lives in Pride Alley.

Loveg. Oh, that is the shop, I suppose, where Mrs. Considerate is so kind as to buy her fine golden kings, and queens, as presents to my little children.

Consid. Yes Sir, and while he is selling these fine golden things for a farthing a-piece, he is feeding upon the conceit of his ancient noble blood. Besides, he fancies himself a man of reading, and great knowledge.—He is one of Dr. Dronish's hearers.

Loveg. Well, this beggarly pride is the worst of pride. But how does he treat the poor young woman?

Consid. Why, in language like this. If she asks a question, he answers, "Child, I'll tell you by and by." If she humbly repeats it, "Child, don't be troublesome:" if she ventures to speak in company, "Child, don't expose yourself;" or "How should you know, child?" If she proposes to do any thing, his answer is, "Child, I shall think of it." If he wants her to do any thing, it is, "Child do this," or "Child, do that;" in short, he scarcely treats her with the respect due to an upper servant.

Far. Old Betty Bustle, who has lived in our house these five-and-twenty years, would run away from us, if I and my dame were to talk to her as *Master* Lofty, the gingerbread-baker, talks to that poor creature.—Well, the Lord be praised, that he has a little humbled my proud nature! but to my mind, I had once such *noble blood* in my heart, while I was living without God in the world, and while I was blustering with my big looks about the market.

But now for an abridgment of the subject. It was much lamented, during the same evening's conversation, that Mr. Lion should have been married to Miss Pigeon, who treated her with an abundance of austerity, though it caused some laughter, when they conversed about the marriage of Mr. Blunt to Miss Prudish; while the plainness, and simplicity of the

one were contrasted with the unmeaning affectation of the other ; though it was a much less laughable concern, when Mr. Smart, who was all vivacity and wit, married Mrs. Dorothy Dull ; and no wonder that soon after their marriage, he treated her with sad neglect.

A counterpart of the same sort of unhappy matches, took place, between Mr. Consequence, and Miss Nobody, who never could find out her stupidity, till after he had married her, and then treated her with cruel contempt.

After this, Mr. Lovegood had to improve the subject. He very wisely remarked, that our infinitely merciful God, has so regulated the government of the human race, as that they should be helpmates to each other, that thereby, a bond of general union might be created for the good of the whole. That the poor, though in servitude, should find guardians and supporters in the rich, who have it in their power, to make even their situation a blessing to them, by their merciful, and kind deportment towards them. That parental authority was most mercifully instituted according to the laws of nature, so that the care needed by children, and the respect and honor due to parents, arising therefrom, might create a bond of union between families, through life. And that the foundation of this, originated in the marriage contract, which civilized nations had universally adopted, and which, when broken, rendered mankind a set of barbarians, and brutes.

He next observed, all duties of this sort were reciprocal. Masters are to command with mercy ; while servants are to submit and perform their office with fidelity. Parents are to educate with the tenderest affection ; children are to obey with the purest simplicity, and love. So as it respects the marriage union.—Minds differ. It was certainly determined that the wife should submit and obey : she was “ the first in transgression ;” but then the husband’s duty is not the less to “ love, cherish, and respect her,”

as "the weaker vessel." And while the divine mind has determined that she should be in subjection, yet such husbands as are blessed with the mind of Christ, will remember that they are directed to "love their wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water, by the word. For that no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth it, and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church."

This excellent moralist, next asked the question, on evangelical principles : Will such Christians, act as tyrannic lords over their wives, because it is said "the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man ;" that "the man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man ?"

I once knew a pretended boaster of religion, who was ever quoting against his poor wife, that "the husband was the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church," and that "as the Church is subject unto Christ, so wives are to be subject to their own husbands in all things : " and oh, how he used to bore the poor woman on these words, "in all things !" But let all these jarring-strings, be reduced into holy harmony and order, and let the wife learn, as the scripture has directed her, "to reverence her husband ; and let her distinguished ornament be that "of a meek, and quite spirit, which in the sight of God, is of great price ;" and each of them will find in that happy union, their paradise regained.

Mr. Lovegood, at the same time, gave it as his opinion, that nothing is more beneficial to the good of society, than that young persons, blessed with the fear of God, should thus unite themselves to each other on an early day. That it was the duty of parents, not wantonly to thwart, though to regulate, the inclinations of their children, and that also in the mildest manner, as circumstances might require. But that, from the instances which had been before them in conversation, a similarity of disposition above all

things, should be first sought for, yet not with rigid exactness. A good man may be over-generous: can he do better for himself than to seek for a partner, who is frugal and attentive, without being covetous and mean? Should another be hasty and rapid, what can he do better than to unite himself to one who is dispassionate and calm? And if the young woman has an unhappy tendency to that, which may be frivolous and indiscreet, who knows but that she may be much corrected, should she meet with the man, who may be cautious and reserved! In short, that it is not so much the dispositions themselves, as their evil tendency, through the corruption of mankind, against which we should be put upon our guard; as it was evidently not the disposition itself, but that disposition, being under a corrupted influence, which was the cause of every calamity, that had been the subject of their present conversation.

Mr. Lovegood also mentioned, that a little equality, as it respected money matters, might not be an improper consideration, as this too often creates the most unpleasant reflections, and disputes. And last of all, as being ultimately of the least consequence respecting age, he observed, though many inconveniences from that quarter, arise from such inconsiderate unions, yet that it was beyond a doubt, a variety of old, and young fools, at least somewhat like it, good-natured creatures, have lived very happy with each other.

Mr. Lovegood, lastly urged, some very impressive ideas respecting the sad perturbation of mind, created among all those of every rank, whose tempers were completely contrary to the holy mind of Christ. That even heaven itself would bear a semblance of hell, could such minds surround the holy throne above: perfect holiness, and infinite happiness, are inseparably united.

Thus Mr. Lovegood went on well in moralizing. So also my young readers would determine, had I time further to transcribe his wise, and good advice; and

for their sakes, thus much is presented before them on this most important subject. There is something very engaging in the undisguised simplicity of unpolluted youth. Oh, that my dear young friends had the advice of a Lovegood always sounding in their ears, and the like grace, which is the delightful theme of his preaching, constantly dwelling in their hearts ! Such will not only be graciously protected from the evils of life, but as mercifully directed into every path that is wise, and good. And under such regulations, how happy shall I be without fee or reward, so far as I can gain the permission of the Dolittles of the day, (while a denial from the Lovegoods is scarcely to be apprehended,) to tie the bond of union that makes the parties so happy in each other.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

ANTINOMIANISM UNMASKED.

BETWEEN MR. LOVEGOOD, MR. MERRYMAN, MR. SAVORY, HIS COUSIN JOHN, AND MR. MALAPERT.

MR. Lovegood receives the following letter from Mr. Merryman.

MY DEAR SIR,

As you allow me to consult you without reserve, and under every difficulty: I must inform you of some recent events, which have filled me with the most serious apprehensions; lest the peace and prosperity which has hitherto so happily prevailed, should be interrupted by the *vain janglings* of some, who are attempting to make their inroads among us.

I am quite surprised, that no body of *respectable dissenters*, have found their way into the Town, while most of the inhabitants are in gross ignorance, excepting some Baptists, and a very few Quakers, of whom it seems there are but three families in the town. These collect together every Sunday morning, in a large room, contiguous to the house of one of them; but as they seldom have any public speaking among them, very little is known concerning them; though I fear, they are but ill acquainted with the doctrine of the atonement, and reconciliation with God, through the sacrifice of Christ; yet I find them very kind, and innocent neighbours, and am happy to treat them in return, with all the civility and attention in my power.

On our evening lecture, some of them frequently steal into the Church, and affectionately acknowledge that they receive good from what they hear.

I wish I could speak as favorably of the Baptists; for I fear the one depend too much on their sanctification, for their justification; not a few of the others seem to deny the need of personal sanctification altogether; though I am happy to find some favorable exceptions to the general remark.

You know the character of their old minister. He has been *ringing changes*, these forty years, upon *eternal justification*, and what he calls *imputed sanctification*, and the perseverance of the saints; which seems little better, than a sort of inconsistent perseverance in laziness, and security; after they have persuaded themselves to rest in a self-conceited confidence, that they are right, without any evidence of the fact: while the practical, and preceptive parts of the scriptures are treated by them with strange neglect.

It seems this old man has lately heard of some new *seceders* from the Church, with whom he is highly delighted, because they have adopted his sentiment about baptism, and have been rebaptised by immersion. One of these he has, unhappily for me, introduced into his pulpit, and curiosity has invited many to hear what this *new light* has to advance; and alas! I am sorry to say, that there are some, who are fascinated with something, they know not what; while many artful innuendoes are introduced, that they now hear the gospel fully, which they never heard before; intermixed at the same time, with such horrid insinuations, which are in my opinion, most intolerably profane; that "the greatest sins we can commit, can never alter our state, as it respects the covenant of grace;" and that "God can never be angry with his elect, even when they commit the worst of crimes." Are we then to suppose that we are in the covenant of grace, without the grace of the covenant? and how can people in such a gracious state, be guilty of the

worst of crimes? and can they imagine the holy God, can so alter his nature, as to see sin, and not hate it if he finds it, even in an Angel? Surely if he pardons the criminal, he hates the crime; and can such pardoned sinners dare to "continue in sin, that grace may abound?" must not every real Christian hate the thought? I trust the first moment I was convinced of sin, I began to dread the commission of it, worse than hell itself; what then can be the use of such strange, unwarrantable expressions, but to make loose minded people, looser still, and to cause the enemies of God to blaspheme the doctrine of our free forgiveness, through Jesus Christ.

Notwithstanding their doctrine is so disgusting, as well as dangerous, the bewitchery has actually succeeded upon the minds of some; one positive old woman, whose tempers at all times are the most inconsistent, and unsubdued; goes prating about the town, "crying in the wretched cant of the party:" that she has found out, why she could never get any *comfort to her soul*, under my preaching, because I insisted upon it, that "God's elect should be made more holy than he himself ever designed they should be," "and that as God has *strengthened* her faith, she shall never fear about her sins, and corruptions as she has done, that she is now *sure she believes*, and therefore she is safe, and nobody shall shake her confidence any more all her days;" while her husband says of her, that she is such an arrant termigant, that she ought to be ducked every day of her life for scolding. I am happy however to find, that two, or three of the most judicious and correct of the Baptists, begin to recoil at what they have lately heard, and are aware of the danger that arises from preaching the mere *skeleton* truths of the gospel, without their practical effects, and consequences on the heart; so that if a few of my congregation seem to be fascinated by these vain disputants, others have left them and have forgotten the prejudices of their education, and mean to attend the Church till they can hear sounder truths at the

meeting, where they have been accustomed to worship. And although I have cause to thank God that there is not much to be dreaded from these* *schismatical* efforts, yet still the plague is in a measure begun. And as you well know how to controvert those different *heresies* that have been brought forward against the plain, simple truths of the gospel, I most fervently intreat you to come over and help us, and give us some sermons on these most important topics.

No one can be more respected, and revered among the people of this Town than yourself. Mr. Savory, and some others that have lately left the Baptist congregation, are quite as anxious to see you as myself. I am sure your fervent zeal against such most dangerous errors, will not allow you to put a negative on this my earnest request.

Your most affectionate son in the Gospel,
H. MERRYMAN.

Mr. Lovegood's answer to this letter, was replete with all that good sense; containing at the same time such wise, and pious remarks, as might naturally have been expected from him, and though I am satisfied the good taste, and piety of my readers would be greatly gratified, were they to be presented with the whole of its contents: yet those parts which more immediately relate to the present point, shall alone be transcribed.

Mr. Lovegood observed, that whatever appearance of *novelty* might seem to attach itself to these *new lights*, it was nothing more than a revival of the same bad spirit, which in a measure prevailed in the earliest ages of the primitive Church. That the apostle Paul foresaw the evil, and forewarned the elders of Ephesus of it, in this strong language. "For I know that after my departing, shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock," and that these their *outward* enemies, would not be their worst enemies; for that "also among their own selves,

* See note at the end of the Dialogue.

should certain men arise, speaking perverse things, to *draw away disciples after them.*" That this is awfully and notoriously the case with the present set. That they regard not into what Christian societies they enter ; nor yet lament, or even make it a matter of consideration, how far they may break the peace, and harmony that subsist among them, by the introduction of their unjust insinuations, and dogmatic assertions, if thereby, they may out of other Churches, make a little party for themselves ; while like Ishmael of old, their hands are against every man, while every man's hand in self-defence, must be against them in return.

He further observed what St. Jude mentioned, concerning some of the same spirit, that though some may go further in these abominable ways than others, yet the core of the evil is still the same in all ; and among all parties, who "*separate themselves, not having the Spirit,*" and that it is peculiarly applicable to the present set ; since as far as he could learn, all of them were of one mind, respecting the operations of the Spirit ; and that whatever some such as these might have to say, respecting the correctness of their own outward conduct and moral deportment, yet the slightest inattention to what St. Jude further said, "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith ; praying in the Holy Ghost ; and keeping yourselves in the love of God ;" would prove a most criminal neglect : and that any disregard to such practical passages as these, especially where *progressive sanctification*, or a *growth in grace*, like the carrying on of a building &c. were to be met with, could not but prove of the most dangerous consequences to the souls of men.

He next observed, that such spirits, while they cannot "please God, because they are contrary to all men," have in general, in them, such a share of positivity, and self-conceit, that it were hardly possible to do them any good ; and that therefore the Apostle's advice was the wisest, to "mark such as caused divi-

sions, and offences, contrary to the doctrine they had received, and to avoid them;" notwithstanding such may attempt, even with "good words, and fair speeches, to deceive the hearts of the simple."

He further illustrated, how strongly the Apostle noticed the danger of such a spirit, from the advice he gave to Timothy, where after having given the same directions to him, as are to be found in all his other epistles; to attend to social and relative duties, he thus remarks, "If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and *the doctrine which is according to godliness*, he is proud, knowing nothing, but doating about questions, and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness;"* and no wonder that he should further say, "from such withdraw thyself."

After a few observations further on this head, he next exhorted his beloved son in the gospel; by no means to fear a full, and explicit avowal of those most glorious truths whereby the free justification and acceptance of the ruined sinner, are at once secured, through the imputed righteousness, and finished salvation of our Redeemer, without any previous terms, conditions, qualifications, or prerequisites to be performed by us; and especially as from these principles, he might best maintain the creed of our personal sanctification, which must be effectually accomplished in all those who believe whereby alone the omnipotent agency of that divine Spirit, is restored to us, so as to make us "dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ!" He lastly gave a promise, that within a fortnight, he should come over to Sandover, in order

* Though the latter charge is by no means equally true against all, yet many of that stamp, in modern times, may be mentioned, and was most remarkably exemplified in a certain coal-heaver, who during his life time, could ride about the country in a coach and four, with two out riders to attend him.

to assist in correcting that profane disputatious spirit, which some of corrupted minds, were striving to introduce.

Immediately as Mr. Merryman knew the grace of God in truth, he established a week-day evening lecture. Mr. Lovegood naturally chose to be with him at that time, that he might avail himself of that opportunity, to deliver his sentiments on this important subject. Men that have itching ears, though they cannot endure sound doctrine, yet cannot altogether keep away from hearing it. For it seems that most of the little party were then present, when Mr. Lovegood preached an admirable sermon on this text, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Christ Jesus." Phil. i. 6. Most forcibly did he shew, that all the good work which is to be accomplished *in us*, is in consequence of that great work of redemption, which Christ has already accomplished *for us*, that we do not *entitle ourselves* to justification, or add to it, by what we are, or what we do ; but that we are entitled to sanctification, through what Christ is for us ; and that the plain, and evident meaning of the text is, that the sanctification of the elect, is a *progressive work*, and that it manifested the true unadulterated meaning, of the perseverance of the saints, by such saints being enabled to persevere in the ways of holiness unto the end, for that "he that persevereth to the end, shall be saved" not for the *sake* of this perseverance, but because they do persevere, as an *evidence* that their hearts are right with God. That he should be ashamed to suppose, such a self-evident proposition, could need what is called *proof*, yet as some had gone so far, as to deny a *growth in sanctification*, or rather to deny the need of it altogether ; he asked, how it could be possible to deny the need of a growth, when we were according to John, to grow from being little children, to be young men ; and afterwards, fathers in God ? or further as Peter expresses himself, "as new born

babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby," or when the *growth* of a christian, is compared to the growth of vegetation, like corn, first in the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear, and again, that we should *grow* as the lily, and the vine, and as calves in the stall; and if some might attempt to evade the force of such expressions, supposing that they may refer to the growth of the Kingdom of Christ at large, like the growth of the grain of mustard seed, the absurdity of this is refuted, by asking the question; how is it possible for a forest to grow, if each tree of the forest does not also grow; while all this is further evidenced when every individual believer, is directed to grow in every individual grace. That our Lord once reproved his disciples on this subject, "O ye of *little* faith, wherefore did ye doubt;" and if they had not felt the justice of the reproof, they had not prayed, "Lord increase our faith." So likewise, the Apostle mentions the faith of the Thessalonians, which at first might have been similar to that of others, yet now says he, "your faith *groweth* exceedingly." Just so also, respecting the grace of love, the same Apostle prays; "the Lord make you to *increase* in love," and further, "and this I pray, that your *love* may *abound* yet *more and more*;" and for this purpose, "that ye may be filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the praise and glory of God." Then again respecting hope, "that ye may *abound in hope*, through the power of the Holy Ghost." Nor are these things mentioned respecting these three leading graces of faith, hope, and love, as belonging to the christian character only; but that the whole assemblage of them, should be divinely enlarged, for that "God is able to make *all grace abound in us*," that "these things may be in us, and *abound*:" that as there were some who brought forth thirty fold, there were others that brought forth sixty, and others a hundred fold, and that the same was to be understood, when our Lord said, herein is my father glorified, that ye bear *much*

fruit. That the same idea of abounding, increasing and growing in sanctification, and personal holiness, was evidently held forth, when we are directed to “*grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ;*” yea, that we should *grow up into him in all things.* And that as the Church at large, “*groweth into a holy temple in the Lord,*” so also all spiritual believers, “as lively stones, are *built up* a spiritual house, an holy priesthood;” and such was the happy state of those, when “*grace abounded,*” and when “*great grace was upon them*” all. And that it was very horrid to damp the expectations of the children of God, in their hopes of that good, which was so copiously promised to the elect of God, before whom alone, “the path of the just was placed,” which was “to shine *more and more,* unto the perfect day.”

Here Mr. Lovegood became, contrary to his usual swavity, exceedingly warm, acknowledging that while every page in the sacred volume, refuted the *detestable heresy*, he had dwelt too long in exposing a daring attack, upon a self-evident proposition, blasphemously contradicting that most solemn command, “be ye holy, for I am holy.”

After this excellent sermon, young Mr. Malapert who was just articled to a Lawyer, and was once a great admirer of Mr. Merryman, but lately perverted by these new seseders, went out of the Church in a terrible rage; and immediately wrote to Mr. Merryman, blaming him that he should allow such a doctrine, as *progressive sanctification*, to be preached in his pulpit; and that he was ready to vindicate the doctrine of *imputed sanctification*, before all its opponents, against such *legal mixtures* as Mr. Lovegood had advanced. Mr. Merryman well knew, that though Mr. Malapert was a good hand at prating, and at prating only; yet he did not refuse the challenge, lest it should be misconstrued into a sort of victory; and though he might very safely have entered into the contest single handed, with such a vain, self con-

ceited antagonist; he was not sorry that Mr. Lovegood was at hand, to speak for himself.

The young man accordingly came the next morning, where at the same time, he happened to meet a very good old man, Mr. Savory and his cousin Mr. John, who had been driven from the Baptist congregation, by the dangerous, and crude doctrines, that had lately been more especially retailed among them.—The Dialogue thus commenced.

Malapert. Well gentleman, I hope you are all well. You must think me a bold young fellow, to attack two such great divines at one stroke. But little David was not afraid, even of a great Goliath, because he knew that he had God on his side. I have been living on *milk for babes* long enough, and I begin to want some *strong meat*; and now the Lord has sent it to us. I have lately had a new light into some passages of scripture, which I never understood before. [To Mr. Lovegood.] And when you sir, understand the gospel better, you will not give us such long harangues on the need of *personal sanctification*, or a *growth in grace*, as we had from you last night, but all this, must be expected, from such as deny *imputed sanctification*; and you know what the Apostle says on that subject, that “Christ is made unto us sanctification.”

Loveg. If we poor *babes*, may speak for ourselves, some things may be made ours by imputation, other things can alone be made ours by impartation. It shall be most fully admitted, that our criminality was made over to him who “suffered the just for the unjust;” and that the whole of his obedience, and sufferings unto death, are made over to us, for our justification unto life, but can I impute my wisdom, to make another wise; as I can impute my money to pay another’s debts; is it possible to make knaves honest, by im-

puted honesty ; drunkards sober, by imputed sobriety ; and whoremongers chaste, by imputed chastity : I am quite at a loss what you can mean, but as you further explain yourself.

Mer. Do you think then that Mr. Lovegood meant last night, that when we are directed to grow like vegetation, or children, that it is to be an imputed growth, or when we are commanded to increase in every Christian grace, and to abound more, and more in all these good things ; that your sort of imputation will accomplish it, while the impartation is withheld ?

Mal. I must confess that Mr. Lovegood puzzled me for a while ; but I soon recovered myself, after I had entered a little more deeply into the doctrine of *eternal justification*.

Loveg. I thought I should find you thereabouts, Pray Sir, were you born from all eternity ?

Mal. Why Sir, “known unto God, are all his works, from the foundation of the world.”

Loveg. I am willing to go with you further still upon that point ; the infinite foreknowledge of God, existed before all worlds were made ; it is from eternity, to eternity. But what of that Sir ?

Mal. Why Sir, upon that it is, I ground the doctrine of eternal justification ; that the elect were actually justified from all eternity.

Loveg. Surely Sir, you only mean, that it was the design of God from all eternity, that they should be justified.

Mal. O no Sir ! that they actually were justified.

Mer. Am I then to understand, that when you called me in the other day, to witness the signing your indentures, that you were articted to an attorney, from all eternity.

Loveg. Again Sir, have you been committing a deal of sin from all eternity ?

Mal. How could I do that before I was born ?

Loveg. So I think Sir. God does nothing, if he pardons nothing, when he has nothing to pardon.

Pray can the king pardon a criminal, *before* he is a criminal? or did he reign from all eternity? because there was a time fixed in the purpose of God, when he should reign.

Savory. Aye, and I heard quite as much as this, at our meeting before I left it. I cannot tell what possessed our old man to ask the foolish question, whether “an elect soul would be damned, if he should die before it was given him to believe?”

Loveg. What, then are we to suppose that God can violate his own designs, to suffer any such to die in unbelief, and thus to save them contrary to his own solemn declaration, “he that believeth not shall be damned.” I should rather have concluded that such were immortal, until their conversion, and salvation from sin took place. But how did he settle this knotty point?

Sav. Why, he began in his accustomed style, and said, “Let me speak freely to you. The Lord hath no more to lay to the charge of an elect person, yet in the height of iniquity, and excess of riot, and committing all the abominations that can be committed; I say *even then*, when an elect person, runs such a course, the Lord hath no more to lay to that person’s charge, than God hath to lay to the charge of a believer; nay, God hath no more to lay to the charge of such a person, than he hath to lay to the charge of a saint triumphant in glory.”

Mer. What are these your sentiments now Mr. Malapert, after having attended upon my ministry, above these four years?

Mal. To be sure they are, if I believe in *eternal justification*; “for being the elect of God, they are the heirs of God; and as they are heirs, so the first being of them, puts them into the right of inheritance; and there is no time, but such a person is a child of God.”

Mer. Even all the time he is manifesting himself to be a child of the Devil. What then can the Apostle mean concerning himself, and the converted

Ephesians, who were “predestinated to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ?” was he mistaken in this point, when he says, they were “all by nature, children of wrath, even as others;” that “we were enemies to God by wicked works;” and that while in that state, they were “not his people, and not beloved?”

Loveg. Yes, and how contrary all this is, to the express declaration of the word of God. “He that believeth not is condemned already;” yea, that “the wrath of God abideth on him;” while the same Apostle, pronounces a solemn anathema against all, “who love not the Lord Jesus,” one would think that such people meant to fly in the face of that most direct declaration, “Know ye not, that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God: be not deceived, neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revelers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God;” and you don’t suppose, that your old preacher would register these among the non-elect, when it is further added, “and such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of the Lord:” does it not therefore evidently appear, that such people, while they were in such a bad state, could not have entered the kingdom of God, till after they had been put into a good one; is it possible, for the Lord to say any thing to the wicked, but “Depart ye cursed?”

Mal. But God foresaw that they would be put into a good one.

Loveg. Who doubts of that? but what has that to do with the horrid supposition, that men may live and die in all sorts of sin, and still be saved?

Mal. But Sir, if you properly understood the doctrine of imputation, as we do, you would still find yourself in the wrong: though your arguments may

be a little more specious, than I can at present contradict.

Loveg. We are very willing to hear you further on your doctrine of imputation.

Mal. A great Doctor in our way, observes, "Must not a man be reckoned to be a sinner while he does sin? I answer No, though he doth sin, yet he is not to be reckoned a sinner; but his sins are reckoned to be taken away from him;" and again, "If thou hast a part in the Lord Christ, (as all the unbelieving elect have even while acting like so many devils,) all these transgressions of thine, are become *actually* the transgressions of Christ, and so cease to be thine; and thou ceasest to be a transgressor; from that time, they were laid upon Christ, to the last hour of thy life; so that now thou art not an idolater, a thief, or any thing else that is bad, thou art not a sinful person, whatever sin thou committest."

Mer. This is *strong meat* with a vengeance. Whoever can swallow this, may swallow any thing.

Sav. I suppose you had all this from the young man that preached at our meeting, since I left it.

Mal. Yes, and an excellent *Christ-exalting* sermon it was.

Sav. You went to hear it cousin John, when I refused to go with you, because I did not chuse to set a bad example.

John. He said nearly the same things: I suppose they were all taken out of the same author. "It is the iniquity itself, not our punishment, but our sin, that the Lord hath laid upon Christ; I mean it is the fault of the transgression itself. (It almost made my hair stand on end, when he went on saying,) "To speak more plainly: hast thou been an idolater? hast thou been a blasphemer? hast thou been a murderer, an adulterer, a thief, a liar, or a drunkard? if thou hast part in the Lord, all these transgressions of thine, became *actually* the transgressions of Christ. Nor are we so completely sinful, but Christ being made sin,

was as completely sinful as we." And after he had said a few things, that we should not encourage ourselves in such sort of crimes on that account, he added, "The loathsomeness, abominableness, and hatefulness of rebellion, were also charged on Christ, as well as the guilt: yea, that God made Christ as verily a sinner, as the creature himself was.

Loveg. [To Malapert.] Sir, do you call all this exalting Christ? Could you say worse of the Devil himself? than to suppose he is *actually* guilty, and an *actual* partaker of the most horrid and foul crimes, that human nature can commit! By this way of talking, you make it out, that he positively deserved the punishment he met with. But if he was actually the blasphemer, the murderer, and the every thing that is bad; how could he be the substitute, or the surety for the sins of others?

Mer. Yes, and then what becomes of these passages which tell us, he was "the Lamb without blemish?" and how could he "offer himself *without spot*, to God?" or how could he be "*holy, harmless*, and separate from sinners?" if all the sins of his people, were made his own, as though actually committed by him? how could he "suffer the just for the unjust" when he himself was unjust? how could he "bear the sins of many," when he had all his own sins to bear? or how could he in any wise suffer for others, when he had to suffer for crimes, the worst of crimes, which were *actually* made his? what can be plainer, than that "*for* the transgressions of his people, was he smitten;" and that all *our* sins, not his *own* sins, were laid upon him, by a transfer of our guilt on his innocent person, "who *knew no sin*;" who was neither guilty, nor filthy, but at all times, most innocent and pure.

Loveg. Yes, and from the same profane supposition, some of them have advanced that, which appears to me, still more profane; that at that time, God "hated, and abhorred Christ, as the greatest sinner upon earth;" to say nothing of the absurdity

of the unchangeable God, thus loving at one time and hating at another, the same adored person ; yet how could such a hatred ever have existed, when God himself declares, “ this is my beloved Son, in whom I am *well pleased* ;” and that he was the holy one, “ in whom his soul delighted.” If he could thus be made the subject of his Father’s wrath, how could he in the hour of his extremest sufferings, still address him as his Father ? “ Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ;” and even while on the cross, he claimed the Lord as his God ; “ My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?” and in his last expiring moments, he could confidentially say, “ Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit :” really it appears to me, that such whimsical interpretations of scripture, were not worthy of a refutation, were they not exceedingly profane.

John. Yes, and at the conclusion of the same young man’s sermon, I remember he said, that “ a load could not be more odious in the sight of God, than Christ then was,” for that all the hatefulness, and loathsomeness in our nature, being put upon Christ ; he stands as it were, the abhorred of the Father.”

Mer. And are these the profane and horrid discussions, that have lately occupied your mind ?

Mal. Sir, I sha’n’t give up the point yet, though I confess I am not so ready at an answer as I thought I should have been, but how could I expect it, while I have so many upon me at the same time ? [He feels in his pocket ;] I find I have left my pocket book behind me, in which I have a great number of short hand notes on this subject. I’ll assure you I have studied the point very closely, and I hope to be a preacher soon. There is very little Gospel preaching about these parts. With your leave Mr. Merryman, I’ll step home for my pocket-book. I shall return again in a few minutes, and I’ll warrant, I shall be able to stand my ground.

At once he was off, like a pea out of a pop-gun. Mr. Lovegood had his doubts, what good end could

be answered, by continuing the controversy with such an antagonist ; but Mr. Merryman feared, that an impertinent triumph might be the result, if a further hearing should not take place. They all thought it most prudent, to wait for his return, the result of which will be found in the following dialogue.

* Note to page 284.

Mr. Merryman is perfectly correct in his application of the words heresy and schism, *Aíresis* from *Aírew*, or from *Aíw* to take up, to remove or to take away ; describes a sort of spiritual sheep-stealers : so schism from *Σκισμα* a rent, a division, or separation. The evil is not in any persons following their own judgment, in what they think preferable ; but among those who possess an angry, contentious spirit, so contrary to that spirit of candour and forbearance, that Christians should manifest towards each other.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

ANTINOMIANISM UNMASKED.

BETWEEN MR. LOVEGOOD, MR. MERRYMAN, MR. SAVORY, MR. JOHN HIS COUSIN, AND MR. MALAPERT.

IMMEDIATELY on Mr. Malaperts return, the dialogue thus recommenced.

Malapert. Well gentlemen, I have not been long gone. I hope I shan't tire your patience in resuming my subject, as I am a pretty good *dab* at short-hand writing. I think I have brought sufficient materials, so that I may be able to stand my ground better than I have done; (he takes out his notes.) And now gentlemen, you shall hear what I have further to advance on the doctrine of imputation,* or rather, an actual exchange of persons, between Christ and his elect.

Loveg. Sir, I hope you dont mean to detain us long about these doctrines, in which we all most assuredly believe and agree. Do you think we deny the mediatorial righteousness of Christ, *habitual*, (and as far as that, we will admit imputed sanctification,) *active*, and *passive*, to be a righteousness sufficient to, and designed for, the salvation of the elect. Or whether our justification, and all other blessings,

* Most of these quotations are from Dr. Crisp, (in high estimation among a certain party.) These sermons were republished by the late Dr. Gill, who has thereby done infinite mischief to some of the less pious of his own denomination, while a deal of pains is taken, to explain away some of the most dangerous points, contained in those sermons; yet it is impossible so to neutralize them, as to render them palatable, or safe. The reader will discover this as the dialogue proceeds.

when we are made partakers of them, are the fruits of this righteousness, and the only meritorious cause of them. Or whether Christ's obedience and sufferings were so in our stead, that God cannot exact from us, any other atonement for sin, or meriting price.

Mer. And I will add, whether Christ by his righteousness, procured a finished salvation for all his chosen people, so that they assuredly shall in his own time and way, be saved by his grace, and made meet for his glory; and all that, upon the credit of that very righteousness, which is imputed to true believers, by which all the blessings of the covenant of grace, are secured to the children of God.

Mal. Upon my word gentlemen, you in some respects come nearer to the gospel than I expected, but as yet, you fall short of the real point. I believe, (taking out his notes,) there is actually an exchange of persons, between Christ and the believer, "Mark it well, Christ is not so completely righteous, but we are as righteous as he; nor are we so completely sinful, but Christ became, being made sin, as completely sinful as we, nay more; we are the same righteousness, for we are made the righteousness, of God." "That very sinfulness that we were, Christ is made that very sinfulness before God; so that Christ takes our persons, and conditions, and stands in our stead: we take Christ's person, and condition, and stand in his stead; so that if we reckon well, we must always reckon Christ to be in our persons, and our person in his."

Loveg. And this Sir, I suppose, you will say is your way of exalting Christ, by most profanely putting the Savior in the sinners' stead. Supposing a prince with all his honors, puts himself in a beggar's state, with all his rags and sores; would not the prince be most grievously debased, and the beggar exalted; or supposing a Judge should put himself in a criminal's state, why then the criminal is innocent, and the Judge is guilty, and ought to be hanged in the criminal's stead; for that the Judge, *actually* committed the

crime, and not the criminal ; we may suffer penalties, and pay debts for others, but we cannot, actually commit crimes, for others. And further, this doctrine actually dispossesses Christ of all his offices, and turns the creature, into the creator : for if Christ becomes the sinner, he actually looses his office, and is no longer the Redeemer, but the sinner that needs to be redeemed, instead of being a most exalted savior, he becomes a most debased, wretched, Hell deserving sinner ; instead of being the exalted, to give repentance, and remission of sins, he needs himself pardon, and forgiveness, as much as the vilest sinner upon the earth. Is it not enough that he should impute his glorious righteousness, without taking our *filth* and guilt, on his holy person, who never could know sin ? was it not enough that he should bear the punishment of our sins, without being actually himself a sinner, and thus rendering him, *worthy* of all the punishment he sustained ?

Mer. Or perhaps by this change of person, the sinner becomes his own savior, pardons his own sins, and merits eternal glory for himself.

Mal. Well I shan't adopt this sentiment, till I have thought of it over again. I confess I am not as yet quite settled, since I began to have a *clearer view of the Gospel*.

Loveg. I hope you don't mean to turn preacher, till you have settled what you are to preach. I am told the other young preachers, that have adopted these sentiments, have had two or three turns, since their first turn ; it will be well, if some of them don't turn Atheists before they have finished all their turnings.

Mal. I hope we shan't go too far, but you know what a deal we have of *do, do, do*, from every Pulpit, now a days.

Loveg. Very proper, while we duly attend to the evngelical principles of our Bibles, it is our duty to insist upon their practical effects, and consequences upon the heart.

Mal. O yes Sir ! but what does it avail, to tell dead

men to work for life ; “for as for striving, we are sure to be saved, whether we strive or no, if we are elected, what signifies doing any thing, we do but labor in vain. If a man will run a hundred miles for money, if that money be proffered to him at his door, before he steps out of his house ; his journey is in vain, seeing he might have had it, if he had staid at home.”

Loveg. What then becomes of a thousand practical directions, as we have them throughout the scriptures ? are we not commanded to “run, that we may obtain ;” to strive, or rather to agonize, that we may “enter into the strait gate ;” to “fight the good fight of faith ;” to “give diligence to make our calling and election sure ;” so “work out our own salvation, with fear and trembling.”

Mal. Yes, but is it not next directly said ; “for it is God that worketh in us, to will, and to do, of his good pleasure ?” what does our attempting to work signify, till it is his good pleasure that we should work ?

Mer. Why, I should have thought, that it was given to us, as a word of encouragement, that we might work ; and when he works in us, to will, and to do ; willing, and *doing also*, must be the certain result.

Mal. I know not how these new lights, as you call them, get over such passages, but I once heard one say, that “these legal strivings, have been the cause of the damnation of thousands ;” and a certain great divine in our way thus expresses himself ; “*Let subduing of sin alone for peace.*—While you labor to get by duties, you *provoke God as much as in you lies.*” Now this is a strong expression I confess ; but it is all against a *legal* spirit.

Loveg. What then, is a man to be damned for seeking his own good, in the salvation of his soul, though I know his *primary* object is, and must be the glory of God.

Mal. Primary object ! I say it should be no object at all, “that all our prayings, fastings, watchings, repentings, believings to obtain peace of conscience,

or heaven, are abominable, and answer no other end, than to deceive our own souls, and to rob Christ of his glory.

Loveg. Now I say just the reverse ; for in seeking God's glory, we should remember that God in infinite mercy, has made it our duty to seek for the same blessedness in ourselves : for does he not design that "*men shall be blessed in him ?*" else what mean a thousand passages like these ? "He looked for the recompence of reward." "Let us therefore labor to enter into his rest, lest any of us should seem to fall short ;" when the talents were given with the command, "occupy till I come," was it not with a design that they might be benefitted by it ? and when the laborers were sent into the vineyard, to labor for a penny a day, was it not, that they should receive their wages ? Don't be frightened Sir, I did not mean a reward of merit, or of debt : for after the best of all our doings, we are still *unprofitable servants* ; all is but our bounden duty ; it is therefore entirely the reward of grace and mercy from him, and not less a debt of gratitude from us towards that most gracious master, that favors us, in accepting such feeble services at our hands.

Mal. After all that you have said ; in my opinion such sentiments lead us under the law.

Loveg. Then under the law may we be led ; while the bible further tells us, that "*in, though not for,* keeping his commands, there is great reward : " and that therefore we should "*hunger and thirst after righteousness, that we may be filled.*" Are we not to repent for this end, *that our sins may be blotted out ;* to believe in the Lord Jesus, *that we may be saved ?* What could Paul mean, when he wrote to Timothy, and said, "*in so doing thou shalt save thyself and them that hear thee ?*" and what could the same apostle mean, when he said, "*I keep my body under subjection, lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway ?*" can any words be more explicit, than the words that tell us,

“when the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive?” while the contrary curse is pronounced against the wicked, if they die in their sins; like as it is said, “to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the day of provocation;” and what can be more cogent, than the exhortation of the same apostle, “see that ye refuse not him that speaketh, for if they escaped not, who refused him that spake on earth; much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven? for how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

Mer. And what can be plainer than the Apostle’s exhortation: “wherefore be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as you know, *your labor is not in vain in the Lord?*” But what does any other quotations signify; motives from the threatenings, and promises of God, are endless? and can it be sinful to attend to them, for the promotion of our own good, when they are given to us for that very purpose?

Mal. Well, I still believe it, though we may by our legal workings, and strivings of all sorts, expect to get a deal; yet “I’ll speak plainly, there are none of all these things, that conduce a jot towards obtaining any of these ends which you propose to yourselves; for when we labor, by prayer, and seeking the Lord, to prevail with God, to take away his displeasure, and to procure such good; we serve not God, but ourselves.”

Loveg. So then a man does not serve God, all the time he does serve him: if according to scripture he expects the good, and benefit of it to his own soul thereby; while he thus attends to his duty, as God has commanded, and the means of grace that he hath appointed. Are we forbidden to love ourselves, while we are commanded to love God, and to keep his commandments?

Mal. Why you know what is said against that principle; “Men shall be lovers of their own selves.”

Loveg. You will soon knock up your own character as a lawyer, if you cannot distinguish between that spirit of selfishness, which makes us care for no one's interest but our own. Christians *delight themselves* in the Lord, while it is "Christ *within them*, that is the hope of glory;" and thus it is promised in return, that "a good man shall be satisfied from himself."

Mal. Satisfied from himself! how can that be?

Loveg. Had you been better acquainted with the sober and wise language of the book of Proverbs, I would charitably hope you would have been more cautious in your objections. I plainly perceive, how constantly you shuffle from all the practical and perceptive parts of the word of God, lest they should be brought against the preconceived opinions you have lately formed. I fear this proves, that there is a sad core of dangerous Antinomianism at the bottom of your heart.

Mal. Sir, I am not against loving God, or our neighbours, if we can do it disinterestedly.

Loveg. You appear to me to be quite bewildered in what you are at. Because we ought entirely to aim at God's glory, *above all things*; therefore we must not aim at all, at our own happiness in the enjoyment of this God, while it is God's grand aim to do us good; therefore it should not be our aim at all to do ourselves good, because we ought to obey God out of gratitude and love; therefore we should not obey him, if we hoped for any blessing for ourselves, as the result. Because God hath engaged to give life, and happiness to the elect, when they have finished their warfare upon earth; therefore they must not design their own happiness in any thing they do, or scarcely venture one step towards it, lest they should be *legal*.

Mal. Sir, I am just entering upon the study of *logic*, and I dare say, I shall then be able to refute all you have advanced.

Mr. John. [To Mr. Merryman.] Sir, I'll tell you

what entirely drove me out of our meeting. I declare I had rather hear common cursing and swearing, than such sort of doctrine, that "if I am holy, I am never the better accepted of God. If I am unholy, I am never the worse. This I am sure of, that he that elected me, *must save me.*"

Sav. Ah Cousin John, you and I were both too much bigotted to the walls of our old meeting, but I am sure it was our duty to leave the place, since the truth has left it.

Mal. Left the truth? why there was never so much truth preached in that meeting-house till of late, since it has been built. I never knew how to come by assurance of faith, till I heard it set forth in that meeting, about a fortnight ago. I have now done with all my former doubts and fears, since I have left off hearing you Mr. Merryman; no wonder that my soul was kept in bondage, while I was directed to look after a hundred marks and evidences, that I might examine myself by them.

Loveg. If this is your way of talking young man; though you have ceased to doubt for yourself, I hope you will give us leave to doubt for you. If you are afraid to know the state of your own mind, it is a sad evidence against you.

Mal. Well, well, I have now no fears left upon that score; here I have it in my short notes, what is to be the ground of my assurance for the time to come; [he reads,] "Would you know that the Lord hath laid your iniquities upon Christ, you must know it thus. First, is there a *voice behind thee, or within thee, saying, particularly to thee, Thy sins are forgiven thee?*"

Loveg. Stop sir. I did not know that enthusiasm, and antinomianism were so near akin, for that the knowledge of our pardon is to rest upon fancied, personal revelation to each individual.

Mal. Sir, I had not finished my quotation, you will find it is the word we go by. "Dost thou see this voice agree with the word of grace? that is,

Dost thou see it is held out to the *most vile, and wretched creatures, as thou canst be?* and upon this revelation of the mind of the Lord by his spirit, according to the word, doth the Lord give thee to receive that testimony of the spirit, to sit down with it, as satisfied, that upon this, thou makest full reckoning, thou hast propriety in this particular to thyself? If thou dost receive the testimony according to that word, here is thy evidence thou hast thy propriety, and portion in this." Now Sir, what say you to this?

Loveg. With your leave Sir, I would ask you this question. If, and while, I continue one of the most vile, and wretched creatures I can be, I can but persuade myself I am perfectly pardoned, without any warrant or evidence besides; am I to believe it, and then boldly to say, that the Holy Spirit enabled me to believe the abominable antinomian lie, without any of those sanctifying evidences, that faith must produce upon the heart?

Mal. Yes, I know that legal preachers demand of us heaps of evidences; some of these will tell us, "that love to the brethren, universal obedience, sincerity, singleness of heart, and all other inherent qualifications, are signs, by which we should judge of our state, *but I say they are not.*"

Loveg. Then we are not to mind what John says; "we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

Mal. I have no doubt, but that I shall be capable to give an answer to that text soon, when I am able better to understand it; but I have marked down some other fine, bold strokes, which I have lately heard from some, who know how to preach the Gospel, without clogging it with evidences. I have them here in my notes. "Sanctification is so far from evidencing a good state, that it darkens it rather, and a man may more clearly see Christ, when he seeth *no sanctification*; than when he doth. *The darker my sanctification is, the brighter is my justi-*

fication; for a man cannot evidence his justification, by his sanctification; but he must needs build upon his sanctification, and trust in it."

Loveg. How so? Ask the most devoted Christian upon earth, whether he makes that as his *confidence*; which he humbly receives as an *evidence*, that his heart is right with God, and that his confidence in Christ alone is correct.

Mal. Why "God won't suffer his people to be over righteous, lest they should trust in it." I heard a preacher say, "it was a *soul damning error*, to make sanctification an evidence of justification;" and that "the *more we sinned*, the more we might believe in the simple testimony of his word, who justifieth the ungodly, without any *intermixture of faith, and repentance*; or any thing else from us."

Loveg. It is really most dreadful, to hear you thus run on, denying the solemn work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, as an evidence of the reality of our faith.

Mal. No Sir, I only say, "the seal of the Spirit is limited, only to the immediate witness of the spirit; nor doth it ever witness to any work of grace upon the heart."

Loveg. Why then, if the Holy Spirit does not witness to his own grace upon the heart, are we to suppose he witnesses to nothing?

Mal. Why the truth is, "I know I am Christ's; not because I do crucify the lusts of the flesh; but because *I believe in Christ that crucified my lusts for me.*"

Loveg. Do you mean this, in direct opposition to that passage, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world?" But I have rather a curiosity to ask you, if you have any thing further in your notes about this curious witnessing of the spirit, to wind up the business.

Mal. "Is there any thing in the world of better credit, than the Spirit? *we must not therefore try it*

by any thing else, or question it, for this is the word of grace, according to which he speaks. Reconciling the world unto himself, even the world, when men are no otherwise, but merely men of the world."

Loveg. Now Sir, I think you have put your finishing stroke to what you call the witness of the Spirit; even an unregenerate person may have the witness of the Spirit; though in himself, earthly, sensual, Devilish, a child of the Devil, of the blackest sort, thus the pure and Holy Spirit of God, and of truth itself, is most profanely supposed to witness, to the most abominable lie, and to buoy up those, who are of their father the Devil, in their way to hell.

Mer. And that, contrary to the most express testimonies of scripture that can possibly be recorded. "If ye love me, ye will *keep my commandments*; we know that we know him, *because we keep his commandments*;" "Know ye not, that ye are *reprobates* cut off from God, if Christ be not *in you*?" and that it is "Christ *in us*, that is the hope of glory?" that the Spirit *beareth witness with our spirits*, that we are the children of God?" can the same spirit, bear the same witness to the children of the Devil? Are we not told of the fruits of the Spirit, and what sort of fruits these are? and does not the Savior say, "by their fruits ye shall know them?" Is not every description of the good man's character, of the same sort?

Loveg. [Interrupts.] My dear friend, if you go on with all the evidences the Bible holds forth, this conversation will last this fortnight, while ridicule itself, might justly be called in to expose an error, so preposterous, and so false. The spirit of truth is to make me believe, that I am, what I am not; and then after believing, I become that which I am not. Thus the humble vicar of Lower Brookfield may believe, he is Archbishop of Canterbury, while he cannot produce a single evidence of the fact, that so it is but from his own imagination. And you Mr. Malapert, may as well suppose, that having just set off in the law line, that you are *by faith*, become the Lord

chief Justice of the court of king's bench ; or my Lord Chancellor if you please.

Mer. And the long confined debtor, may believe that all his debts are discharged, though he has no evidence from his surety, that he has the most distant design of 'paying, even a single sixpence of them. Mr. Savory, supposing you were to go up to London, and there get into a little trade, and then fancy without sense, or reason, that you are Lord Mayor of London, would that really make you so ?

Sav. If I have not been twisting my thumbs, one over another, till I am quite in amazement. But I see where these abominable doctrines lead to, more than ever. I am grieved at heart that they should come over *our Jordan*, to join our denomination. It some how, seems not to our credit, that when they became determined to separate themselves, as far as they could, from all others, they should come over to us ; I wish they had continued where they were, for they have made dreadful havock and divisions among us ; though I can assure you, that neither of you ministers, can dislike their ways, and doctrines worse, than many of ours do.

John. [to his cousin.] I think cousin, we have been too stiff in refusing to hold communion with any but our own party, I find there are other Christians as good as ourselves, still you and I have got some good out of the evil ; for you know, what sad heavy work it was, for us to go to our meeting, sabbath, after sabbath : and of late, without having the most distant hope, or expectation of the least benefit in any thing we heard, while one person would be yawning in one pew, or another would be half asleep in another ; and another fast asleep in a third : it was shocking work to be starved as we were, for want of some spiritual food, that was likely to do us good.

Sav. I am sure, that at last I was quite starved out of the place, though I had somewhat to do, to leave it ; especially as from the prejudice of education, my mind ran pretty strong against the Church.

John. And so did mine cousin, we both of us were ready to cry, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" but blessed be God, after we had been starved out from our old meeting, we soon found our mistake.

Sav. I repented a number of times, that I did not leave it before; but when he preached upon that text, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" that quite did for me.

Mer. Why what could he make of that text.—It was quite plain enough.

Sav. It was so to me, till our old minister made a puzzle of it. He has been called old parson puzzle-text, for some years in our town; but whenever they of that sort, get hold of any text that insists upon practical godliness; they are sure to be floundering about, to get rid of the meaning of it if they possibly can. If I know any thing of myself, I love such blessed passages to the bottom of my heart.

Loveg. And so does every soul that is sanctified in Christ; but what did he make of the text?

Sav. Why *without Christ*, no man shall see God.

Loveg. Very true; but had he the ignorance to assert, that such was the meaning of *that* passage.

Sav. Yes Sir, and he thought he proved it, by observing what was said just before; "*follow peace with all men*;" that says he, must mean Christ, for "he is our peace," and therefore to follow holiness, means the same thing.

Loveg. How is it possible to suppose, that such people can believe their own nonsense? I should be inclined to laugh at their folly, if I was not grieved at their bad design.

Mer. Yes, it appears to me, that the design is as bad as it can be. That word *following*, don't agree with their creed; it sounds too much like increasing, and getting nearer to a certain desired point; and as for *following peace*, divisions and disputings, seem to be the first chapter in their creed; and as for holiness, what have they to do with that, while *imputed sanctification*, makes up for every thing.

Their perversion of such passages as these, must have the most dangerous tendency upon the minds of such lax and wanton professors, who have no heart to walk in those ways of holiness, though "God has foreordained, that we should walk in them."

Mal. Whatever you may say against the meaning of that text, a great minister in the west of England in our way, is of the same sentiments; and as for what you say Mr. Merryman; the great Doctor that I principally admire, has these words; "It is a conceived conceit among some persons, that our obedience is the way to heaven; and though it be not *as they say*, the *cause* of our reign, yet it is *the way* to the kingdom. I tell you all, that this sanctification of life, *is not a jot the way* of the justified person into heaven:" the truth is, since redemption is managed by Christ, the Lord hath appointed other ends and purposes of our obedience, than salvation. "*Salvation is not the end of any good work we do.*"

Sav. Why then if I repent, and believe the gospel, in order that I may "receive the *end* of my faith, even the salvation of my soul;" I am doing wrong all the while I am doing *right*, according to the express command of God. If this is to be the doctrine that is to be preached at our meeting, you may go into the pew, that cousin John and I occupied, we shall never go there any more to turn you out.

Mal. I confess that some of these *strong meat* expressions, were more than I could at first digest myself; yet now I can swallow even what my beloved Doctor further said: "you will say then, we had as good sit still. He that works all day, and gets nothing better than he had in the morning, had as good sit still, and do nothing.—Let me tell you the prevention of evil, IF THERE BE ANY EVIL IN IT, or the obtaining of good, IF THERE BE REALITY OF GOOD. Peace of conscience; joy in the Holy Ghost; pardon of sin; the infallibility of miscarriage; the light of God's countenance; all these I say, are abundantly provided for you, and established firmly on you, by the

mere grace of God in Christ, before ever you perform any thing whatsoever."

Loveg. O then ! by this, I find I am to believe I have it, before I have it ; and I must not seek that I may find, because it is thus abundantly provided for me ; and lest I should seek my own good, as well as the glory of God in those blessings of grace, which are so richly provided for me.—Why all this is abundantly below common sense ; it is uncommon nonsense, while your Doctor forbids me to seek, that I may find, because it is *unnecessary*, God's command is, "seek that you *may* find." And because the kind donor means to do me good in the things he freely gives, I must not seek my own good in the enjoyment of it, though he designs it.

Mer. But what shocked me most, was, that while all of us know better than to suppose, that our obedience is the *cause* of our reign ; yet that it was not even one *jot the way* to the kingdom. So that it seems the way of holiness is entirely cut up by their sort of gospel. I hear also of the ways of the wicked, will it be admitted by these antinomians, that cursing, swearing, and all sorts of debauchery, is the right way to heaven ? or is there no way at all there ? but am I not told of the *way* of truth ; the *way* of righteousness ; the right *way* ; a more excellent *way* ; and the *way* of salvation ; as well as the salvation itself : are we not told of the narrow *way*, that leads to life ; on which the just progressively are found to walk ? to whom God hath given one heart, and one *way* ? are we not decidedly told, that the *way* of the just is uprightness ; and does not David talk of running in the *way* of God's commandments, while we are told of a *high way*, which is called the *way of holiness*, on which the unclean are not to pass—where am I ? What am I hearing ? most mercifully has God given me a thousand directions how to walk, as a travelling stranger and pilgrim upon earth ? and am I not to be directed by them ? are they to mean nothing ? am I so wise in my own conceit, as to need no directions to

set me right, when I am wrong; or to keep me right when I am so?

Mal. O Sir, that is a long established rule among all of us, that the law is no rule of life to a believer; for "we are dead to the law by the body of Christ."

Loveg. But Sir, go on with the quotation if you please, if not, I must do it for you. Why are we said to be dead to the law, through the body of Christ, "that we should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead; *that we should bring forth fruit unto God*; and that we should serve in *newness of spirit*, and not in the oldness of the letter?" In short, that the spirit of obedience, which we have lost by the covenant of works, should be restored to us by the covenant of grace; so that not only all needed grace should be communicated to the heart, but that whenever God sees sin in us, it may be conquered and subdued, from day to day.

Mal. How can God see sin in his elect? The great Doctor I so much admire, thus settles that point, by the following *noble strain of argumentation*, among those, who are bold enough to believe they are the elect, without evidence; yea, and in spite of evidence to the contrary. "Though such persons do act in rebellion, yet the loathsomeness, the abominableness, and hatefulness of this rebellion, is laid on the back of Christ; he bears *the sin*, as well as the blame, and shame; and that is the only reason why God can dwell with those, who do act the thing; and if it be asked, how should God know every sin the believer doth commit, and yet not remember them? the answer is, though God remembers the things thou hast done, yet he doth not remember them as thine; for he remembers perfectly, they are none of thine: when he passed them over to Christ, they ceased to be thine any longer; so that the Lord hath not one sin to charge upon an elect person, from the first moment of conception, to the last moment of life; no, nor original sin is not to be laid upon him, the Lord hath laid it on Christ already; yea, every elect vessel of God,

from the first instant of his being, is as pure in the eyes of God, from the charge of sin, as he shall be in glory; and it is the voice of a *lying spirit* in your hearts, that saith, that you who are believers, have yet *sin, wasting your consciences*, and lying as a burden, too heavy for you to bear."

Loveg. How awfully near all this daring *rant* is, to blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, whose sacred work it is, to convince of sin, and so to reprove us for it, that we may know, and feel, that it is an evil, and bitter thing, to sin against the Lord! Was it a lying spirit in the heart of Magdalene, that made her weep much, because she had sinned much? was it a lying spirit in Peter, that made him go out and *weep bitterly*? was it a lying spirit in John the Baptist, that said, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand?" was it a lying spirit in our Lord Jesus Christ himself, when he said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish?" and did the Holy Ghost himself, create a lying spirit in the hearts of three thousand believing sinners, when at the same time, they cried under the grace of repentance unto life, "What must we do to be saved?" Really the common blasphemy that is to be heard in the world, is as nothing when compared to the deliberate blasphemy which Antinomianism suggests.

Mer. One would suppose, that this profane, and daring set, never read what it cost David, all the days of his life, after his most grievous fall, in which he so highly displeased the Lord; that the sword never afterwards departed from his house; how he beclouded all his own evidences, and how he went on with his broken bones, to the very verge of the grave; till just at last, a beam of divine light, was restored to his mind, whereby he was enabled to say; "thou hast made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure."

Mal. But the great divine I have before mentioned, thinks otherwise; for he thus asks the question: "Was not David a justified person? and did not he

bear his own sins? "My sins are gone over my head." After several things he answers; "I must tell you all, that what David speaks here, he speaks from himself; and all that David speaks *from himself*, was *not truth*; David might mistake, that God should charge his sins upon him:" and I also coincide with the Doctor, in what he further says: "*Before* a believer doth confess his sin, he may be as certain of the pardon of it, as *after* confession, that there is as much ground to be confident of the pardon of sin to a believer, as *soon as ever he has committed it*, though he hath not made a solemn act of confession, as to believe it, after he hath performed all the humiliation in the world; even though it be *adultery, and murder*; as was the case with David."

Loveg. So that all the contrite language of David, in the 51st psalm, was not only fruitless, but the language of a *lying spirit*; what a horrid perversion of the repentance of David, and how awfully calculated to harden sinners, in their transgressions.

Mal. Sir, I sha'n't be ashamed to tell you, how finely this *free grace author* proceeds. "But you will say, all the promises of pardon, do run with this proviso, in case men humble themselves; in case men do this, and that; then pardon is theirs; otherwise it is none of theirs.—*Take heed of such doctrine.*—There is nothing but joy, and gladness; there is *not one fit of sadness in any believer*, but he is out of the way." "*God doth no longer stand offended, nor displeased, though a believer, after he is a believer, do sin often*;" "because he doth not find the sin of a believer, to be his own sin, but he finds it the *sin of Christ*;" so that "if a man know himself to be in a state of grace, though he be drunk, or commit murder, God sees no sin in him;" "so that what signifies telling believers, except they perform such, and such duties; except they walk thus, and thus holily; and do these, and those good works; they shall come under wrath; or at least, God will be angry with them; what do we in this but *abuse the scriptures*? *We undo all that*

Christ hath done ; we injure believers ; we tell God that he lies to his face."

Mer. If it was not, following too much the coarse, vulgar style of your beloved author ; I should be apt to tell you to the face, that you lie : in supposing that all but antinomians abuse the scriptures, and most blasphemously, by making it a point, to insist upon that, which is spiritual, and practical ; in connexion with that, which is evangelical, as I trust we all do, and shall do ; " striving together for the hope of the gospel."

Sav. Ah ! but all strivings are at end with us, One of them told me the other day, " the efficacy of Christ's death is, to *kill* all activity of graces in his members, that he might *act all, in all.*"

John. Another of them said worse than that to me the other day ; " I see no need to make such a great stir about graces, and looking to hearts ; but give me Christ : I seek not for graces, but for Christ : I seek not for *promises* but for Christ ; I seek not for *sanctification*, but for *Christ* ; tell not me of *meditation*, and *duties*, But tell me of *Christ !!!*"

Loveg. This is separating Christ, and holiness with a vengeance ; if this is not making Christ the *minister* of sin, I know not what is. But all this is perfectly consistent, with another daring expression of theirs ; " sin can do a believer no harm."

Mal. No more it can.—For our great Doctor has declared it, that " they need not be afraid of their sins ; they that have God for their God, there is no sin that ever they commit, *can possibly do them any hurt* : therefore as their sins cannot hurt them, so there is no cause of fear in their sins committed, there is not *one sin, nor all the sins together, of any believer, can possibly do that believer any hurt.*"

Loveg. Did the Apostle think so, when he wrote the 7th. of the Romans ? where he complains of sin, as the greatest plague, and cried, " O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death !"

Mal. Our Doctor says, "give me leave to tell you, that the Apostle in this chapter, as I conceive, doth *personate a scrupulous spirit*, and doth not speak out his own present case."

Loveg. In the name of wonder, and of common sense, why not? What can be the reason for such gross, and palpable perversions of scripture, without some design, extremely dangerous, and destructive to the souls of men?

Mal. Sir, I am ready to vindicate the truth still. *Christ alone exalted*, is the great subject our Doctor aimed at. I will therefore read you a few lines further on this subject, before I conclude.—"Now sin is condemned to the believer,* it can do no hurt at all to him. Yea, sins are but *scare-crows*, and *bug-bears to fright ignorant children*: but men of insight, and understanding, see they are *counterfeit things*; they are to know for a certainty, they are but a *made thing*;" there is no fear from the sins of believers. All the fearfulness of sin, Christ himself hath drank it—*Sin is dead*, and there is no more terror in it, than is in *a dead lion*:" and so further, "the sins of the times, cannot hurt God's people, though they had a hand in them." And now gentlemen, you shall have my last quotation. "Are you sinful in respect of the prevalency of corruption, let it not come into your mind, that you are worse than others; yea, so often as men fear *affliction from sin committed*, so often do they *slander the grace of God*." These Sir, are my general sentiments; but as yet, I am not quite settled, in all that I have advanced.

Mer. No wonder at that, for there are others, older than yourself, who are "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

Loveg. In all my life time, I never heard before,

* Because Christ became actually, and personally the sinner; not merely the sacrifice on the sinners behalf, while the sinner actually, and personally stands as the Savior; upon this hinge or pivot, the whole machinery of antinomianism, seems to turn.

such dangerous, and barefaced assertions against the holiness, and purity of divine truth. To suppose that souls may be one, of the elect of God, and yet be permitted to live in the worst of sins, under the influence of the most atrocious crimes, and die in impenitence, and unbelief; not only gives the lie to the direct testimony of all scripture; but has an immediate tendency to harden the sinner in his sins; while the whimsical idea, that Christ was actually made the sinner; while the sinner takes the Savior's place; not only nullifies every idea of the vicarious sacrifice of him that suffered the just for the unjust; but equally hardens the impenitent, since they are now given to believe, that whatever sins they commit, Christ committed them for them; and that therefore they cannot sin, because Christ virtually sinned for them. But that the holy God should even hate, and abhor, his infinitely, well beloved Son, because he who knew no sin, suffered in the sinner's stead, and was hated of God, as bad as if he had been the Devil himself.—This, in my opinion, is most dreadfully profane. No wonder that from such principles, the practical truths of the gospel, should be next subjected to a most profane attack. “All diligence to make our calling and election sure,” is treated by men of such sentiments, as a most dangerous error, and even robbing Christ of his glory; and no wonder at the conclusion of the whole, that if the infatuated antinomian enthusiast can merely from the fond *fancy* of his own mind, conceit himself to be one of God's elect: he is just as safe, whether he dies a Martyr at the stake, or a criminal at the gallows: for the concluding horrible conceit is, “*Sin can do a believer no harm* ;” and whether he sins, or serves God, it is all the same; for God sees no sin in his elect, even while they commit the worst of sins !!!

Mal. Sir, whatever you may think of our doctrines. some of our ministers, are very moral, and consistent in their characters.

Loveg. So they should, or suffer the correction of

the law; yet I know that others of them, have been most abominably wicked.

Mal. But Sir, those of them who have it to spare, are very generous to the poor.

Loveg. So they ought.—My poor vicarage, and increasing family, allow me to do but little. What great matter is it, to give away that which I don't want for myself? But in whatever they may give, I dare say, they *first* remember themselves.

Mal. Sir, I only meant to say, we are no enemies to morality, upon *proper* principles.

Loveg. No more you should, unless you meant to be candidates for the gallows, or a gaol. But Sir, can any sort of an apology be granted for sentiments like yours. When a man can dare to throw open the floodgates of iniquity, by such loose and wanton expressions; can he excuse himself, that he is not so iniquitous? Is not such external morality as this, within the power even of an atheist to perform, while the thin varnish, renders the evil of such pernicious sentiments less suspected, and consequently more fatal to the less cautious among the thoughtless of mankind?

Mer. It is not to be supposed that the devil would walk abroad without a slipper to cover his cloven foot, that he might be the better able to deceive. When he appears like a chimney-sweeper, at once people are set upon their guard, but when dressed like a miller, he is more apt to prevail. But Sir, another evil comes in with all this. A sad indifference respecting the salvation of the souls of men. Instead of seeking after sinners that are gone far from God, I am told that some of them have actually supposed, that St. Paul was under a sort of carnal, or fleshly love to the souls of men, contrary to the decree of election, when he "yearned over souls in the bowels of Jesus Christ," and while he travailed in birth till Christ was formed within them, and when he prayed them in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God." Their principal work is to disturb peaceable congregations that they

may draw away disciples after them; and thus to fish in their troubled waters, to the grief and perplexity of many minds.

Loveg. That is a fixed principle with them, that nothing is to be done in addressing the consciences of unawakened sinners.

Mal. Sir, we never call *dead men* to work as you do, for we are sure the nonelect will never come at our bidding. I wonder that you should be always calling *dead* sinners to repentance.

Loveg. Because Christ set us the example. He who alone gives the life still tells us he came, "not to *call* the righteous, but sinners to repentance." All the prophets did the same, the general strain of their language was, "turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel!" Did not John the Baptist preach entirely to sinners, that he might call them to repentance? and was it not the great work of the Apostles to preach "repentance towards God, who *commandeth all men to repent*," and to "pray them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God," while even that wretched sinner, Simon Magus, was directed to pray, if so be the wickedness of his heart might be forgiven him?

Mal. Well, I don't want to argue the point any further, but after all, I think it most consistent to preach as our ministers do, to tell the nonelect plainly and publicly, that they have *nothing to say to them*, for that their message is only to the elect.

Loveg. Pray Sir, does election rest with you, or with God?

Mal. O surely it rests with God.

Loveg. So we think; and consequently deliver his message as he has directed us. It is an awful stratagem of the Devil, to prompt ministers who are permitted to believe his lie, to leave ruined sinners unaddressed, and unalarmed, when we are so expressly commanded "to cry aloud and spare not, and to lift up the voice like a trumpet," or in Paul's language, "awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead,

and Christ shall give thee light." I hate this fastidious nonsense. What have we known nothing of divine truth throughout the land, till a few juvenile upstarts have lately appeared to instruct us?

Mal. Sir, I had better go home, you seem to be much displeased.

Loveg. Not personally at you Sir, but at the sentiments you have advanced, whereby the world is confirmed in all their objections against divine truth, that "we may continue in sin, that grace may abound." In vain we cry, "may God forbid," while they will be happy to fly to such a testimony against us. And though we have not the least apprehension of any truly serious, and sober minded christians being moved away from the purifying truths of the Gospel, by such daring expressions, and impure doctrines, yet all this cannot but bring upon us a day of rebuke and blasphemy, which will be severely felt. Could any infidel upon earth, have wished a better opportunity, for the exercise of his profane ridicule on the sacred doctrine of our election in Christ, and so directly contrary to the word of God, in which the cause and the effect, are so solemnly united with each other; that "we are elect according to the foreknowledge of God *through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience;*" that "we are saved and called with an *holy calling.*" What can be more explicit than St. Paul's declaration, that "we are predestinated *to be conformed to the image of his dear Son?*" and that he hath chosen us that we may "*be holy and without blame before him in love?*" Is there one single instance throughout the Bible, where election is mentioned, unconnected with personal sanctification, as producing the invariable fruits and effects of righteousness upon the heart and life?

Mal. Oh Sir, I shall be too late if I don't go directly to Mr. John Crispin's with the indentures, which must be signed this day by twelve o'clock. He has a deal of work, and is going to take another apprentice.

Mr. Malapert retires, and thus the conversation ended. The reader may suppose, how much Mr. Merryman and his company, were disgusted at the daring things they had heard, and should any persons ignorantly assert, that such sentiments can be founded on what is called calvinism, they know not what calvinism means; for in no one instance are they correct; and which may be best known by their direct opposition to each other. The propriety therefore of the expression of Hypercalvinism is, what I cannot understand, as though a real lie was lurking under the disguise of truth. Is it to be supposed, that a person who cultivates a very scrupulous attention to integrity, is advancing nearer to knavery, or that such as are aiming at the highest degree of purity in their deportment, are advancing thereby into all that is filthy and impure? Do we get nearer to a point, by advancing further from it? how then is it possible that a high degree of any thing that deserves the name of truth, should lead into the contrary error; will an extreme sense of our total depravity lead us to any thing but extreme humiliation, and self-abasement before God? Can an extreme feeling of our utter inability to help ourselves, and that all our help must come alone from the agency of the Divine Spirit, lead us to any thing, but a more solemn and entire dependance on that agency, for the communications of all that is holy and good? Will an extreme attention to the eternal obligations we are and must be under, to obey the law, create in us any thing but a most holy and circumspect obedience to its precepts. Assuredly it will, and must be so; and such are the principles that Calvinism, however misrepresented and caricatured, most solemnly avows, while it shall be left to others to vindicate that lax law of obedience, which some have imagined to exist that we are to do as well as we can, or that a certain something is still left to the freedom of the will: that a man may give a

turn to the scale of the divine favor, whenever he may chuse.*

On this many thousands are found most presumptuously to depend, and thereby are tempted most awfully to neglect their immortal concerns, and though all are by no means equally presumptuous, yet such is the antinomianism that arminianism still suggests, while Antinomianism of a grosser kind, speaks without disguise, a language that is peculiarly profane, and grossly bad. Let the doctrines of grace be allowed to speak their own language, and then let it be asked, if the high commanding banner against Antinomianism under every disguise, is not best established in those hands, who from this tower of divine truth, neither allow the sinner to be his own savior, nor yet can admit a salvation from the damnation that sin deserves, but not from the dominion that sin has usurped.

* See Dialogue 27.

DIALOGUE XXXIX.

BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. WORTHY, AND DR. SKILLMAN
THE PHYSICIAN.

SAD TIDINGS FROM SANDOVER, OCCASIONED BY THE
SICKNESS, AND DEATH OF MR. MERRYMAN.

THERE was a time when I thought that the former dialogues might have concluded these dramatic efforts ; I conceived a better finish could not have been devised, than to lower the claims of sectarian bigotry, so detrimental to that brotherly love, notwithstanding minor differences, which the genuine spirit of vital christianity, will most assuredly inspire. To this however, another was added, in order to shew the evils which must result, where marriage connexions, (on which so much depends,) are rashly formed, when both the courters, and the court-ed, blinded by a fond partiality, deceive each other, and lay a foundation of misery for themselves, which follows them through life, till followed to the grave.

But we live in a world, chequered with an abundance of misery, because of our sinfulness before God ; yet still most graciously blended, with rich displays of mercy, among those to whom the promise belongs ; that “all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose.” No doubt but that my pious readers, must be highly delighted with the character of Mr. Merryman, so pleasant in his temper, so cheerful in his disposition, so lively, and so lovely in all his manners, and withal, so truly devoted to

God, and beneficial as a Minister to the souls of men.

Can my Readers be prepared to bid adieu to the character of one so dear? Is patience, and resignation, to the sovereign will of God, to be so sharply tried, should he be called to hear, that the delightful Merryman is now no more? What strength of holy submission must have been needed to possess the minds of his relatives, in order to part with such kindred blood, and still to say, 'thy will be done!' and how could the people of Sandover, bring their minds under the deprivation of such a Minister, to say, "the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;" and what must even his very enemies have felt under the departure of such a man, while blessed with the holy art of disarming the most inveterate of them, by an affectionate, and delightful simplicity of disposition, as must have made them sometimes wonder at themselves, how they could hate a man like him. But who can prevent the fatal hand of disease, from falling upon the best beloved of the human race? or who can trace the dispensations of Providence, that takes away the most desirable, and shining characters, in the midst of their usefulness, and in the prime of life? while the wicked, and the worthless are permitted to live, and seemingly for no other purpose, than by their vile example to spread contagion and death? Still he is a Sovereign. He has a right to do what he will; while as a *holy* Sovereign, whatever he does, must be right, and though it is the highest wickedness to call the Almighty to the bar of our judgment, by profanely asking, "what doest thou?" yet surely it must be acknowledged, that while the righteous are the greatest blessing the earth can enjoy, by our sinfulness we forfeit our mercies, and in judgment he deprives us of them; while the wicked who are our greatest curse, in deserved wrath, as an evil blight, he permits still to exist.

But before we relate the painful tidings of the de-

parture of Mr. Merryman, my readers may wish to hear somewhat further of this excellent, and engaging man.

He was no sooner made a partaker of the grace that accomplished a change so glorious, than he set himself to work to communicate the knowledge of that salvation to others ; the effects of which he so well understood, from the happy result upon his own mind.

It immediately became his constant study, how all his parishioners might be the partakers of the like precious faith with himself. He not only set up Sunday schools, but established other little charitable institutions, for visiting the sick, and relieving the poor, whereby he saved many of them from the bad way of seeking aid by parochial relief, which has such a fatal tendency to degrade the mind, while by the same means, he engaged their affectionate attention to his kind admonitions, for their everlasting good.

Besides this, he was in the habit of going around his Parish, into every hamlet, and almost into every cottage, collecting the people of his charge, in small assemblies ; and then with his Bible in his hand, and the love of God and of souls in his heart, he would aim at their instruction, in the most engaging style, and afterwards enforce it by such familiar conversation, as astonishingly won the affections of all, if not to God, yet to Mr. Merryman, as being too captivating in all his manners, for the most rugged, and untutored to resist.

On these occasions, he would diligently enquire if any neglected public worship on the sabbath, and what were their excuses for such a neglect. The like attention was paid to their children, whether they properly prized the opportunities provided for their gratuitous instruction ? and what they could say for themselves, in suffering their innocent offspring, to be so ill used by them, as to permit them to be absent from these useful schools ? As most people aim at an excuse for doing that which is wrong, it struck his

active mind, that one common excuse, the want of proper apparel, might be obviated by the formation of a society, for this laudable purpose. The plan was no sooner proposed, than adopted. He convened his female friends together at Sandover, and formed them into a *working society*, for the benefit of the industrious poor, making it at the same time, a school of instruction for some of the poor female children, that they might learn the same useful art. Of this society Mr. Merryman became the president, while other decent, and benevolent characters, who had a little time, and property to spare, were happy to associate themselves together, that they might form a little *manufactory*, more immediately for the children of the industrious poor; while the benefit of the same institution was extended to the parents also. And while many benevolent friends, would be sending their kind presents of new bought materials for these purposes, from different shops, yet the principal design was of a humbler nature; viz. to fabricate the cast off clothes of those who could consistently spare them, into smaller garments for the children's use.

In order to facilitate this kind design, the Reader will not be surprized, when he is informed that Mr. Merryman, with his accustomed simplicity, and affability of mind, would request, even from the pulpit, too frequently made the mere oracle of priestly importance, that all such cast off garments might be sent to his house, as a present to the poor, and which would be thankfully received by him.

As designs of this kind, are soon put into circulation, through the good will of some, and the envy of others, no wonder that this was made a matter of triumph by Mr. Archdeacon Smoothtongue, and Mr. Spiteful, that the Rectory house at Sandover, was turned into a *ragman's shop*, and that *Merryman* had been *crying from the pulpit, old clothes*. But while the one had little more than the farce, and form of religion in his proud, and priestly appearance, without one doir of its divine realities; and while the other

from the mere ravings arising from the enmity of his heart, would be casting his envenomed reflections against this benevolent, and excellent youth, whose free, easy, and not less useful conduct, was such a reproof to those who have no other design of living, but as they live to themselves; their invidious sneers were justly deemed by others, as being beneath contempt. But it still remains with me to tell, how that in an unprotected hour, according to our dark conceptions, this interesting, and useful man, even in the faithful discharge of the duties of his office, was brought to an untimely grave.

In the former editions of these dialogues, this event was made known by a sort of circuitous information, which would not admit a detail of some circumstances, which, though painful, may still be profitable to the Reader's mind. It is best that he should have it as a family event, as thereby the narration is likely to be more correct, and much more interesting to those, who feel under such family calamities, as Christians should.

He was called to visit one of his parishioners, who was highly infected with a putrid fever, which, after a few days deprived him of his life. This poor man, greatly alarmed at his unprepared state, sent for Mr. Merryman. He seeing him in such deep distress, probably continued in the infected room, highly contaminated with putrid air, and also very close, longer than prudence might otherwise have suggested; and further promised to repeat his visit on the following day, requesting that some of the neighbours might then attend in an adjoining cottage, that he might improve the event of the sudden seizure of this thoughtless sinner. He went, but found him so deranged by the vehemence of the fever, as entirely to preclude him from deriving any advantage, from his beneficial advice, but alas! he had scarcely finished his improving, and impressive exhortation, before he began to feel in himself, some strong symptoms of the same disease; after his return home, he immedi-

ately retired to his chamber, but the ragings of his fever, entirely deprived him from his rest, so that in the morning, very considerable alarm was excited, the feelings of Mrs. Merryman began to be acutely awakened, lest she should lose the best of husbands, after such an early, and happy union with each other ; while the inhabitants of Sandover, so happy in such a Minister, were filled with general consternation, lest they should be deprived of one of the greatest blessings they could enjoy.

From such alarming symptoms, it was deemed necessary, to call in the best medical aid the neighbourhood could afford, Dr. Skillman, a Physician of the first eminence, was immediately sent for, and though he lived at a considerable distance from Sandover, yet his patient received his first visit from him before the setting sun ; unwilling to alarm the feelings of the family at Brookfield Hall, by Dr. Skillman's advice, the message designed for them, was deferred until the effect of a powerful medicine, which was immediately administered, had been first proved.

This seemed to have had some favorable effect, the message was delayed for a few days longer, but the fever soon afterwards recovered its strength, while from several incoherent expressions, it appeared he was no longer collected, through the vehemence of the disease. It was now deemed necessary, that the family at Brookfield Hall, should be informed of this alarming event, without any further delay ; and Dr. Skillman wishing to visit an old patient, residing at Mapleton, offered to be the messenger of these sad tidings, as being the best qualified to give the most correct report of his patient's disease, and also to consult what further steps it might be necessary to take, to save if possible the life of this invaluable young Minister. However the reader will soon discover, that whatever ability the Doctor possessed in his professional character, he was but ill instructed in that celestial science, which had made Mr. Merryman so good a man. The Doctor accordingly took

the journey, and having been introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Worthy, after the usual salutations, the dialogue thus commenced.

Dr. Skillman. [To Mr. Worthy.] Sir, I am sorry to be the messenger of such painful news respecting the health of your son-in-law, Mr. Merryman.

Mrs. Wor. Dear Sir, you quite alarm us; I hope he is not dangerously ill.

Dr. Skillm. Why Madam, I am sorry to inform you, that after having twice visited one of his parishioners in a putrid fever, he has caught the infection.

Mr. Wor. But I hope Sir, the symptoms at present are not dangerous.

Dr. Skillm. Not to flatter you Sir, I must confess that some of the symptoms have considerably alarmed us.

Mrs. Wor. I have not a child of my own, that I can love better than him, he is the best of husbands, and the best of men. O what my poor daughter must feel! especially, just after her lying in. How will she support it? we must go directly and see them.

Dr. Skillm. I would not wish Madam that you should determine upon that too hastily, I am sorry to say, that the fever has greatly injured his recollection, and the less he has to agitate his mind, the better we can grapple with the disease.

Mrs. Wor. What Sir, is he so bad, as that none of us can be permitted to see him?

Dr. Skillm. Certainly it is most advisable that his mind should be kept as still, and quiet as possible. I have frequently found it needful, to request Mrs. Merryman, to retire out of the room. He seeing her so deeply distressed, that it greatly agitates his feelings.

Mrs. Wor. Oh Sir! and is there not great reason to fear, lest my daughter should catch the infection?

Dr. Skillm. I have no apprehensions of that sort, for where rooms are properly ventilated, and other precautions duly attended to, (which was not the case in the house he unhappily visited,) fevers are seldom infectious. But I am sorry to say, he is a bad subject for such a disease, for whoever he sees, it is sure to set him *roving* about religion.

Wor. Ah dear man ! I know that is uppermost in his mind at all times ; but I hope that his talking warmly, and affectionately about religion, is the only proof of a temporary derangement, he is not quite so bad as you may suppose.

Dr. Skillm. O Sir ! but at times he speaks quite irrationally on that subject. Though he is so ill, yet he is perpetually saying, that he must preach on Sunday, while he fancies he is preaching some of his extempore sermons, talking about his religion, and thinks he is *saying his prayers* to some of the people.

Wor. But as these subjects were so much his delight when he was well, I should hope the thoughts of them can do him no harm, now he is ill.

Dr. Skillm. But he is so restless about serving his Church. And when I told him, that I thought I could obtain for him the assistance of Canon Careless, who seldom does any duty himself, he immediately replied, that he would rather the Church were shut up, than it should be served by one, who is not a christian. What a proof of derangement, to suppose, that a Canon of one of our Cathedral Churches is not a Christian !

Wor. Ah Sir ! my dear son-in-law, (after he had felt the power that made him such an altered man, when compared to what he was, even some time after he was in orders,) knows better than to suppose, that all are christians, because they merely bear the christian name. He well knows the character of the Canon, who is paid so plentifully from the income of his valuable living, besides his Canonry. While he does nothing, or next to nothing, for all that he re-

ceives. Who that loves the world, would not but be a christian for such rewards as these.

Dr. Skillm. But Sir, though the Canon is not so correct, and diligent in his religion, as he should be, yet is it not universally admitted among men of science, especially if they aim at being eminent in that science, that no person whatsoever, can be permitted to share the honors belonging to their profession, till such time, as that they have been examined respecting their knowledge in that profession? Is not the same knowledge required in the *science of Christian theology*? Was not the Canon *christen'd* in that faith, and always *bred up to it*? was he not sent to Oxford to be a teacher of that religion, as I was taught Pharmacy, Surgery, and other branches necessarily connected with the knowledge of our profession? and has he not lately taken his Doctor's degree in his profession, which is looked upon to be such a high honor among theologians? If he be not of the christian religion, of what religion can he be?

Wor. Ah Sir! the *science of Christian theology*, as you call it, may be found in a thousand Universities, and treasured up in ten thousand heads, but all this will not do as a substitute for the grace of God in the heart. I do not wonder that my dear, sick son-in-law, wishes in the midst of the reveries which his fever may have created, for a better teacher than Canon Careless, for his beloved flock, on whom of late he has bestowed such an abundance of pains.

Dr. Skillm. I must confess Sir, if I did not attend to my profession a little more correctly, than the Canon does to his, my patients would be ill satisfied with such neglect.

Wor. While it rests with you, only to take care of the perishable body, but with him the immortal soul; What profane neglect!

Dr. Skillm. Why Sir, though I do not like to speak against the religion of my country, (as some religion

is necessary *to keep the common people in awe,*) yet I have often thought, that if the generality of the Clergy *really believed in their own religion*, they would practice it better than they do, and if they doubt it, can it be necessary for us to believe it?

Wor. O Sir! I am sorry your opinion should be so loose about matters of such importance.*

Dr. Skilm. But Sir, you quite mistake me; I have a high opinion of the Christian religion, as containing the purest system of morals, and consequently the best calculated for general good; but still I have my doubts, whether the French philosophy be not true, viz. that "death is an eternal sleep." I don't know that we have any *proof* of the immortality of the soul, though I hope it may be so.

Wor. But really Sir, there is a something in us, so far beyond what brutes possess, that most people, and nations, however ignorant, have discovered a spark of immortality in themselves, that death could never quench.

Dr. Skillm. If I have my doubts about these things, they have never prompted me to be guilty of that which is immoral, and if I suppose that this life only is all that we have, I am naturally excited by such doubts, as a physician, to pay the greater attention to the cases of my patients.

Wor. Ah Sir! I should like to put into your hands, some excellent volumes I have in my library, respecting the evidences of Christianity, that the most obstinate infidel, could never confute; but the strongest evidence, is what it really accomplishes on the human heart; and your patient at Sandover, has happily evidenced the proof of this, in a manner that has surprized all who know him.

Mrs. Wor. But O Sir! do let us wave the present-

* The bad lives of the Clergy, is no more an argument against Christianity, and what we all should be, than the bad tricks of a set of odious pettyfoggers, can be produced against the practice of common honesty, which is, or should be, the bounden duty of us all.

subject, and try if possible, to pacify his mind respecting the supply of his Church.

Dr. Skillm. Madam, that is half the reason why I came over myself, instead of allowing a messenger to be sent; for I wish very much to have his mind tranquilized on that subject. He talks much about a Mr. Lovegood. I think he says he is the Minister of this parish, as though no one could preach a good, Christian sermon, but him. But as you know, that I live at a considerable distance, I have not heard much about that gentleman, only that report says, he is rather given to enthusiasm.

Wor. Ah Sir, no one is less given to enthusiasm than Mr. Lovegood. But as it is now so late in the week, it would be next to impossible to procure a supply for his own Church, were he even to attempt it; and where he to shut it up, in order that he might serve another at a distance, he would be subject himself to considerable blame; especially as it is rather the duty of the churchwardens of Sandover, to seek for a supply under such circumstances.

Dr. Skillm. Really Sir, I am not conversant about such laws. But as Mr. Merryman dislikes the Canon so much, where would be the harm if Sandover Church was to be shut, until he recovers. Surely the people have been sufficiently instructed *how to perform their duty*, without going to Church every Sunday. As for me, it is well known that I have no time for such sort of services, excepting now and then for example sake. But I think if a man has but a *good heart*, that I conceive to be a thousand times better, than going to Church. Some may please their Creator in one way, and some in another. If I do my duty to my patients, and occasionally give my advice to the poor gratis; I cannot conceive the Almighty will require more from me, so that supposing there is a future state, I hope my *chance* is not a bad one.

Mrs. Wor. O Sir! this is not the time to be talking about *good hearts*, and religious *chances*, the grand

question is, what can be done to ease the mind of my dear son-in-law ?

Wor. I know Mr. Lovegood will not be wanting to the utmost of his power, to accomplish Mr. Merryman's wishes ; and there is an old clergyman in the neighbourhood, that may be able to give us some assistance : I will send directly to see what can be done.

Mrs. Wor. But, O my dear Mr. Worthy ! with your leave, I must go over directly and see how he does. I feel for my poor daughter, as much as for him. If he should die, he will be happy, but what a disconsolate widow she will be !

Dr. Skillm. Madam, if you should go, he has it not in his power at present, to give you a rational answer, and I fear your presence, would add considerably to the agitation of his mind. [To Mr. Worthy.] I hope Sir, you will persuade Mrs. Worthy, not to determine on the journey just at this time ; perhaps after a few days the disease may take a favorable turn : I shall instruct the Apothecary, to watch every turn of the fever, while I am absent ; and in point of nursery, and attendance, he has too much of it already.

Mr. Wor. to Mrs. Worthy. I think my dear, the best plan will be, to take the Doctor's advice, at least for the present. Let our feelings give way to reason, and I will go directly to Mr. Lovegood, and settle with him, how he can secure Mr. Meek, as a supply for his Church, for to-morrow se'nnight ; if he can come over here on the Saturday night, and we have only a morning service with us. I can send him back time enough that he may serve his own Church in the afternoon, and I think as we have always such a large congregation in the afternoon, on such an occasion, it might not be amiss, if I were to send to Mr. Goodman, the dissenting minister, he is not above seven miles from us. Mr. Lovegood always speaks of him, as a very pious man ; and I am told he preaches very good, and plain sermons ; and he might occupy the

Sunday-school room, as far as it will hold the people. I am sorry to say, that if he were to preach in the Church, it would be as bad as high treason.

Mrs. Wor. I heard him once, and he gave us an excellent sermon. But I fear he cannot be here in sufficient time, as the nearer road is bad, and if we send the chaise for him, it will be considerably round.

Wor. Yes, but the people will not regard waiting half an hour, if he will but engage to come.

Mrs. Wor. Though I am so exceedingly anxious to go over to Sandover directly; yet if I submit to what you, and the Doctor deem best, it must be on this condition, that nothing may prevent my going with Mr. Lovegood next week, if this plan should take place, and until then, I must insist upon it, that a message may be sent every morning, that I may know how he does.

Dr. Skillm. Though I confess I do not understand these different *mixtures of religion*; and though it seems to me best, that every man should keep to his *own way of thinking*, yet that is no concern of mine. I am very glad Madam, that you have agreed to postpone your visit, at least a few days longer, and I'll assure you, believing Mr. Merryman to be a very good sort of a man in his way, I feel myself not a little anxious for his recovery. I mean therefore to give him another call, before I return home this evening; though somewhat out of my way: therefore with your leave Sir, I will ring the bell, that I may order the carriage immediately.

While the chaise was getting ready, the Doctor partook of some refreshment, and hastened to repeat his visit to his patient, according to his promise.

Mr. Worthy went next to Mr. Lovegood. It may easily be conjectured, how much Mr. Lovegood was affected, at the alarming tidings from Sandover,

which so seriously threatened the life of his beloved son in the Gospel.

His mind was so greatly overwhelmed on the following sabbath with apprehensions and fears, that he had enough to do, to grapple with the overflowings of his affection for one, he so dearly loved. Though the rumour of Mr. Merryman's dangerous illness, was now become general: and though the looks of Mr. Lovegood, all the while he was reading the service, confirmed the same, yet the strength of his feelings were, in a measure, suppressed, until he got into the pulpit. It was from thence, that the embossed tears, which floated in his eyes, were seen to trickle down his cheeks in large abundance, while with a faltering voice, and extreme difficulty, he uttered these appropriate words for his text, "Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick." It shall be left to the reader's imagination to paint, what words can ill express. No wonder that the highly respectable family of Brookfield Hall, were heard to sob with silent grief, and as for Farmer Littleworth, next to the death of his beloved Henry, he seemed to dread the dissolution of this excellent man, while his son Henry, that monument of the grace, and power of God, what he felt beyond most others is not to be described, under the apprehension lest he should never see that delightful Minister of the word of life, any more; whose conduct at the commencement of life, in some instances, so much resembled his own.

Others also of Mr. Lovegood's congregation, might be brought forward, while thus their weeping Minister began his sermon on this distressing event, but for the present, I forbear. Alas! the same feelings are still to be exercised, when disease had actually accomplished its work; exhibiting at the same time, an exit, the most painful among all those who loved him; and yet the most animating to such as believe in "the glory that shall be revealed," and live under the expectation of that blessedness, which "eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard, and which hath

never entered into the heart of man to conceive." At present I must forbear to narrate all Mr. Lovegood advanced on this subject; even a short hint is as much as the design of these dialogues will admit. With the most solemn reverence, he vindicated the justice of God; that we have forfeited all his mercies, and merited all his wrath. That though the removal of the godly, was a great calamity, yet, even under the most awful displays of a bereaving Providence, his restoring mercies, might be favorable to such as humbled themselves before him. That though our Lord loved the family of Lazarus, yet even they were to have the common lot of affliction with others. And that if we should dare to murmur, with silent submission, we should correct our rebellious feelings, and bring our minds to say with the Prophet, "why should a living man complain; a man for the punishment of his sins?" But when he came to his final address, believing from the scriptures "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much;" and feeling how brightly that lovely light shone, which he was the instrument of kindling in that dark town of Sandover; he affectionately requested the prayers of his congregation, the sluices of his affection were again so powerfully opened, that he could say no more. Oh what were then the sensations of this delightful, country congregation! and from which all these village dialogues took their rise; when such a man as Mr. Lovegood, gave such a display of that sympathetic love, which unites us all to him, and in him, towards each other, for his tender mercies sake.

But the Reader must be further informed, that no favorable tidings having been sent from Sandover, respecting a hope of Mr. Merryman's recovery, Mrs. Worthy, and Mr. Lovegood, went with sad and sorrowful hearts, according to the plan already settled, while circumstances prevented their return, according to their first design.

It was deemed necessary, that Mr. Lovegood

should continue at Sandover, another sabbath. He applied to the venerable Dr. Orderly on that occasion, who readily consented, that his curate, Mr. Sedate, should lend his aid, and though the goodness of the man, was admired by all, yet if he did not altogether express himself in a strain, so evangelical as Mr. Lovegood; yet being far superior to many others, whose preaching, and practice, are alike heathenish, his kind services, were gratefully, and thankfully received. The result of Mrs. Worthy's and Mr. Lovegood's visit, will be communicated immediately upon their return.

DIALOGUE XL.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. WORTHY, AND MR. LOVEGOOD.

MRS. Worthy, and Mr. Lovegood, were absent about a fortnight, attending upon Mr. Merryman at Sandover. Upon their return, after a few introductory salutations, the dialogue thus commenced.

Mr. Wor. [to Mrs. Worthy.] O my dear ! is our beloved son-in-law, yet alive ?

Mrs. Wor. O yes, and I trust by the blessing of God, he will yet live, and continue to be a blessing to us all.

Loveg. O Madam, we should not be too sanguine in our expectations—Though he has passed the most dangerous crisis of the fever ; yet the Doctor has his apprehensions, how far he may yet recover from the consequences of such an alarming attack. There are some symptoms, he does not like.

Wor. O let us hope, that a little good nursing, may yet restore him to his friends, his family, and his Church. But do let us hear all that has passed, while you were at Sandover.

Loveg. O Sir ! what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have felt, is more than I can express.

Wor. But tell me, how has my dear daughter borne the shock.

Mrs. Wor. Her distress has been astonishing. Yet she has been astonishingly supported, but Mr. Lovegood had better tell you, all that has passed from the beginning.

Loveg. On our first arrival, we found Mrs. Merryman in the greatest perplexity and distress, as you may well suppose; and as for Mr. Merryman, instead of finding him better, he was evidently much worse. He lay almost in a perpetual stupor, what little he said, was frequently incoherent, though always upon the best subject; and sometimes the things he said were most delightful. But by the particular request of Dr. Skillman, neither of us went to see him that night, nor the next day. Nor would it have done him any good, as the fever had rendered him remarkably deaf.

Wor. I should like to hear some of the good things he said?

Loveg. Yes Sir, and I should like to tell you of them. But as it was a task, far beyond what Mrs. Merryman could perform, I feel myself obliged to Mr. Robert Sprightly, for recording some things, which I shall endeavor to repeat.

Wor. Who is this Mr. Sprightly?

Loveg. One of the most pleasant, and amiable youths, I ever met with in all my life. In Mr. Merryman's gay days, they were the gay, and giddy companions of each other. But when Mr. Merryman became an altered character, this young man, was one of the first fruits of his ministry; and this greatly added to the surprize of the whole Town? when in an infinitely better way, they became closely united, for better purposes. Like Jonathan and David, their hearts were one, and they were one with each other, in every design that was profitable, kind, and good. And immediately as Mr. Merryman was taken ill, he was almost perpetually with him; seated at his bed side, night and day, he would wait upon him

with the constant assiduity of a nurse ; in short, if it had not been for him, I question, if Mrs. Merryman could have been supported, under the pressure of her fatigue.

Wor. O what a kind youth ! I shall ever love him for my daughter's sake.

Loveg. O Sir ! if ever you should know him, you would be delighted with him. Such a lively, pleasant, and animated disposition, and withal, so truly devoted to God.—He is quite the counterpart of Mr. Merryman.

Wor. I hope I shall soon be acquainted with him. But what had he to say of the frame of Mr. Merryman's mind, when he was first taken ill ?

Loveg. Upon the whole, from the very first he seemed to possess in a high degree, a resigned and submissive spirit. But it appeared, that the reflection of what he had been, came home at times to his recollection, with considerable remorse, and grief ; lamenting exceedingly, how much he had to undo, of the evils he had done by his light, and frothy conduct, before the grace of God took possession of his heart. But one time in particular, with tears in his eyes, it seems he cried ; O what would I give ! if I could recal the time that is now forever past, when as a wicked, and careless Minister, both in my life and doctrine, I was the cause of the ruin and delusion of so many souls. It was I, that persuaded poor Jack Trifler to go with me to the ball, where he first met with those who poisoned him with disease, that led him to the grave. What an awful charge against me, that precious souls should have been ruined by me. But now they are irrecoverably lost. And when Mr. Sprightly mentioned, the free forgiveness he had preached to others, and which he had received himself, he immediately cried, Yes, yes ; I know that God has forgiven me, but for all that, I never can forgive myself. And when Mr. Sprightly began to speak of the good he had done, since he had been blessed with the grace of God, and mentioned himself, as one among many

others, that would have eternal reason to bless God, for his ministry, he seemed to smile ; took him by the hand, and said ; yes my dear Robert, and this is the only reason which makes me wish to live that I may bring more sinners to Jesus Christ : though I am ashamed of myself that I have not been more earnest, and zealous in the cause of the salvation of souls.

At another time he said, I hope my dear Robert, I shall not infect you with my fever, as I have infected others with my sinful ways ; well, though the Lord has permitted me to run into sad lengths of dissipation, yet it might have been, that he might again make known his patience, forbearance, and grace to the very chief of sinners, who are enabled to come to him, who in no wise can cast us out.

Wor. It seems then, while he was in a humble frame, he was by no means in a desponding frame.

Loveg. I believe just the reverse ; for while he felt and lamented, that he had been such a sinner, he could still rejoice, that he was a sinner saved.

Mrs. Wor. But in saying these things, he did not speak, as though the fever had disturbed his recollection.

Loveg. By no means, but this was at the beginning of his illness, when there were some hopes, that his disease was about to take a favorable turn. However, it seems that soon afterwards, he became frequently incoherent ; but in the midst of his reveries, his mind was still engaged upon the best of subjects. At one time he supposed himself to be preaching ; and at another time, he would seem to imagine, that he was praying with the people ; while what he said, on these occasions, was astonishingly affecting and fine, even superior to what he ever said in the best days of his recollection, and health.

Wor. When did you first see him ?

Loveg. It was thought necessary that I should see him on the Saturday morning, to set his mind at rest about the supply of his Church, for on the Sunday,

before, it was entirely shut up, and the consternation of the people was inexpressible.

Wor. [To Mrs. Worthy.] Did you go up stairs with Mr. Lovegood?

Mrs. Wor. Oh no! I was advised not, and I staid below with our daughter, for whenever he perceived her in the room, seeing her much affected, it greatly increased his agitation: and again he had sad apprehensions lest she might catch the disease. It being necessary, that he should be kept as quiet as possible. Mr. Sprightly was the only person, that went into the room with me, and he being then in a sort of restless dose, I stood by his bed side some time, before he took any notice of me, and while I was waiting till he awoke, I heard him repeat the following lines, which I could not have understood, if I had not known the hymn.

Thou say'st, thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be,
Like new born babes, or helpless shecp,
Completely staid dear Lord, on thee.
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who find in thee their promis'd rest!

Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy.
In thy dear arms of love carest,
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

After repeating these lines, he cried, I cannot sing, I cannot sing, I wish I could. Just then he opened his eyes, looked at me with the kindest affection, for a few seconds, and then said, What are you there my dear Mr. Lovegood? that precious man who saved my soul from ruin! Who was it that carried me over to Brookfield to see him? Being too much overcome to answer him, Mr. Sprightly said, no dear Sir, you are still at Sandover: Mr. Lovegood is come

over to see you, and to supply the Church for you to-morrow. He replied, dear man how kind! I shan't be able to read prayers for him. Robert, lift me up in bed. I am very thirsty. Nurse, bring me some barley water: he partook of it, and cried, "let him that is athirst come; yea, whosoever will, let them come and partake of the waters of life freely." "My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God!" Then he addressed himself to me, and said, Tell the people to-morrow, O tell them all, "how I long over them in the bowels of Jesus Christ." I hope there will not be one pew in the Church, that will not have some sinner to feel as I did, when you preached your visitation sermon. I think I am clear from the blood of all of them, but if not, I beg their pardons ten thousand times. What he said so completely overcame me, that I was obliged to retire to the window to vent my feelings. He then broke out into a profuse perspiration, when he asked where I was gone. I returned and helped to wipe off the rolling drops from his head and hair; and while we were performing the office, he cried, "if every hair of my head, and every drop that falls from my face, were to be turned into a tongue; and were I to live ten thousand years, they should all be employed in telling the salvation of Christ, and in singing of his redeeming love;" and then added, I can neither praise him as I should, nor yet as I would. I am so weak, lay me down again. This gave me an opportunity of saying, we will retire, that you may be more composed. You must think Sir, this was quite as much as I could bear.

Wor But this seemed at least, like a short revival of his intellectual powers.

Loveg. Yes Sir, and what he said at such intervals, was astonishingly delightful.

Wor. How did you get through the Sunday services?

Loveg. With the greatest difficulty imaginable. What the people felt, what we all felt, is not to be

described. His fascinating, and affectionate behavior, highly enriched by the grace of God, has rendered him one of the most beloved, and esteemed characters, that can well be conceived

Wor. What was your morning text?

Loveg. "Behold I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, unless thou repent." Rev. ii. 5.

Wor. I fear on such a subject, and on such an occasion, your own feelings, and those of the congregation, must have been sharply exercised.

Loveg. Indeed Sir they really were. It could scarcely be called preaching, my mind was so overpowered by the event, that I could not help my feelings, nor could the congregation command theirs. They all seemed to feel, that the loss of such a Minister, would prove the greatest they could sustain: but still I thought it an excellent sign, that they knew how to appreciate the labors of such an invaluable man.

Mrs. Wor. I was fearful it would be so: and as my daughter was so low, I thought it my duty to stay at home with her; and I fear this added considerably to the people's alarm.

Wor. What was your afternoon subject?

Loveg. "Prepare to meet thy God." But I did all in my power, to avoid all personal reference to the present event; and only improved it in general terms, as well as I could; though after all, I found I had enough to do with the people's feelings, as well as with my own.

Wor. Though it was deemed necessary to keep Mr. Merryman as quiet as possible, yet I suppose you saw him occasionally, through the course of the week.

Loveg. O Sir! we thought it prudent, not to have any ringing, or chiming of the bells, before the services, lest it should disturb him; and that filled him with surprize, lest I should not have performed my promise, respecting the duty at the Church: and I

was obliged to go up on the Sunday evening, to pacify his mind on that subject.

Wor. What was the result of that interview?

Loveg. It was a very short one. I assured him I had performed both the services for him, and how much he was upon the hearts of the people, that he might still live to declare among them, that great power and grace which had been made known to him; he then quoted that passage and said, blessed be God, "I know what is the hope of his calling, ("Our high calling of God in Christ Jesus,") and what is the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints; and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward, who believe, according to the working of his mighty power:"* then he paused, and exclaimed, O what grace, what power, what a glorious power, to reach a heart like mine! Thus far he appeared most blessedly recollected, and then he closed his eyes for a while, and began to ramble, but in a most pleasant style. He told me that he had been sailing all the day, down a delightful river; that there were most enchanting singings on each side of its banks: and that he came to a most pleasant place, where a beautiful great tree grew, and that Angels were singing upon every branch and twig of it, and then added, O how grieved I was, when I lost sight of that tree, and when I could no longer hear the singings of those Angels, that so charmed my heart! I immediately said, my dear friend, we'll retire, and perhaps you will hear the same Angels sing again. He immediately said, O no! you must not go yet: you must pray before you go. We knelt down, offered up a short prayer, and immediately retired. However I could perceive by this interview, that he was in a most blessed, and even enviable state of mind; and I had then my fears, that he would not be long on earth, as he was so fit for heaven.

Wor. Surely after this, you could not deny your-

* Eph. 1. 18, 19.

self the privilege of giving him, at least a short visit every day, while you continued at Sandover.

Loveg. Every morning after breakfast, I made him a short visit, and offered up a short prayer; while day after day, he appeared weaker, and weaker, and getting worse, and worse, filling us with increasing apprehensions, that every day might be his last.

Wor. Was his mind still kept in the same happy state?

Loveg. I think more so. It was evident that while his body was growing weaker, his mind became more recollected, and calm. One morning, when I requested him not to exert himself, he whispered out the following expression:

In silent stillness of the mind,
My God, and there my heav'n I find.

And then added, "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him, against that day."* And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep my heart, and mind, through Christ Jesus.†

On another morning after prayer, he said, taking up some expressions that I dropt, "Blessed be God, I can enter into the holy of holies, by the blood of Jesus; by that new and living way, which he hath consecrated for me." Though I am ashamed of what I have been, yet if I die, I can have "boldness and access with confidence in that grace, in which I stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Then he asked me the question, how is my most dear wife? oh how it grieved me, to see her stand by my bed side, dropping tear after tear! If she knew how peaceable and happy I am in the love of Christ, she would rather rejoice with me, than grieve over me; for "by believing in him, I can rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory," and then said,

And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

All these things, he spoke with extreme difficulty, being exceedingly weak, for the fever seemed principally to be on his chest. But on the Saturday morning, the nurse alarmed us excessively, by informing us that he had altered for death.

Mrs. Wor. Yes, and she was so abrupt in her information, that my poor daughter was immediately thrown into strong hysterics, and all the house into the greatest consternation; while the report soon got wind, and spread throughout the town; and it seems that it was reported by some, that he actually was dead: while the universal agitation, and distress of the people, was inconceivable.

Loveg. No wonder, that such as are so universally beloved, should be as universally lamented.

Wor. What could you all do under such distressing circumstances?

Loveg. Sir, Mrs. Worthy continued with Mrs. Merryman, while Mr. Sprightly, who was almost always with us, went up stairs, as we thought, to take our final leave of our dear departing friend, apparently senseless, and nearly speechless; only uttering some things to himself which we could not understand; yet with a complacency of countenance, that greatly surprized us: but still supposing that every breath might be his last.

Just then, Dr. Skillman came into the room, as we all thought, to pay his last visit to his dying patient. He immediately felt his pulse, and for a considerable time: and then, to our great surprize, pronounced that his was not the pulse of a dying man; and that the dangerous crisis of the fever was now actually passed, that he had seen others in the same state, who had recovered, and that the present stupor was rather to be considered as a sound sleep, which his nearly exhausted nature required; that he should therefore call on another patient, and then return, for that he believed he would yet revive.

The Doctor had not long left the room, before he opened his eyes, and asked, "How long have you

been here? I have slept most sweetly, and O how comforted I have been! how delighted with such singing, and how favoured with such sights as I never beheld before!" and then he added,

O the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

He rested a short space, and then added a part of another hymn, from the pious Dr. Watts, resting awhile between each stanza.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs,
Though death, that narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flow,
Should fright us from the shore.

Then he added, "My rest has so wonderfully refreshed me, that I feel I want something that is nourishing, which I have never felt since I have been ill before."

You must think I could not continue long in the room, before I communicated these pleasing tidings to Mrs. Merryman, and perhaps in this, (to Mrs. Worthy) as you well know Madam, in order to ease a mind, agonizing with excessive grief, like the nurse before me, I rather too abruptly informed her, of this unexpected revival, after having been brought so near the expected hour of his dissolution. Her joy, as it might be supposed, was not less excessive, than her grief, which you know, I attempted to moderate to the best of my power, mentioning how dif-

sicult it would still be, for the constitution to recover itself, after so deep a plunge.

Wor. I suppose, after this revival, my daughter was permitted to visit him.

Loveg. Under such circumstances, it would have been a hard task indeed, to have prevented one of such an affectionate mind, from visiting a husband, that appeared like one, just rising from the grave. But we requested her, to compose her mind to the utmost of her power, as tranquillity and rest, still appeared so absolutely necessary, even for the preservation of his life. The interview, as you may suppose, was a very affecting one, and when he began telling her, how happy he had been during his illness, and when she began to weep for joy, we took the liberty to interrupt them, requesting them to wait till after a few days, when he might be blessed with the recovery of a little of his strength, and be better able to tell of those good things, which had been such a consolation to his mind, under such a near approach to the grave.

Mrs. Wor. I thought it providential, that Dr. Skillman repeated his visit just at that time, and was ushered into the room; for he, being a stranger to such sort of conversation, soon interrupted it; and again urged the need of rest, as being just then peculiarly desirable, and that Mr. Merryman need not *trouble* himself about religion then, as he hoped his life might yet be spared.

Loveg. Yes Madam, and you remember when I told him, that Mr. Merryman's composure of mind, arose from that calmness, which true religion was sure to inspire, his answer was, Well, well, that is all I wish to recommend; let every one be happy in their own way. I had designed to have continued here all night, but as my patient is so much better, nothing is needed, but good nursing, and strengthening medicines, which I shall order directly, and then return home. After he had written another prescription, he left us.

Wor. What a surprising effect must have been produced upon the minds of the people, as soon as it became circulated through the Town!

Loveg. Yes, and the more so, as it was scarcely known that a change had taken place, as we were all waiting until that afternoon, under the most fearful apprehensions lest every breath should be his last.

Wor. The feelings of your mind must have been very differently exercised, to what they were the Sunday before.

Loveg. The contrast was astonishing. On the former sabbath, every heart was ready to burst with grief; but on the next, they were equally elated with the strongest sensations of joy. This joy, I endeavored to moderate to the best of my power; but that passage then struck me, as being so immediately appropriate, that I could not refrain from taking it as my text: "Ye were full of heaviness, because ye heard that he had been sick. For indeed he was sick, nigh unto death, but God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow."* And while I endeavored to improve the event that had so elated our hopes, it was not to be described what an extasy of joy was evidenced in every corner of the Church. Many, even that were enemies to divine truth, were yet friends to Mr. Merryman, and anxious for his recovery. Old Farmer Bitterman, a near relative of Mr. Spiteful, alone was heard to say, he could not understand, why people should make such a fuss about this Parson Merryman, as though no other clergyman could be found as good as he. But others knew better how to appreciate so good a man, and to rejoice in the hopes given, that he might still be spared.

Wor. But after the Sabbath, during the rest of your stay at Sandover, I hope he continued to mend, as rapidly as might be reasonably expected.

Loveg. Quite so. He could sit up in his bed, take as much food as was desirable; and talk cheerfully.

* Phil. ii. 26, 27.

and pleasantly to those who were surrounding him ; but at the same time, in such a style, like a man just come out of Heaven. But then he has a hacking cough, which prevents him from taking as much rest as he should, and complains of a tightness upon his chest, which still alarms us.

Wor. I am afraid then, that all is not yet safe ?

Loveg. I hope it may.—Though I rather fear, the Doctor thinks otherwise ; he advises him to light diet, and as soon as he can be removed, for a change of air.

Mrs. Wor. Yes, and that matter is already settled. As soon as he has recovered, sufficient strength for the journey I have made him promise to come over to us ; and this will be a great relief to my daughter's mind. She is afraid if he continue at Sandover, that the innumerable calls, and the affectionate attention of the people, will be too much for him. And then she knows that from the ardent desire of his mind, to do all the good he can, he will begin his accustomed services, sooner than he should. He hopes in less than a fortnight, to make a beginning, of at least, one short sermon on a Sunday, though at present, he is as weak as a child.

Loveg. I am afraid that Dr. Skillman's prohibition will not be attended to, which is, not to begin any duty, at least for a month. But his great perplexity is, to procure a proper person to supply his Church. He talks much of Mr. Brightman, who lost his curacy, by differing from his Rector about Baptismal regeneration, and because he could not preach conditional justification.

Wor. He is certainly a very desirable man ; but is he not now engaged with Mr. Whimsey ?

Loveg. Yes, but I have lately had another letter from him, complaining that he is as badly off, as he was before. Mr. Whimsey is a strange, wild enthusiast.

Wor. Then does he want another situation ?

Loveg. He certainly does, Sir.

Wor. Then let him be written to immediately, that my dear Son-in-law's mind, may be set at rest. If he should so far recover, as to be able to do the whole of his duty, yet for a considerable while, he should have all the relaxation, and ease, his situation will admit of. And besides, a supernumerary clergyman of his character, and abilities, would be a considerable acquisition in this neighbourhood; and as my younger children want a little private tuition, he would be just the man for that office.

Thus matters were settled. Mr. Worthy wrote immediately to Mr. Brightman, to engage him for Sandover, and gave him a liberal offer of support: but he could not in honor, leave his curacy, so early as he wished, as Mr. Whimsey had two Churches to serve.

The best substitute that could be obtained, was Mr. Anything, who would read any sermons that might be put into his hands, so that he passed for something, though in fact, he was nothing. But he could not be persuaded, to read more than one sermon on a Sunday, as he said, he had not been accustomed to *double duty*.

Mr. Merryman thus finding, that his Church was but ill supplied, was very unwilling to remove from his beloved flock; at least, until the desired aid of Mr. Brightman could be obtained. But being under a sort of promise to go to Brookfield Hall, he reluctantly obeyed, as soon as the recovery of his health would admit. He had not been there above three weeks, before he regained such a considerable degree of strength, so far as it had been exhausted by the fever, that his anxiety to return, was more than could be resisted; especially as a letter from Mr. Brightman, informed the family, that he could not be released from his present engagement, under three months at the soonest.

But still, while this dear man was most confident, that he should be able to resume his accustomed labors, in a short space of time ; others had their doubts, lest this fever should bring on a pulmonary consumption ; and it is well known, that this complaint is the most fatal, while the most flattering one, that the human frame is subject to.

As the people were ill contented with the supply during his absence ; so the reader may suppose the uncommon joy that universally prevailed on his return. But still he left Brookfield Hall, under the strictest engagements, not to begin with any further service, excepting one short sermon on the Sunday morning ; while Dr Orderly, with his accustomed kindness, was willing that his curate Mr. Sedate, as far as he could possibly be spared, should assist him in reading the prayers.

The reader may judge what the congregation felt, when Mr. Merryman, leaning upon the arms of Mr. Sedate, accompanied with Mrs. Merryman, first entered the Church, like one recently risen from the dead ; and when he got into the pulpit, though struck with the amazing alteration which disease had made upon a countenance, once of such vivacity, and health, yet how every hand and heart was lifted up, in solemn thankfulness to God, that he was yet spared to serve them in the administration of the word of life.

His first text was very appropriate, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth." The affectionate spirit in which he addressed his hearers, words can scarcely describe ; while he expressed the feelings of his own mind, during the chastisement, how most graciously he had been supported, hoping that this solemn admonition, might be a warning to them all ; that his zeal might be quickened : and that, on the restoration of his strength, he might devote himself with greater diligence than ever, for their eternal good.

The slow progress he made towards the restoration

of his accustomed strength, throughout the following week, increased the apprehensions of many; while the increasing spirituality of his mind, was the admiration of all. The short sermon he gave the people the Sunday afterwards, from the following words, fully evidenced the truth of this: "My soul is even as a weaned child." His heart so overflowed with holy thankfulness, and submission to the will of God, in this sermon, that many thought it was scarcely possible, that such a man could live long upon earth, who had so much of heaven upon his heart.

On the succeeding Sabbath, he was with difficulty, dissuaded from preaching, as he had the Sacrament to administer. But he could not be contented in reading those most appropriate passages of scripture, without dropping some most appropriate, and affectionate remarks. Though perhaps the formality of Mr. Sedate, might have been a little exercised at this liberty which the curate of Dr. Orderly could scarcely admire, though good Mr. Merryman himself, oftentimes expressed an innocent wish for a little more liberty, than the Church allows.

Little did the people of Sandover suppose, that the next sabbath was to be the last, on which they were to hear the voice of their beloved Minister any more. There was not the least abatement, but rather an increase of those symptoms of consumption, which alarmed many of his friends; though as yet, he seemed not to be alarmed himself. He thought himself somewhat better, yet he was rather astonished he could not regain his strength, but in this he was quite resigned to the will of God. The text he took, and his solemn delivery of it, before he uttered a single syllable of his sermon, had a remarkable effect. "Eye hath not seen; neither ear heard; neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."* In this sermon however, one would think, that all must have had a presentiment that it must be his last. For with

* 1 Cor. ii. 9.

what rapture he described the glories of the eternal world: with what delight he quoted those words, "In thy presence is the fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore!" How he begged and entreated his hearers, as for his life, to accept those unutterable joys, and to "flee from the wrath to come;" for that he knew not how soon the tongue that then addressed them, might be silenced in the grave; and that the eye which now wept, while he beheld them, should see them no more for ever. It seems his whole soul was so deeply engaged in the subject, that almost every word was followed with a tear, while the hearts of all the people, were melted down, as the heart of one man: in short, he was so overcome by his own feelings, and with the heat occasioned by such a crowded congregation, that ere he had proceeded fifteen minutes, he quite fainted away. What a scene it must have been to see him thus carried out of the pulpit, from whence he had distributed such an abundance of good! It is supposed this astonishing young, spiritual Sampson slew more by these, his affectionate strokes, in this his last address, than ever he slew throughout all his life.

It seems that on the Thursday following, after a severe fit of coughing, he burst a blood vessel; and the discharge from his lungs was very considerable. This threw Mrs. Merryman into the greatest consternation, and grief; while scarce a gleam of hope was left, that his invaluable life could now be preserved.

A message was immediately dispatched to Brookfield Hall, to which place it was deemed absolutely necessary he should be removed, as soon as circumstances would admit. The afflicted Mrs. Merryman was obliged to part with her newborn babe, to another Female, in order that she might devote the utmost of her care, to a husband, she was so soon to lose.

Mr. Worthy sent his carriage, that he might be removed with all possible tenderness and care; while Mr. Sprightly, with Mrs. Merryman, attended as his supporters on the road, which by its slow progress,

was accomplished without any further injury to his bleeding lungs.

This last removal of Mr. Merryman, until he returned in a hearse, produced such a scene of woe throughout Sandover, as Sandover never felt before; and had it not been for the prudent attention of Mr. Sprightly, half the town would have been at the rectory, to bid him their last adieu. The grief that was evidenced, was not less universal, than he was universally beloved.

Alas! what must the family of Brookfield Hall have felt; what Mr. Lovegood must have felt, when he attended to lift him out of the carriage; and what all the Parish felt, when he entered that house, in which it was supposed he would breathe his last; is more than the writer of these Dialogues, with his briney eyes, has sufficient spirits to narrate.

The next Dialogue will finish the account of the trying, yet triumphant exit of this excellent man: but yet brightens with a pleasing issue, of this most painful event.

DIALOGUE XLI.

BETWEEN MR. WORTHY, MR. LOVEGOOD, MR. BRIGHTMAN,
AND MR. SPRIGHTLY.

THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. MERRYMAN.

THOUGH Mr. Merryman, as might be supposed, from the flattering nature of the consumption, revived from the depth of that languor, which from the loss of an abundance of blood, he had sustained; yet still his vitals were consuming by the same disease, so that he now found he could attempt nothing further in his delightful work. The necessary supply of his Church was his chief concern. At times he was obliged to put up with Mr. Anything, while Dr. Orderly and his Curate, were as kind as circumstances would admit; Mr. Lovegood at the same time, watched every opportunity to give all the aid he could. In the course of about ten weeks Mr. Brightman was at liberty, and he left Mr. Whimsey with no regret. He first came to Brookfield Hall, before he went to Sandover, to visit his dying Rector. O that I had time to narrate half the profitable conversation, (especially as far as Mr. Merryman could converse,) which passed between these good men! For it seems that Mr. Brightman ill knew how to express what an abundance of good was communicated to him thereby: and especially in seeing and conversing with such a man as Mr. Merryman, in his declining state; possessing such calmness and serenity, such a peaceful resignation to the holy will of God; and withal, so blessed with such a lively sense of gratitude and praise

to him, by whose almighty grace he was saved from a state, once so depraved, but from which he was now so mercifully and powerfully redeemed. So bright an evidence of the vital influence of the Gospel, he had never seen before : and he has since solemnly declared, that out of all the volumes he had ever read, and from all the sermons he had ever heard, he never derived so much profit and benefit to his mind.

Another very great advantage Mr. Brightman obtained as a minister, from this intercourse was, that it rendered him much more beneficial to the souls of men. From the natural strength of his mind, he was apt to be too discussional and metaphysical to be well understood by the generality of his hearers ; but he observed with surprize, how much more good had been done by Mr. Lovegood and Mr. Merryman, than by himself, by a much plainer, and consequently, more scriptural style of address : before, he was wise and cold, but now, he became wise and warm ; while what he delivered to the judgment, he applied to the heart with divine success.

Before the Dialogue begins, it should be noticed, that Mr. Merryman continued full three months at Brookfield Hall, before his disease terminated in his dissolution. By his own desire, his remains were taken to Sandover, to be buried in the Chancel of his own Church, requesting at the same time, that Mr. Lovegood would perform that last office, and improve his death, by a sermon to the congregation. His remains were accordingly taken on the Saturday after his death, to Sandover, when the interment took place, and on the next day, the Funeral Sermon was preached. It was therefore necessary that Mr. Brightman should serve for Mr. Lovegood, while he performed the painful task requested of him.

The day afterwards, Mr. Lovegood returned. Having first visited his own family at the Vicarage, he next went to the Hall, to communicate what had passed. No wonder that the disconsolate widow, had not sufficient strength and spirits, to hear the narration

of these events. After she had retired out of the room with her Mother, the following conversation thus commenced between the before-mentioned Gentlemen with Mr. Sprightly, who in consequence of the death of Mr. Merryman, came to transact some business at Brookfield Hall.

Wor. O Sir! I almost tremble to ask what you must have felt in performing the last offices for my dear departed Son-in-law.

Loveg. In all my life time, I was never more affected and overcome.

Bri. I should suppose so, for since my short residence at Sandover, I have discovered that there never was a man more beloved, or more deserving of it; for ever since it has pleased God to change his heart, what a character he has sustained! He was the father of every dejected widow, and the parent of every orphan child. The pains and care he took in the instruction of the children of the poor, especially in a religious point of view, was beyond all praise; even while he reproved them, he constrained them to love him, forgiving them tenderly, rewarding them freely, provided they would do better for the time to come. There was not a cause of distress that he would not with the greatest assiduity seek out and relieve. In short, a spirit of universal humanity seemed to occupy all the feelings of his heart. And as a minister, I hope I have been taught of him, what I never shall forget. It seemed almost impossible for any person to be more devoted to the salvation and good of souls. His conduct was one perpetual sermon: even the very enemies of religion, who hated him as a prophet, are ready to garnish his sepulchre now he is gone.

Loveg. No wonder that a man like this was so honored, when he was taken to the grave. The hearse was met by crowds full two miles out of Town,

all dressed in mourning, singing as far as they could sing, solemn and penitential hymns, for having forfeited by their unprofitableness, so truly good a man; and when the corpse arrived at the Church, O what a scene !

Wor. I suppose the Church was much crowded at the funeral.

Loveg. Beyond all description. And when I began reading those solemn sentences appointed for the funeral service, every eye seemed floating in tears, and many wept aloud : indeed my own feelings were so overcome, that I could scarcely utter one word after another ; and the people seeing me so much affected, were the more affected still.

Wor. I can easily imagine what your feelings must have been, for I know how you loved him.

Loveg. Yes Sir, I did love him, and who could help it ; the sight of him, the very mention of his name, at all times did me good. He lived for the best of purposes ; and the surprising change that the grace of God had accomplished upon his heart, has surprised thousands, and dethroned prejudice astonishingly.

Wor. But how did you get through the service ?

Loveg. Indeed Sir, I could not get through the service : and the children who were appointed to sing a funeral hymn, as he was carried from before the reading desk to his grave in the Chancel, could not finish their office, before they were so overcome, that many of them actually wept aloud, and I was so overpowered by the sight, that I could not speak, nor read another word ; and when I requested Mr. Slapdash, who was one of the pall bearers, to finish the service, dear old man, he seemed to be more affected than myself, so that the lot fell upon Dr. Orderly, (who attended as another of the pall bearers,) to finish the service ; and he also found it a difficult task.

Wor. I hope you will let us see a copy of the hymn that was sung on that occasion.

Loveg. O Sir ! you must not ask to see my poor poetry.



FUNERAL OF THE REV. MR. MERRYMAN.

Mr. Inquisitive. I suppose that the funeral of such a man must have been a most solemn scene.

Mr. Honest. I don't think that, in the memory of man, such a funeral was ever known in our parish before.

Robert. When the funeral entered the church, surely a more solemn scene was never exhibited. But what made it by far more affecting was, that dear Mr. Lovegood, who had been the instrument in the hand of God in bringing him to the knowledge of the powerful truths of the gospel, had to lay him in the grave: he was so affected, that after several attempts, he could not proceed. At length Mr. Brightman, who was sent for to supply for Mr. Merryman, was obliged to perform that office. While they were putting the corpse into the grave, it was designed that the Sunday-school children should sing a solemn funeral hymn; but instead of singing, recollecting the dear friend and instructor they had lost, they all burst into tears.



Mr. Sprightly. As far as the hymn was sung, I have a copy of it.

Wor. Then I beg we may hear it.

Mr. Sprightly repeats the Hymn.

If ever on a mortal Bier
Were dropt the tears of grief sincere ;
Pity, dear Lord, th' assembled throng,
'To whom such pangs of grief belong.
How bright was that celestial flame,
When shining through this mortal frame !
Darken'd by death, it shines no more ;
We own thy justice, and adore.

Neglectful of this gift from God,
Our sinful deeds deserv'd the rod :
Still with submission would we say,
"Tis God that gives, and takes away.

Yet hear the penitential prayer ;
With thy forbearing grace appear :
O lift our drooping spirits up,
And yet revive our dying hope !

Let pity, drest in tender love,
Look down in mercy from above ;
No hand but thine can e'er restore,
The deepest loss we can deplore,

Once our enraptur'd tongues could tell,
The tidings he proclaim'd so well,
Tidings through his atoning blood,
That brought our sinful souls to God.

How many a sinner lives to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace ;
While his dear warning, weeping voice,
Won them to seek eternal joys.

Ye wounded souls o'erwhelm'd with grief,
That seek the balm which brings relief,
Alas ! those lips for ever cease,
To preach his grace, that seals your peace.

[*Mr. Sprightly* then adds.] And it was in attempting to sing the last stanza, that all were so affected that they could not sing any more.

Wor. But I hope Sir, you will give us the rest of your hymn.

Loveg. Sir, there were but two stanzas more, and I cannot recollect them.

Wor. Well Sir, I hope you will let us see the whole of your hymn on another day. But how did you get through the funeral sermon on the Sunday?

Loveg. O Sir! the Church yard was crowded an hour before the Church doors were opened; and I was actually obliged to get in at the window, behind the pulpit and reading desk, to perform my office, while I was under the necessity of hiring Mr. Anything, to read the prayers, as I found preaching the sermon would be quite enough for me.

Wor. What was your subject?

Loveg. "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."* And when I had to give the outlines of his character, as a truly godly man, I was frequently interrupted at the consideration, that so many excellencies were now completely lost to us, while the body which possessed them, was buried out of our sight; and while the

remembrance of them, was all that was left for us to improve, that we might follow him, as he followed Christ; and that it was an awful judgment, when such godly men were taken from us, as a deprivation of the greatest blessing we could enjoy.

Wor. Did you say much concerning the astonishing change that had been wrought upon him?

Loveg. Being myself much concerned in that event, my remarks on that subject were rather general, than particular. All the Parish who had seen him in both states, had a much stronger exemplification of the power of divine grace on the human heart, than any words of mine could have illustrated. But my principal aim was, (as far as I could aim at any thing, through the overflowings of my affection,) to excite the people to cry earnestly to the Lord, for his help, who alone could appear for them as a congregation, under such a loss; and who had grace and power enough to create, and send forth a thousand like him, whenever he might chuse.

* Psalm xii.

Wor. I suppose you quoted much of what he said in his dying moments, as we generally receive all such expressions as being of the most solemn importance.

Bri. [To Mr. Lovegood.] As the duty at Brookfield prevented my being with him during the last days of his life, I should be thankful if you would tell me what those expressions were, especially such of them as you introduced into the funeral sermon.

Wor. I hope you mentioned the interview we had with him, about three days before his death; when we had our apprehensions, that his dissolution was near at hand.

Bri. O Sir! let me hear it.

Loveg. Why Sir, after uttering many delightful things, though almost breathless, and ready to faint away into the arms of death, I cannot express with what rapture he uttered the following lines!

The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest,
 The land of sacred liberty and endless rest:
 There milk and honey flow,
 There oil and wine abound;
 And trees of life for ever grow
 With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our righteousness:
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace.
 On Sions sacred heights,
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And glorious with his saints in light
 For ever reigns.

While he thus lay panting for breath, he paused for a while, and then apparently in a greater rapture still, he further added,

He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend;
 I shall on eagles wings upborne
 To heav'n ascend;

I shall behold his face ;
 I shall his power adore ;
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

Bri. What blessed lines to hang upon the lips of a dying man, just entering into glory. Did you tell the congregation any thing further of what he said ?

Loveg. After he had quoted the hymn I mentioned, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which produced a considerable degree of expectoration, and he seeing the discharge tinged with blood, repeated these lines,

• He shed a thousand drops for me ;
 A thousand drops of richer blood :
 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man :
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus the dead revives again,

Blessed be God “ he is my resurrection and my life,” and through him my soul has been quickened, which was dead in trespasses and sins, and through his grace, I can trust him with my dying body also. “ This corruption, shall soon put on an incorruption ; and this mortal, shall soon put on immortality ; and then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory.” He could not repeat any more of that delightful passage ; but next added ; blessed be God, death is nothing to me : but O my dear wife and child, and flock ! what will they do ? He dropt a tear, and added, Well, well, I must leave them all with him who is the Father of the fatherless, and the widow's friend. And when I again told the people of this, his holy anxiety for the salvation of their souls, they were again as much affected as myself.

Wor. No wonder at it, every day he seemed to be increasing in usefulness among the people.

Spri. But dear Sir, you have not mentioned that after that fit of coughing, he fell into a doze, and what he said when he awoke out of it. That seemed

to affect the people more than any thing you said before.

Loveg. Such a heaven in any man's countenance, while he was taking his rest, I think I never beheld before, and in his doze the nurse came in, and that awoke him. He cried, "O! who has pull'd me down? why did you pull me down? I thought I was just entering into the presence Chamber of my Lord; and that I was full of singing; while there were thousands of singing spirits with me, and O how delightful the music was! while we all sang "unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen." I found the repetition of this was quite enough for us all, on this subject I could say no more, while it was too much for the people to hear any more. Here I was obliged to pause, till I had sufficient spirits to tell the congregation, what were the last words he uttered, while I was standing around his bed on the Sunday evening in which he died. "I feel I am going, All is well. By faith, I can say as Stephen said, "Behold, I see the heavens open, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." "I shall there see as I am seen, and know as I am known, and shall be for ever with the Lord." After this, you know we did not stand by him more than five minutes, before he turned up his eyes, and without a sigh, or a groan, breathed his last.

Bri. And after all, what a short sample was given of the gracious things that dropt from his lips at different times! I trust I never shall forget, with what earnestness he pressed me, whenever I could come to visit him, to urge upon the people of Sandover, nothing but the divine realities of religion, by illustrating the glories of that faith, which regenerates the heart, and directs us to live alone to the glory of God.

Loveg. But it appeared to me, that nothing could so completely display the excellency of his mind, be-

yond what passed between him and his poor careless Father, when he came to visit him in this house, about three weeks before his death. Though he was much agitated at the thoughts of seeing him, yet his wise and affectionate, though respectful regard to a parent, while he addressed him with the greatest faithfulness, brought many a tear from the old man's eyes.

Bri. Were you with them all the time ?

Loveg. Yes, I and Mr. Worthy were both with them. I remember when he first saw his Son, till of late a fine personable young man, but now so reduced ; the tears began starting from his eyes, while he said to him, O my Son ! I am sorry your religious zeal was not more tempered with prudence, and then you might not have caught that dreadful fever, which has brought you to this present state : especially when you had such pleasing prospects of life before you. His reply was, Yes dear Sir, but I was in the way of duty,—Duty called, and I obeyed ; and that is my consolation. There was a time when I might have caught my death, as many others have, in dissipation and riot ; what a mercy it is, that I am not now a Martyr to my own folly, and sinful delights ! you know dear Sir, what I once was, even some time after I was in orders ; till God was pleased to change my heart ; ---I blush for shame, to think of it.---I was glad to hear the old man reply, I am sorry, though I fear you have been running into another extreme, that I did not set you a better example, then dropping a tear, said, My child, I hope you'll forgive me. Mr. Merryman was now quite as much overcome as his Father, and cried, my Dear Father, I have prayed for your forgiveness a thousand times : and if you will allow me to be so bold to express my feelings as a dying man, I perpetually pray that God in mercy, would look upon you, and my dear Mother and Sisters, and change your hearts. The weeping parent immediately added, If you can pray for me, I must confess, that as yet, I never pray'd for myself.

Bri. This must have been enough to upset you all.

Loveg. Indeed Sir it was, and I took the opportunity to enforce the nature and necessity of a divine change, so strongly exemplified in the conduct of his dying Son. And after this, I remember a hard fit of coughing, for a while interrupted the conversation; when Mr. Merryman again thus addressed his Father. "Father, this cannot last long, I know I am soon to die; but still you need not grieve over me; for at times I feel more happiness and joy, than words can express; adding, I have "a hope full of immortality," believing in Christ, who has changed my heart, and pardoned all my sins, I can "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The fixed attention of the father, enabled the son to proceed, by assuring him that there is a divine reality in religion, which with his dying lips, he humbly entreated him seriously to consider, as the greatest blessing God can give, or the soul of man can possibly enjoy; and as the only cordial that can support the soul, when sinking into the arms of death; begging with many tears, that he would recommend the same to his dear Mother and Sisters, while he made it his last request to them, to seek for the salvation of their souls.

Bri. The Father must have been considerably affected by such an exhortation.

Loveg. Very much indeed. But what he next added was still more so. It is impossible to tell how he uttered his grief respecting his disconsolate flock, which he was about to leave, and how he entreated his Father, that if possible, he would prevail with his Brother, not to give the living away to a man who was as bad as he himself once was, before he was better taught. That he had heard that a Mr. Tugwell, was already designed as his successor; and that the consequence would be most distressing. That though he was now surprized how the few people who attended the Church before he knew better, could be so ignorant as to come there, when his example was so bad, and his conversation so light and frothy, but that now, it was quite otherwise; for that if another Minister should

come of the same stamp as he once was, they would leave the Church directly and provide for themselves another place of worship, that they might have a Minister of their own chusing, who hold forth to them the word of life, and tutor them in the fear of God.

Wor. And how we were all affected when he added, "Though I have reason to bless the kind providence of God, that has led me into this family, whereby the best of wives has been put into my bosom, and addressing himself to me, while no son of your own dear Sir, could have been treated with more affection, than that, which as an adopted son, I have ever received from you, yet this my dear wife I can with submission render back again into her parents hands; while I am satisfied, that our dear little infant, after my departure, will ever be considered as one of your own, concerning all these earthly sacrifices I think I can say, "thy will be done." But O my dear flock! I love them as my own soul, I cannot express how "I yearn over them all, in the bowels of Jesus Christ;" and how I am nain'd at the thought, that they should be given over to one, who has no spiritual concern for their eternal good.

Loveg. I was glad to see his Father so much affected at his son's entreaties, which drew from him the strongest promises, and engagements, that if he could not prevail with his uncle to refuse the living to his friend and distant relation Mr. Tugwell; yet as he had other preferments, he would try if it could be so contrived, that a Curate might be settled among them, who would be a future blessing to the disconsolate congregation.

Spri. Yes Sir, and I can tell you something further, one of the last offices I ever performed for our dear departed friend was, to write a letter to his Uncle for him, (he being too weak to do any thing but sign it,) urging the same request in the most affectionate terms. Dear man, how he wept and prayed all the time I wrote it, and since then, several of us in the Town have drawn up a respectful petition, requesting the

same, mentioning you Sir, [To Mr. Brightman] as the object of our choice, and that we shall not regard any extra expence, provided we can but see you comfortably settled among us.

Bri. Can there be a probability of that sort? There is not a man more careless and unconcerned about religious matters than he is said to be. I have been turned out of two curacies already, and I shall soon be dismissed from the third; perhaps for decency sake, I may be permitted to stop a Sunday or two, and then be discharged.

Loveg. Ah Sir! you have but the common lot of all faithful Curates, who have ungodly Rectors, but from the carelessness and indifference of old Mr. Merryman, and his pot companion Mr. Tugwell; I draw a contrary conclusion; they will not care who serves the Church, provided they can be left at their ease, and Mr. Tugwell can enjoy the tythes.

Wor. And we sha'nt mind paying his Curate for him, provided he will keep at a distance.

Bri. But wo'nt Squire Madcap do all he can to prevent it?

Spri. He is so wicked, wild, and foolish, that no one minds him. There is therefore very little harm to be dreaded from that quarter. But if he, or any one else of the same stamp should be sent among us, we must provide for ourselves.

Wor. I shall help you immediately to see to that, by beginning with a donation of five hundred pounds, and shall give an annual subscription towards the support of the place, as soon as it is established, and there is no law against reading the liturgy of the established Church, which we all admire.

Spri. O Sir! a thousand thanks for your encouraging offer. I hope we shall all be eager to lend an helping hand, surely the many prayers our dear departed Minister offered up, that the gospel might be continued among us will, somehow be answered for our good.

Loveg. I am sorry I shall be debarred from taking an active part in this work, if the gospel is to be turned out of the Church. But I really have no patience with the absurdity of those, who tell us, we should be contented without the gospel in the pulpit, as we are sure to have it in the reading desk, while the grand efficient means, which God is pleased to bless, is the preaching of the word. Something therefore must be done, and the Lord give wisdom and zeal that it may be properly, and wisely done.

Just then the disconsolate widow and Mrs. Worthy re-entered the room, this naturally gave another turn to the conversation, but in a few days the reader may expect a joyful termination of this melancholy event.

DIALOGUE XLII.

THE HAPPY TERMINATION OF THE MELANCHOLY EVENT
OF THE DEATH OF MR. MERRYMAN.

BETWEEN MR. LOVEGOOD, MR. BRIGHTMAN, MR.
SPRIGHTLY, AND THE FAMILY OF BROOKFIELD-
HALL.

MR. Brightman and Mr. Sprightly having come over to Brookfield, principally to assist in the settlement of Mrs. Merryman's affairs, were under the necessity of continuing at Brookfield Hall, till near the conclusion of the week.

While the family were assembled at the tea-table on the Thursday evening following, a purpose messenger came from Sandover, with a letter directed to The Rev. John Brightman. The letter being put into his hands, he read it.—Immediately the agitation of his mind became so very considerable, that it even fetched a tear of surprise from his eyes: inso-much that Mr. Lovegood asked the question:

Loveg. Dear Sir, What is the matter? I hope there is no more bad news from Sandover.

Bri. O no Sir! but the contents of the letter have quite overcome me. Contrary to all my expectations I am actually appointed Curate of Sandover.

Wor. You don't say so!

Bri. Yes Sir, I am. The letter is from Mr. Tugwell himself. He tells me the presentation was sent to him yesterday: the patron at the same time requesting that I might be nominated to the curacy, by the dying request of his Nephew, and especially as

he found it was almost the universal wish of the Parishioners that he should acquiesce.

Mrs. Wor. O how rejoiced our dear Son-in law would have been, if he could but have known of this event.

Bri. Perhaps he might dear Madam, but I find by the letter I shall be wanted at Sandover almost directly ; for my new Rector, as I must now call him, means to go over to the Bishop for induction, early in the next week ; and begs I would attend with him, that I may be licensed to the curacy at the same time.

Wor. Well Sir, we shall be very happy to part with you upon that score. But your new Rector seems to be in a great hurry in the transaction of this affair.

Bri. O Sir ! he explains himself further in his letter, That as there is a strong propensity in his constitution to gout, he means still to reside at his other living, though a small one, as it is full fifty miles nearer Bath, than Sandover is, and that his patron means to take him to that city as speedily as possible, before the winter sets in ; and therefore he wants me to attend upon that duty almost immediately.

Loveg. O what delightful tidings this will be to the poor disconsolate people at Sandover ! they will be as much overcome with joy, as they have been with grief.

Bri. Yes, and my Rector writes with so much good nature about the matter ; he seems to be as well pleased with our plan, as we can be with his ; for he tells me as he has some incumbrances that his patron wishes him to discharge, (probably a sum of money that he might have borrowed from him,) he is sorry he can advance me no more than sixty pounds a year, and the surplice fees, which he hopes may do while I continue a single man.

Wor. We shan't mind what he allows you, provided he will allow you the uninterrupted use of the Church, that you may do all the good you can in it.

Spri. [to Mr. Brightman.] I am sure dear Sir, the

people of Sandover, who loved Mr. Merryman and his ministry, will never suffer you to want: nor can we allow the kind liberality of Mr. Worthy, to be imposed upon, to keep our Minister for us, while we alone are interested in the benefit.

Wor. Yes, but a Minister, if he be a good one, (no matter for the bad ones,) should not merely have enough to keep him from starving upon such a miserable pittance as sixty pounds a year. He should have something in his pocket to give to the poor: if my purse is not wanted in one way, it will in another.

Spri. As he means to be a non-resident, I suppose he designs to let you live in the Rectory house.

Bri. It would be strange living in that house on such an income: though I bless God, I have besides a little of my own, arising from my college fellowship, so long as I continue a Bachelor.* But as to the Rectory house, he tells me he means to let it: and he is in hopes that the rent of the house, will answer to the payment of the salary, as he hears it is a good one. [To Mrs. Merryman,] But he says he has no design to hurry you, dear Madam, out of the house, till it is perfectly convenient to yourself.

Mrs. Mer. Ah me! Mr. Tugwell will meet with very little interruption from me, on that score. As soon as ever the effects can be disposed of, I shall be happy to have my mind relieved from such reflections as too frequently occur, under such a loss. Were I ever to enter into the doors of that house again, it would revive feelings, too painful to be sustained.

(Mrs. Merryman's eyes are embossed with tears. She retires out of the room, Mrs. Worthy follows her.)

Mr. Wor. Alas my poor daughter! I know not when she will recover this heavy stroke. I should have supposed that if any thing would have revived

* I must not tell what college Mr. Brightman came from, or at which of the universities he was educated.

her spirits, the news of your appointment to the curacy, would at least have created one cheerful look.

Bri. O Sir ! the loss is irreparable : I cannot wonder at all she feels. But the appointment to be the successor to such a man, makes me tremble.

Loveg. Yes Sir, and if we all trembled more at the vast importance of the work in which we are engaged, it would be just so much the better for our hearers.

Bri. Sir, it seems impossible for me, if I imitate, that I can ever equal that lively and lovely zeal, he adopted in all he did. Though I trust I shall aim at doing my best, yet what a comparative distance will be felt between him and me ! My style of preaching, I now find, has been too discussional, cold, and phlegmatic. His was always animated, affectionate, and warm. My preaching hitherto, though I trust consistent with divine truth, has been like the light of the moon, clear, yet cold. His like that of the sun, at times brilliant, and even if intervening clouds intercepted its brighter rays, yet still the warmth was felt, and its fertilizing effects were evident.

Loveg. But dear Sir, you do not want either erudition or mind. The improvement of these Mr. Merryman sadly neglected in his thoughtless days ; but afterwards the change in every point of view, was to the astonishment of all. Let your superior human acquirements then, be put upon the altar of a warm and affectionate heart, fully devoted to God ; and then if the people do not forget Mr. Merryman, yet they will soon find that he is no longer wanted as a minister, if God should teach and animate a Brightman, as he taught him.

Bri. Ah Sir ! what are all human abilities and acquirements, when compared to such spirituality and devotedness to God, as he possessed !

Loveg. I am glad you think so. Though all other qualifications without holy zeal to set them at work for the promotion of the glory of God, can be of no avail ; still it is acknowledged, that wisdom and spi-

ritual understanding, are at all times necessary to guide this useful machine aright.

Bri. Ah Sir! there was my mistake. I have been treating religion more like a dry, speculative science, than as a divine reality between God and the soul : while the strange enthusiastic reveries of Mr. Whimsy and his friends, might have driven me further into the contrary extreme, if the Lord, in his kind providence, had not directed me into these parts.

Loveg. Well Sir, the scriptural style of preaching, we shall always find to be the best; for none of the first Apostles had the ability to dress their preaching in the forced, and false style of human eloquence : and when the Apostle Paul was sent forth “ as one born out of due time,” we know what he says of his own style of preaching : “ And I brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech and of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified ; and I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling; and my speech and my preaching was not with the enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in the demonstration of the Spirit, and of power.” (And that for this astonishingly wise reason;) “lest your faith should stand in the wisdom of man, and not in the power of God.”

Spri. What an astonishing sermon Mr. Merryman preached from the last clause of those words, about a month before he was taken ill.

Loveg. I dare say he did. “ The demonstration of the spirit and power of God upon the soul,” was the grand subject that seemed at all times to occupy his mind, and warm his heart.

Spri. Yes, and almost every sermon he preached, he was sure to bring to bear upon that essential point, and at all times with so much tender and affectionate zeal for our eternal good. No wonder his ministry was such a blessing among us—And that dear man, we are now to hear no more for ever !

Loveg. [To Mr. Sprightly.] But have you not great reason to hope, to see a resurrection of him in the person of Mr. Brightman !

Bri. Alas Sir ! how faint a resemblance of what he was, I fear will be found in me ! As for the sacrifice of my character as it may respect any literary acquirements, that I can easily make. I know it will be my duty to speak, or rather converse from the pulpit, in such a plain, and easy style, as every unlettered person may understand ; yet to get into the spirit and life of such a style of preaching, as rendered Mr. Merryman so useful as a Minister, though I shall aim at it, yet I fear a material difference will still be felt.

Wor. Why Mr. Lovegood has been as much for reading and thinking as yourself, yet he knows how to leave it all aside, when he gets into the pulpit. There he can dress his good sense, and scriptural divinity in such plain, but powerful language, as not only charms a few of us who may have been favored with education, but preaches equally to the delight and edification of all the poor peasants, who are charmed with sermons they can so easily comprehend.

Loveg. Dear Sir, if I am to be the subject of conversation, do let us wave it for the present, that we may settle with Mr. Brightman concerning his return to Sandover.

Bri. I wish if I could, to go off early to-morrow morning.

Spr. Sir, if you do, it will be impossible for me to attend you, for you know the broker that was to have attended this day with the appraisement of Mrs. Merryman's goods, is not to come till to-morrow morning, and we shall have enough to do, to determine what is to be sold, and what is to be kept ; so that we shall not be able to return till the Saturday afternoon.

Just then Mr. Considerate came in, on behalf of a poor man who labored in Rector Dolittle's garden. His crime was, that he occasionally stole away to

Brookfield Church on a Sunday ; so that the poor man, his wife, and family, must have been sent to the Parish, had not the benevolent Mr. Worthy given him employ. But it seems the Rector had become more furious than ever, having lately taken up the old Popish doctrine of Baptismal regeneration, with a considerable degree of High-Church zeal.

It was late on the Saturday evening before Mr. Sprightly and Mr. Brightman could return to Sandover. The deserted Rectory being now no longer a proper abode for Mr. Brightman, he took up his residence at Mr. Sprightly's habitation, so that he was scarcely known to be in the Town till he was seen walking to the Church on the Sunday morning. Though it was universally known that a petition had been sent to the Patron on behalf of Mr. Brightman, yet little or nothing of what had passed between Mr. Tugwell and Mr. Brightman could have transpired. As far as rumor prevailed, it seems it was of an unfavorable nature. Many knowing the character of Mr. Merryman's uncle, concluded it was scarcely possible to expect any favorable report from such a quarter ; while another report more generally prevailed, that sunk their spirits exceedingly : viz. That Mr. Madcap had actually succeeded with Mr. Merryman, to give his nephew's living away to a wild and rakish brother of his, who unfortunately was put into *holy orders* ; and that immediately upon his return from Newmarket races, he was to be inducted into the living : upon which all the people were determined to run away from the Church, as fast as ever they formerly collected together to fill it. But this it seems was only a wanton report, though as matters go, a very probable one, which was raised by one, who wished to make the cause of the people's grief, the subject of his sportive mirth.

In short, the agitation of the minds of all, was not to be expressed : no wonder that one and another of the congregation, pressed in upon Mr. Brightman as he was advancing towards the Church, with

their anxious queries. "Sir, I fear it will be one of the last Sundays we shall see you, or any one like you in our Church." Another added, where must we all go when young Parson Madcap is sent among us. A third cried, Oh Sir! for the Lord's sake, if you are turned out of the Church, don't leave us. As you loved Mr. Merryman, so love us his poor disconsolate flock. We'll build a place for you, we'll do every thing we can to support you, and make you happy, if you will but feed us with the word of life as Mr. Merryman did. Being much overcome, to this he could but just add, Do'nt be downcast, all is well, the Lord will be better to you, than all your fears. Even this hint, soon created a general rumor among the people, which gave a gleam of hope to some, while sad disponding fears among others, more generally prevailed.

Thus he entered the Church, and attempted to begin the service, but seeing the pulpit and reading desk hung in black, and all the congregation dressed in mourning, together with the sad and sorrowful looks of such a numerous assembly; he had enough to do with the feelings of his mind, before he could begin the service. But when he was reading the psalms for the day, which happened to be very appropriate, it being the twenty seventh day of the month his countenance began to brighten remarkably, and the emphasis with which he read different passages, surprised the people not a little; for thus he began. "When I was in trouble, I called upon the Lord, and he heard me." Then again, when those verses were read out of the 122d psalm. "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem! they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces; for my brethren and companions sakes, I will wish thee prosperity," the very looks of Mr. Brightman almost indicated the suitability of the words, as being an applicable prayer for the restored mercy they were still to enjoy. But when Mr. Brightman continued reading the first of the psalms appointed for the evening service, whether through

absence or design I cannot say, yet from the pleasant emotions that appeared to possess his mind ; at once all the congregation seemed to feel themselves elevated with a hope, that they might yet sing as Sion did, when these appropriate words were read. “ When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion, then were we like to them that dream ; then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with joy. Then said they among the Heathen, the Lord has done great things for them, Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice.”

The hopes of the people thus greatly revived, were soon afterwards completely conformed, by the giving out of an appropriate hymn, before Mr. Brightman began his first sermon, as Curate of the Parish. This hymn together with another designed for the conclusion of the service ; unknown to Mr. Brightman, was put into Mr. Sprightly’s care, that it might be handed to the clerk. Though Mr. Lovegood was a better man, than he was a poet ; still I conceive it will be a gratification to the reader, if a copy of these hymns, be given as each comes in its place. The clerk being rather of the countrified sort, hus gave it out.

“ Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, a thanksgiving hymn, for sending Mr. Brightman, to be the Minister of this Parish, in the room of Mr. Merryman deceased.”

And how delighted and surprised the people were at the sound of a thanksgiving hymn, is not very easily to be expressed ! ‘ Though the first part of the hymn they could scarcely sing for grief, yet the latter part of it they all could sing in a more cheerful key.

Submissive at thy throne O God,
We own the justice of thy rod ;
’Tis thine to send thy judgments down,
’Tis ours to say thy will be done.

Vanish’d from our enraptur’d sight,
Late shone a star divinely bright ;
Guiding our footsteps o’er the road,
That leads to happiness and God.

Ten thousand stars at thy command,
Shall shine upheld in thy right hand ;
Thy sov'reign pow'r creates the ray,
That turns our darkness into day.

Display this gracious pow'r divine ;
Bid Lord a brighter light still shine :
And make thy servant now proclaim,
With light and life the Savior's name.

With thankful hearts we bless the Lord,
Who with his wonted grace hath heard
His humble suppliants tell their grief,
And send them down such quick relief.

Baptize thy servant from above,
With that celestial flame of love,
Then ev'ry heart shall feel the pow'r,
And ev'ry tongue thy grace adore.

O may this glorious grace be giv'n,
That leads to holiness and heav'n :
Then tribes of new-born souls shall sing,
The glories of our conqu'ring King.

Though the hymn at once created a universal extacy of joy ; yet, O what the people further felt when Mr. Brightman, in a most appropriate prayer before the sermon, addressed the Majesty of Heaven, that he would bless him with all those needed graces of his most Holy Spirit: so as that he might accomplish the charge an unexpected Providence had involved upon him. That the love of God would fill him with a love to those souls, which were now become the objects of his peculiar attention and care ; and that such zeal as he had never felt before, might animate him to peculiar exertions for their eternal good. Nor were the people less struck at the appropriate text he chose on this occasion, " I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." The whole of that passage having been made the subject of recent conversation between him and Mr. Lovegood, with the greatest solemnity he informed the people, that it was his full determination, not to address them " with the enticing words of man's wisdom ; but that with simplicity, and Godly sincerity,"

it was his entire aim, to have his conversation among them, and to dedicate himself to their good with his whole heart, and with his whole soul. To this he added, that as he was sure he was sent in answer to their many prayers; and especially to the prayers and exertions of their late Minister, so he requested he might have an interest in their fervent prayers, that he might be upheld in the sacred work; especially as he felt himself so unequal to fill the station of one, who was so eminently useful, and so highly devoted to God. In short, it appeared among them all, as though Mr. Merryman was actually risen from the grave. So that it would be difficult to determine whether the excessive grief of the people were called to sustain on the previous Sunday, while they were paying their last token of respect to the memory of Mr. Merryman: or the extacy of joy, occasioned by this unexpected event, had the more powerful effect on the people's minds.

At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Sprightly himself, was seen in the singing gallery, and heard giving out the following hymn; which was sung with astonishing extacy and delight.

Commission'd from the Lord of hosts,
 Servant of God arise and shine;
 Arise and gird thine armor on,
 And prove the strength of Jesus thine.
 Go dare the dreadful powers of sin;
 From conq'ring and from conquer go:
 Strike with the Spirit's mighty sword,
 And bring the vanquish'd monster low.
 Strong in the strength of God alone,
 Let Satan the first sinner feel,
 The energy of truth divine,
 The vengeance of thy holy zeal.
 As darkness flies before the sun,
 And seeks a region where to dwell,
 Remote from earth in worlds unknown,
 Hard by the dismal gloom of Hell.
 So learn to make delusion fly,
 And with the beams of Gospel light

Chase down the lofty pride of man
Down to the shades of endless night.

Nor let thy fears presume to quell
The flame that kindles on thy heart,
Strength more than equal to thy day,
The great Jehovah shall impart.

In weakness shall thy strength be found,
While unbelief shall shrink away,
As sinners burst the bands of death,
And rise to bless the Gospel day.

Thus may thy faithful servant prove
The Champion of the Lord most high,
Thus urge the ling'ring combat on,
The battle win, and gain the sky.

After the service was over, I will leave the reader to conjecture the joyful salutations from every quarter, that crowded in upon Mr. Brightman, when Mr. Sprightly and he returned together from the Church ; blessing and praising God, for such an unexpected mercy, after such a calamitous event. The unhappy gloom which sat upon every countenance, seemed to be banished, they now perceived that while the voice of prayer, most fervently offered up from house to house for the preservation of the invaluable life of Mr. Merryman, was not to be answered, yet that the Lord had in reserve for them, the continuation of the same mercy, though through another channel. They could now bless God, that while they had been benefited by the bright example which had been set before them, in the life and death of Mr. Merryman, the light of divine truth was still vouchsafed for their future good. Long live Mr. Tugwell, if the uninterrupted blessing of such a Minister is to be continued to the people of Sandover thereby, and O that every mitred head, might feel the wisdom of filling our British Sion, with such Ministers as are thus "made wise to win souls to Christ;" allowing them at the same time a little more *elbow-room*, that they may exert their wisdom and zeal a little more extendedly, in their delightful work.

DIALOGUE XLIII.

BETWEEN MR. BRIGHTMAN, MR. WHIMSEY, MR. SLAPDASH,
AND MR. SPRIGHTLY.

ENTHUSIASM DETECTED.

THE settlement of Mr. Brightman among the inhabitants of Sandover, had now fully taken place. He became an inmate at Mr. Sprightly's, where he had his board and lodging, and where he could at the same time, hear much of the pleasing and profitable conduct of the late Mr. Merryman, to which he was inquisitively attentive; being fully determined, for the good of the people, to follow him, as he followed Christ.

It seems however that, very soon afterwards, he met with a little interruption, by an unexpected visit from his late Rector Mr. Whimsey, who called upon him, on his return home from a Town of considerable magnitude in the north, where, as he expressed himself, *a great work of God* had been carrying on, though many of them, since then, had *fallen from grace*. I question if Mr. Brightman would have accepted this offer, though he could scarcely have done otherwise, out of civility, but for the following circumstances.

He expected a visit, just at the same time, from good old Mr. Slapdash; whose constitutional warmth, was still regulated by a sound judgment, and excellent disposition; and who perhaps was better calculated for such a controversy, as next took place, than the more thoughtful, and judicious Mr. Lovegood.

Mr. Whimsey accordingly arrived, and visited Mr

Brightman at his lodgings. Both Mr. Brightman, and Mr. Slapdash were just then paying some visits about the Town. Mr. Sprightly therefore sent a note after them, informing them, that a Gentleman had arrived at his house, who appeared to him to be half crazy; and wanted to see Mr. Brightman directly. They accordingly returned, and the conversation after a short introduction, thus commenced.

Whim. O Sir! finding that Sandover was not much out of my way, I thought I would call on my return, and tell you what a glorious work is carrying on in the north; for I perceived, when you were my Curate, that you were but a *babe in knowledge*.

Bri. Sir, I love to hear of good news, if it be really good.

Whim. Good Sir! what can be better? At one of the public prayer-meetings, there were eleven convinced of sin, eight *set at liberty*; and three were *made perfect*; and are now as free from sin as they will be in Heaven.

Slapd. What state was the moon in when all this happened?

Whim. O Sir, it was near the full: for I remember it was very light, when we went home, and we did not break up till near twelve: "the Lord was so much among us."

Slapd. I thought it must have been about that time; for some sort of people are always worse about the full, and change of the moon.

Whim. Why, I hope Sir you don't call all this *great work of God*, madness; as the heathen Festus thought St. Paul was mad, when he told his experience.

Bri. No Sir, I hope we shall never conceive that which deserves to be called a great work of God, to be the effect of madness, for that brings disorderly sinners to the possession of their sober senses, that

they may serve God with "all wisdom and spiritual understanding."

Whim. Why Sir, it is wonderful how powerfully these people were convinced of sin, *as in a moment*, so that their screams and cries for mercy, were heard all the Chapel over. And don't we read how "the Spirit convinces the world of sin; and when three thousand people were pricked to the heart, how they all cried, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved!"

Bri. Does it in the least appear, that they, one and all, cried out at the same time, so as to interrupt the Apostle in his preaching? Is it not rather evident, that they first heard Peter's sermon, with very serious attention, and then waited, though with eager surprise, till a proper opportunity was given them to ask the important question, what must we do? or in other language, "how shall we escape from the wrath to come?" Or does it appear though the occasion was so extraordinary, while their convictions were so powerful and strong, that there were any of those hysterical ravings and screamings, that we have heard of in other places? With what calmness and deliberation the Apostle answers this solemn and important query: "Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off; even as many as the Lord our God shall call." And still addressing their reason, we are further told, how that "with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, save yourselves, or be ye saved,* from this untoward generation," concluding evidently, that they were all capable of receiving his instructions with rational and attentive minds.

And now Sir, allow me to ask, if there be any, even the most distant similarity between such meetings as you have lately attended, and the assembly recorded in the Acts, where so many souls in the full

* Acts ii. 38, 39, 40. the original expression is passive.

exercise of their understanding, were so effectually converted from sin to God ?

Whim. Why to be sure : when Sally Jakes was *convinced of sin*, her screams were so loud, that they were heard quite out in the streets. And when John Anvil the blacksmith *received conviction*, for a while, two men could scarcely hold him ; but he has been a sad drunken sinner ; and no wonder that his convictions were so strong : and as for Susan Simple, though she was more quiet, yet when she was *convinced*, she was so overpowered, that it was some time before she was bought into her senses.

Slapd. Perhaps the blacksmith might have had *a drop too much*, just before he came into the Chapel ; and as to the woman you speak of, I should really be apt to suspect the good that any persons are supposed to get, while they are *out of their senses*.

Whim. Why I have known persons converted in the midst of their sins ; and when persons are not altogether in their senses, why cannot God, even then, reach the heart ?

Slapd. Sir, we are not about to limit the Holy One in his divine operations upon the hearts of men ; but still it becomes us to beware of those human mixtures, which may lay us open to a variety of deceptions, respecting the work itself. It was not above three Sundays ago, when a miserable, drunken fellow, came into my Church, and while there, in my address to sinners at the conclusion of the sermon, his convictions, for a while, almost overpowered his reason, and he cried out in such a manner, that the congregation was somewhat disturbed ; but this was an extreme of passion, which we attempted immediately to correct. And afterwards when I had an interview with the poor creature, I was happy to find there was nothing irrational, or improper in the account he gave of himself, but that such an overpowering sense of the evil of sin, was just then, more than he could sustain.

Spri. When our late dear Minister preached his

last sermon among us, and fainted away in the pulpit, and was carried out of the Church like a corpse; while many of us apprehended that immediate dissolution might have been the result; no wonder that such overpowering effects were produced upon the congregation, that some were thrown into strong hysterics whose constitutional feelings were too weak to bear the shock. There was a rational cause for all our sorrows, and we could not help ourselves, nor resist their excessive effects.

Bri. Nor shall I ever forget, though I was then but ten years of age, the pangs of grief my dear mother was thrown into, when my Father, struck with apoplexy, was brought home, all but breathless and covered with blood, the temple artery having been cut to preserve his life, if possible. No wonder at her extacies while she had four children, and one an infant at her breast, and almost all her expectations cut off by this sudden stroke.

Slapd. And if the things of eternity are of infinitely greater importance, than those of time and sense, I apprehend we can never feel more than we should, on the discovery of our exceeding sinfulness before God.

Bri. As far as this goes, we shall all agree: for could we feel as much as we should, under a conviction of our sinfulness, it would be more than our human constitutions could sustain; and especially, at the discovery of these evils in a more immediate, and unexpected manner. I have oftentimes thought, what a strong exemplification we have of this almighty power, respecting some whom St. Paul mentions, who belonged to the Corinthian Church, and who came into their assemblies, though unbelievers, "were convinced of all, and judged of all, and thus falling down on their faces, worshipped God, and reported that God was in them of a truth;"* the times were extraordinary, and the occasion was ex-

* 1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25.

traordinary ; and no wonder at such extraordinary effects.

Whim. Well, and so it is in the present day, at times, in our meetings and chapels.

Bri. Then is there no reason to suspect a false imitation of such times and seasons? It shall however be most readily granted, that the same divine power is needed, in all ages of the Church, to lead the convinced sinner, to the knowledge of salvation. But I have before now observed to you Sir, that these sort of *instantaneous* impulses are at best, but very dubious evidences, if any evidences at all, of the reality of this divine power.

Whim. Why, is it not evident, that the three thousand you have mentioned, under Peter's sermon, knew not only the place, but the very *moment*, in which they were convinced of sin, and did not those also feel the same, who "fell down on their faces, and acknowledged that God was in them of a truth?"

Spri. Though I was increasingly struck at the excellent things I heard from the lips of our late dear Minister, yet I must confess, I know nothing of such an *impressive moment*, as Mr. Whimsey seems to insist upon.

Bri. Though it may not be necessary to enquire about the *moment* of a sinner's conversion ; yet we are ready to admit the fact that there are thousands in the world, who can remember the time and place, in which Divine mercy was first manifested to their hearts. How many there are, who well recollect the first sermon they ever heard with a divine effect : or perhaps some other providential means, which might have brought about the same desirable end. And yet I think it is not an improbable conjecture, that many of those who heard Peter's first sermon, might formerly have been the hearers of John the Baptist, preaching repentance in the wilderness of Judea ; and that some former convictions they then received, were afterwards, more strongly and powerfully revived.

Slapd. Nor need we deny that which the Scriptures have positively revealed, respecting the Apostle Paul, the Phillipian jailor, and Zaccheus the publican, whose immediate conversions were accomplished by an immediate operation of a Divine power to each of their minds. And yet others were evidently made partakers of the same grace, were wrought upon in a very different manner. The timid Nicodemus, who through fear, could not venture to come to Jesus, but by night; was certainly seeking for something he felt he needed from him; otherwise he would have entirely kept away. Yet afterwards, when the light of divine truth had shone more powerfully upon his mind, he became more confident in his profession, and proved it by his more courageous zeal, when with Joseph of Arimathea, he evidently proved, he was not ashamed to own our crucified Lord, when he brought his costly spices at his funeral.

The same gradual increase was evidenced upon the mind of the pious Centurion, whose "prayers, and whose alms came up as a memorial before God, a long time before he heard from Peter, "*words whereby he should be saved*;" and probably a similar instance of divine grace, was manifested to Lydia also, who attended "where prayer was wont to be made," before she heard St. Paul; and whose heart the Lord afterwards more fully opened. And surely there can be no doubt but that such as were brought to accept the salvation of the Gospel, by a mere gradual change from darkness to light, are not less the children of the light and of the day, than others.

Whim. I must say, that in this I entirely differ from you both. I doubt not, but that all of them knew the very *moment* in which they were converted. I shall never forget the very spot on which I received the forgiveness of my sins. It was out in a thunder-storm. I thought "cannot God make the sun shine through that black cloud?" and, almost directly, the sun shone out as bright as ever I beheld it, And then again,

I thought, cannot God in the same manner break into my soul, and forgive me all my sins? and immediately as if it had been a voice from Heaven, it came to me, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." And from that very moment, I had peace with God. And as to my wife, she received her pardon one night when she was asleep; for she heard the voice of an Angel, as plainly speak to her, as if she had been wide awake, "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee:" and this is the way she came by her pardon.

Bri. Now Sir, will you give a *poor babe* leave to say, when texts of scripture are brought home to people's minds in such a fanciful manner, in my opinion very delusive consequences may be the result. I first ask, by what authority do I take such passages, as though they were designed as an express revelation individually to me? If my recollection reminds me of them, does it not become me to examine whether I possess the same humble, penitent, believing frame of mind, as they possessed, to whom they were originally addressed? then the same blessing is certainly mine, as well as their's. Nor does a strong, or fanciful recollection of them add in the least to the blessing contained in them. If otherwise, the stronger fancy operates, the stronger a lying delusion may operate upon my mind: for none but penitent believers will ever be pardoned, however a deluded fancy may deceive them. Not that I deny the superintendency of the Holy Spirit, to bring home different passages of scripture to the mind; but it is a duty we owe to ourselves, to consider them in all their own bearings, before we take the consolation of them to ourselves.

Whim. Well Sir, if you still think the Holy Spirit may bring texts of scripture to the mind, I hope I and my wife had them properly brought home to our minds. But surely you don't deny the power of prayer, and at that meeting I mentioned, it is wonderful how Sally Fancy received forgiveness, while they were praying over her, that she might be *set at*

liberty ; telling the Lord, " he *must* do it, because they *prayed in faith*, and that if *Christ did not do it directly*, they would tell his *Father of him* ." and it was just then that the light broke in upon her soul.

Bri. But Sir, is this the proper language for sinners to make use of before the eternal throne of God, when our minds should be filled with the deepest reverence and awe ?

Whim. O Sir ! they only use the same sort of language that the importunate Widow did before the unjust Judge.

Bri. But are we to conceive that such metaphors and allusions can produce a proper apology for such daring expressions ? Can the importunate language of that Widow, before an unjust Judge, sanction a similar address before an infinitely just and holy God ?

Whim. Perhaps some of the exhorters may go too far. But I am sure he pardoned them, or he would not have *justified* Sally Fancy, which immediately took place ; so that she got up from her knees, and began singing with the preachers directly. And just then, another woman *received forgiveness*, and began to sing with several others. But as it happened, they struck up in such different tunes, that it was impossible to find what was sung ; and if it had not been for that and another circumstance, just at that time, there would have been singing all the Chapel over.

Slapd. I have a little curiosity to ask, what that *other circumstance* could have been ?

Whim. Why two persons, who were told what marvellous doings were carrying on at the Chapel about that time, in hopes of being convinced of sin, just then came in, but *for want of faith*, in that instance, they could not obtain it ; and yet one of them prayed so earnestly, that he was all in a sweat, and his eyes were ready to start out of his head ; and one of these men felt so much, that it was as much as two people could do, to hold him down, for he wanted

to run away before he was convinced ; but the constables kept all as quiet as they could.*

Slapd. Really Sir, if I had been there, I should have thought myself in *Bedlam*.

Whim. *Bedlam* Sir ! why what could have been more glorious ! And while I was praying in one corner of the chapel, I had *such strong faith* given me, for Jennet Meagrim, one of the class-leaders, that she instantly received *the second blessing* of christian perfection, and I am sure it was at that very moment I prayed in faith that it might be given her, and now she is *as free from sin, as she will be in heaven*.

Slapd. What, while she is still carrying about with her “a body of sin and death ! !”

Bri. I confess, Mr. Whimsey, I never could understand your doctrine of perfection, and it appears to me such a sort of *imperfect perfection* after all, that a person will do better without it than with it ; for as to the milder remedial law, that some of you talk about, that if we do as well as we *can*, instead of doing as well as we *should*, that is all the law *now* requires ; if some of your friends are contented with such a loose law, I confess I am not.†

Slapd. It is to be hoped that every real Christian has a perfect, or an upright heart ; but alas ! we have so much to contend with, from the remains of corruption, that the best of us have need to cry, “ God be merciful to me a sinner !”

Whim. O Sir ! Jennet Meagrim said, she directly felt sin destroyed in her, *root and branch*, and that it went through her like a flash of lightning, and immediately she cried out for joy, “ He is come ! he is come !”

* It is too true, that the civil magistrate has been under the necessity of employing the peace officers, to guard against the evil consequences of these wild proceedings, so contrary to the decency and order the gospel inspires.

† See Dialogue XXVII.

Slapd. Pray Sir, don't you think a deal of all this is produced by violent and improper efforts, upon the animal passions, that is rather prejudicial, than beneficial to that real good, which God communicates to the heart?

Whim. Sir, what can be better, than to be perfectly freed from all sin?

Bri. May I ask, Sir, when I lived with you, was it an imagination or a reality, that made Mrs. Whimsey's maid fancy that she was perfect, when three days after, she fell into a violent passion with her mistress, because she thought proper to lock up the pepper and salt, and not to allow her to keep the key of the butter any longer?

Whim. O Sir, she lost it for a while, but she is trying to recover it again.

Bri. May I ask again Sir, how far you recollect the tricks which were played off, some years ago, by Dr. Demanaduke and others, when animal magnetism was in vogue? What strange and astonishing effects were produced thereby? and are not the efforts now making, very similar, when people are so strongly urged to expect such unwarrantable impulses, which they are to conceive, as being *absolutely necessary* to the salvation of the soul?

Slapd. Yes, and these sort of devotions seem to be offered up much in the same style of the ancient *exorcists*, as though the Devil actually possessed the minds of some, who needed deliverance by such efforts of extraordinary imprecations, as at times, are very shocking and profane.

Whim. O Sir! I believe the Devil at times, and among some people, has great power over the human mind, and we always find the deliverance is granted, when the preachers are the most violent and earnest in prayer; for you know, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," and just when I was most earnest, then it was, that Jennet Meagrim *received perfection*."

Bri. Surely Sir, as a beneficed Clergyman, you

were not one of the actors, in this stage of enthusiasm.

Whim. O no Sir ! My *prayer of faith*, was offered up quite privately, at one corner of the Chapel ; and I know a good, faithful soul, who was a washer-woman, that said, she was sure to have fine weather to dry her linen, if she could but *pray in faith*.*

Slapd. I should hardly suppose, that the Lord would alter the course of the clouds, for the sake of gratifying an old woman, during her washing-week.

Whim. O Sir, if you don't believe it, I do. And I remember another good lady, who was a milliner at Bath ; expecting that there might soon be a Court mourning, she in faith, made up a great number of mourning caps ; and while her husband thought that she was doing wrong, fearing that much might be lost,

* Much of this false confidence in prayer, seems to originate from a conceited excellency in our devotions, arising from the mere strength of our imaginations. But where a spirit of warm and wise devotion is given, for any particular blessing, may we not take it as a good indication, that it is the gracious design of God to answer such supplications ? Certainly we may, for "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man, availeth much ;" but then we should have a scriptural warrant for what we ask, for instance. There is a wide difference between that prayer of faith, which was given to some by a miraculous impulse, before miracles were withheld ; while there is still a prayer of faith, an answer to which every real Christian has yet a right to expect its being granted. While we cannot with too much confidence, yet with reverence, pray for all those spiritual blessings which are promised in Christ Jesus, to all believers ; yet diffidence equally becomes us, while we lawfully ask that which God may most righteously refuse to grant. We may and should pray fervently for our own daily preservation, and as we are sociable beings, for the preservation of useful and valuable lives, and for the salvation of our nearest and dearest friends and relatives : but we have no warrant to conclude our prayers *must* at all times be answered ; and that according to the strength of our imaginations. In many instances like these, God may try our patience, by very painful denials, while some good people, not altogether freed from a degree of innocent enthusiasm, may be brought into considerable perplexities, when such blessings, which we lawfully and properly pray for, are still withheld.

for want of customers; she went up stairs, and *laid the caps before the Lord in prayer*, and there was almost immediately a court mourning; which as it *turned out, turned in*, most wonderfully to her profit; so that you see Sir, the Lord led her right.

Slapd. [Smiles.] Well, this is the first time in all my life, that ever I heard of *caps* being laid before the Lord.*

Bri. You know Sir, when I was your Curate, we had frequent discussions on these subjects, and we never could agree; but I fear that all these strange impulses, and impressions upon the fancy, which naturally lead to the grossest misconceptions of the power of Divine grace, have an unhappy tendency, most sadly to mislead. I confess, I was at times inclined to suspect the reality of these things altogether, till better taught. And I greatly bless God for that kind Providence which has directed me into these parts, where, I trust, I have seen genuine Christianity, without any of these wild extravagancies exemplified in all those wise and holy fruits of righteousness, which must abound in them, who are blessed with the purifying knowledge of the Gospel upon the heart.

I am satisfied with you Sir, that a saving discovery of the evils of sin, can never be made known to us; but by the convincing influences of the Holy Spirit, and

* The reader has this story just as I had it from the lady herself, many years ago. She was a very innocent and well-intentioned enthusiast. Many may have weak heads, but upright hearts. The bad consequences of trusting on whimsical impressions, may not have the same effect on all, though it is not my wish to cause my weak brother or sister to offend; yet follies of this sort, are too abundant and notorious to be hid.

I am very happy to acknowledge at the same time, that many of the most judicious, belonging to the same body in which these enthusiastical scenes are exhibited, enter their most solemn protest against them; their honorable testimony in opposition to such evils, deserves the highest thanks from all, who better understand the Spirit's work, than to suppose such disorderly exhibitions, can be the result of communications from a Being, who is infinitely wise and good.

that this is the ground work of all genuine repentance, and conversion to God,---but I cannot believe, that this blessed grace, is created in us, as by a momentary impulse ; but that it becomes a living, and growing principle abiding in us, directing us to hate sin, as the worst of evils, and enabling us to watch and pray against it all the days of our lives.

I am therefore well persuaded, that while the work of Divine grace, may have its imperceptable beginnings, it cannot be imperceptable in its progress, and its beneficial effects. That it is as impossible to have holy sorrow of mind, without feeling it, as it is to have agonizing pain of body, without being sensible of it. And with your leave, I equally bear my humble testimony against your idea of *instantaneous pardon*, and forgiveness ; for though we must be either pardoned or not pardoned, in the eternal mind of God, yet the evidence, or sense of that pardon, can only be made known to me, as I find I am blessed with that “ faith, which is of the operation of God,” and which consequently, will enable me to bring forth fruit to his glory ; and these are the only evidences that the Scriptures warrant ; and on which the soul may safely rely.

Whim. Sir, I can't take in your doctrine at all ; is it not said, “ the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come into his temple.”

Bri. And so he did, when the Infant Savior, unexpectedly came into his Father's Temple, to receive the dedicating ordinance of circumcision : but to found an argument on such mere allusions, is never the way to convince those, who expect a reason for what they are to believe.

Slapd. In my opinion, this notion of instantaneous pardon, as from an *express revelation*, is more objectionable than the former, and creates presumptuous hypocrites, by thousands.

Spri. I cannot see any material difference between the faith of Mr. Whimsey, and the faith of those Antinomians, who have lately attempted to gain a

footing in our Town ; for while the one set talk as if no faith were genuine, which does not come into the mind by an instantaneous impulse ; the others insist upon it, that faith is nothing but a mere believing in *the direct testimony of the word* : that as Christ has performed the Redeemer's office, therefore he is *their* Redeemer, only because they believe it, even while they are living in adultery, or cutting a throat.* Yet these both presume they are right, from the mere fancy, or fond persuasion of the mind ; while we can have no scriptural evidence that we are justified by faith, according to St. Paul, but as we have works to justify our faith, according to St. James.

Whim. Why Mr. Slapdash, I always thought you were a Calvinist.

Slapd. Yes Sir, I am a Calvinist ; and that makes me such an enemy to all sorts of Antinomianism. But if you mean to call any of us Calvinists, supposing we implicitly adopt the creed that Calvin has made out for us to believe, we renounce the name, however we may revere the memory of the man. We wish no more to follow him, than others who were the great lights, who sprung up in that day. But if the charge is, that we are led by the same spirit to adopt the same truths that were admitted, without controversy, for a hundred years after the reformation ; we most readily yield to the charge. But pray Sir, may we be favored with the definition of what you call Calvinism ?

Whim. Why Sir, many with whom I have been acquainted, thus explain what it means. " If we are elected, do whatever wickedness we *will*, we are sure to be saved ; and if we are not elected, let us do what we *can* to be saved, we are sure to be damned."

Bri. Now Mr. Whimsey, let me seriously ask you this question. I was your Curate for sixteen months and at times you heard me preach, and though you frequently told me, that I was leaning too much to-

* See Dialogue 38.

wards Calvinism, did you ever hear me drop a single hint, which could have the most distant tendency towards sentiments like these? or from what pulpits, or from what Minister did you ever hear language so blasphemous and profane?

Whim. Not directly so, but this is what is understood by Calvinism.

Slap. Understood by Calvinism!---This fully proves that you understand nothing about it, when those Ministers, you and others so artfully and unmercifully malign, are ever urging just the reverse. Are we not ever pressing upon our careless hearers, that while they are despisers, and profane neglecters of the means of grace, while they will not come unto Christ that they may have life, that they give every evidence in their power against themselves, that they are "given over to a reprobate mind," and are therefore permitted in just wrath to commit "all uncleanness with greediness?" and are we not ever assuring all those, who are "giving diligence to make their calling and election sure," that every repenting and believing sinner, who thus cometh, the Lord *will* in no wise cast out? And I am further persuaded, that this is much purer, and safer ground to go upon, than any *antinomian persuasion* on the one hand, or any of your enthusiastic, *instantaneous impulses* on the other; and that before any evidences whatever can be produced. When will such men abstain from this wicked art of misrepresenting, what they cannot refute?

Whim. Why I must say, that some sort of preachers say things they ought not, when they want to deter the people from attending on your sort of preaching: and I confess, that such as are accused of holding these doctrines, are as diligent in their way, as we can be in ours! nor are you so apt to *fall from grace** in your way, as we are in ours.

Slapd. If every impression upon the imagination is to be called *grace*, no wonder that it flies off so

* Yet that misquoted expression simply means, falling from a profession of the Gospel.

speedily, and evaporates so completely. So that the mystery of such people falling from grace, is easily unraveled,---they fell from that they never had. However wantonly you, and others may charge us with antinomianism, (a foul and filthy system we completely detest,) perhaps on investigation, we shall find our accusers much nearer to it than ourselves; for while we confess that every good work must have a beginning, yet we are not so inquisitive after first impressions, and for times and dates, as you and others may be. These *go for nothing* with us, but as their *future* effects and consequences prove them to have been from God. We believe that regeneration is a new creation; an immortal purifying seed; which liveth and abideth for ever. We conclude therefore, that we have no right to suppose we are justified, and accepted in Christ, but as we are cleansed, and sanctified by the Spirit of Christ, dwelling in us, and enabling us by the grace of perseverance, to persevere unto the end.

Bri. What an excellent sermon Mr. Lovegood preached the other day, upon that text, "The Spirit beareth witness with our Spirits, that we are the children of God!" To me, he made it out, as clear as the light, that the Spirit bore witness to nothing but his own work upon the soul, and that the only evidence the Spirit of God gives us, is by the vouchsafement of those graces, which so blessedly belong to those, who belong to Him; and that though we may have our doubts and fears, while we find that those graces are in a weak and languid state; yet such fears, if they drove us nearer to the Lord, would be a blessing to us, still working for our eternal good; that we might be led to put our more solemn, and entire dependence alone on him.

And how well he proved, that such holy fears while they direct us to be righteous, they completely prevent us from being self-righteous; for "that we should trust in ourselves, that we are righteous," for that this holy knowledge of ourselves, would further

lead us, not to trust on these his gracious gifts, but on him the merciful giver, who would become more, and more the confidence, and the rejoicing of our souls.

Slapd. Now Sir, from these *dreadful* calvinistic sentiments, you may extract all the Antinomianism you can. And when I want a further dash at these dangerous delusions, I am fond of bringing forward that passage, "And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments."*

Whim. I find you think us very inconsistent, but you are nearer to us in that point, than I thought you were; for it is upon that principle, some of us have grounded our doctrine of a second justification by work.

Slapd. Therein we differ from you as widely as on other points; we believe our sanctification has nothing at all to do with our justification; in short, that we are no more justified by our *good works*, than we are by our *bad ones*, only as they are *evidences* of our being justified, so that we can from the bottom of our hearts adopt the prayer, O God who seest that "we put not our trust in *any thing we do*." Holy fruits being only the *effects*: they *follow after*. Our works thus *follow* us to glory, and it is to God's grace alone, we ascribe all the praise.

Whim. I confess, you explain all your doctrines in a very different way, to what I have heard them explained by many of our Preachers.

Slapd. I wish with all my heart I could impute this to their ignorance, but I fear a deal of art is frequently resorted to, in order to terrify the minds of those who are not permitted to read or think for themselves. Were we positively to push home, all the conclusions that we suppose may be drawn from the contrary system, as being that which was *positively designed* by the maintainers of that system, they would be justly indignant at such an unwarrantable attack.

Supposing people are in error, they should at least be permitted to draw their own conclusions, and not

* 1 John 2, 3.

be charged with sentiments they utterly abhor. Though a deluded Jew, rejoices in the murder of Christ by his forefathers, as a just punishment due to an impostor, yet I have no reason to conclude he would rejoice in my murder, if he had it in his power.

Whim. I confess, I never heard you say, when you were my curate, what a preacher said, the Calvinists suppose Jesus Christ might say, when a poor sinner came to him crying for mercy.

Slapd. What could that be?

Whim. Why, the preacher, who was rather an orator, as far as I can recollect, said thus:—supposing a poor penitent, convinced of sin, was to come to Christ, pleading for mercy, and promising to renounce sin, and begging to be pardoned for the time to come; What are we to suppose! according to the horrid dogmas of Calvin; O how I shudder at the thought, that the loving Saviour should say, Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels; you are none of my elect; my blood was never shed for you! But I rather think he went too far.

Slapd. Yes Sir, and with your leave, I'll venture to go a step further. It was, I fear, a designed trick; an artful falshood. He must know that we conclude every penitent believer is already accepted in the purpose of God, or he never would have come: for that "all that the Father hath given him, *shall* come to him; and that whosoever cometh he *will* in no wise cast out."

Bri. Sir, were you not shocked at this most vile perversion of our sentiments?

Whim. Why Sir, your opinion is, that Christ will never add to the number of his elect.

Bri. Will you answer me one question: can God dispense with his own foreknowledge? Can he lay aside that which belongs to his infinite existence? Can an infinite Being, who preordains all causes, be ignorant of the effect which those causes must produce?

Whim. Some among us, have doubted whether God may not dispense with his own foreknowledge.

Bri. Sir, is it possible you can entertain such a sentiment? Have you any passage of scripture to bear you out?

Whim. I had rather talk no more on this subject.

Bri. Sir, we most readily agree to drop it; it is a subject too deep for us to fathom. For whatever God's future designs may be, they are most wisely hid from us, that we may attend to that which is our duty, according to his commands.

Whim. I think the Calvinists are misunderstood. Good-morning to you Gentlemen. I have a long ride to take this evening.

Spri. O! but Sir, you must stop and dine with us. Our religious controversies should not interrupt our friendship and esteem for each other.

The invitation is accepted, the same subject was continued at the dinner, which will not be narrated, as these pages inadvertently swell beyond their first design, still a valuable end will be answered by this dialogue, if we are led to see more of the wisdom of God in his work upon the heart, and are less free in our unguarded conclusions against others.

DIALOGUE XLIV.

MR. WORTHY AND FAMILY, MR. LOVEGOOD, SIR THOMAS
FRIEND, AND FARMER LITTLEWORTH.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, DISGRACE, AND RUIN.

THE reader's attention has now been engaged for a considerable time at Sandover; and having been informed of the happy termination of the melancholy death of Mr. Merryman, he is once more invited back to Brookfield, to hear the conclusion of these events. Nothing occurred for several months of sufficient consequence to demand a share of the reader's attention, excepting the promotion of Thomas Newman, to the office of Parish Clerk, upon the death of Andrew Snuffle. This was an event of considerable magnitude to himself and his family.

My Readers would have been pleased to see what humble attention he manifested, when, for the first time, he escorted the worthy Vicar from the vestry through the crowded aisles into the reading desk; with what becoming gravity and devotion he next entered his own desk; and how attentively he conducted that part of the service, which was now his office to perform; while the congregation could not but admire how well he looked, dressed in a decent suit of grey clothes; and indeed clad in new apparel, *from top to toe*, by the benevolence of Mr. Worthy. At the same time, it may easily be supposed, what the general feelings of the large assemblage were, for the credit of the new Clerk of Brookfield Church. And as for poor

Betty, what she felt for him throughout the service, and especially when he raised the psalm, is not so easily to be conceived. I am happy however to say, that he performed his office to the admiration of all; insomuch, that in the church yard, (how it happened I cannot say,) Mr. Worthy and his family thus accosted him: "How do you do *Mister Newman*? we congratulate you very heartily upon your preferment—You have conducted your part of the service admirably to our satisfaction; and may you long live to enjoy your office!" While in addition to this, it seems, Mr. Worthy, at all times affable and kind, gave him a friendly shake by the hand.

No wonder that honest Thomas was quite upset, by such an address from this *right honorable Esquire*; and how to reply he could not tell. But that he should, for the first time be called, *Mister Newman*, surprized him most of all. He was satisfied this title could not have been recently imported, either from London or from Bath, as Mr. Worthy knew better, than to waste his time or property, in visiting any places of public resort, but as necessity required. Brookfield Hall was his paradise; and there he, almost constantly resided to make every one as happy as himself.

I question however, as modern times go, if Mr. Worthy went much beyond the mark, in conferring such a title on this respectable peasant; for if, according to the general courtesy which prevails throughout the metropolis, where every shopman is a *Mister*, and every washerwoman and charwoman a *Mistress*, why should not the worthy Clerk of Brookfield Church be addressed as *Mister* also?

As for the title of *Esquire*, we know to what an extent it is now bestowed. It belongs almost to every Haberdasher and Hosier, to every Lawyer and Lawyer's clerk, and nearly to every Apothecary and Apothecary's scout: and of late, it seems every sprig of divinity at either of our universities, is an *Esquire*, till the transmogrifying hand of the Bishop forbids

that title to exist any longer. And as every Esquire has a right to his armorial bearings, from some of his renowned ancestors, no doubt, but by the assistance of a little *endless genealogy*, all these esquires may resume them, whenever they chuse.

Though my good friend Thomas Newman may thus stand registered among the *Misters*, from the ecclesiastical rank to which he has been advanced, yet for my sake, higher than this, I hope he will not attempt to climb; for though he may deserve not a little credit in understanding Divinity, if not in its most critical, yet in its best and purest sense, better than many a Doctor so called. And though very frequently a wind from the North, is apt to blow these honors over to us in large abundance, (fees being first duly paid,) yet I confess I might feel it a little mortifying, were I to hear of *Doctor Newman*, while I must be contented to be plain *Mister* (alas for me!) all the days of my life. But yet I conceive, if *Mister Newman* really were to meet with one, who might be willing to pay the purchase money, for a Doctor's degree on his behalf; he would certainly shew his good sense and modesty in declining the honor, as many others have done before him. He and I humbly acknowledge, we have never enriched the world by our scientific knowledge, or literary pages; and therefore cannot deserve those honors, which we conceive to be well and wisely bestowed on those, whose respectable abilities, and high erudition, deserve such a distinguished appellation. And while many are actually deterred from accepting such honors as would well become them, by others assuming them; these must be left to try, how far being mounted upon such lofty pedestals, as were never designed for them, will make them a single atom bigger than they really are.

But while we all rejoiced at the promotion of this engaging peasant, an unhappy event took place, which tried Farmer Littleworth and his family to the quick. The Reader will remember, how Miss Patty Little-

worth was married, much against the farmer's inclination, to William Frolic : and as might be expected, many were the calamities which resulted from this unhappy match.

After a considerable time had elapsed, the farmer went down one Monday morning to Mr. Lovegood's, with the following story :—

Far. O Sir ! I hope you will excuse me I am come to tell you of my fresh troubles, if you have not heard of them before : Sam Blood, Ned Sparkish, and my son-in-law, William Frolic, are all cast for death, and left for execution on Saturday next.—I think my poor daughter will break her heart.

Loveg. I feel for you exceedingly, but I heard of that news before from Mr. Worthy, who called here about half an hour ago, and I was just coming to give you a visit on this very trying event.

Far. Oh Sir ! what can be done ? my poor wife is almost in as much trouble as my daughter, for though at first, she was quite as much against the match as I could be, but when he made ever so many vows and promises that he would reform, she began to give way, and she now blames herself, that she was not more resolute against it.

Loveg. Ah ^{Mr.} Littleworth ! we have very little reason to hope for the *reformation* of manners, without the *renovation* of the heart.

Far. Aye, aye Sir, I know that is very true—But what can be done ? if he could only be saved from the gallows, that is all I want. He is such a wicked, wild blade, that I should not at all care if he were to be transported to Botany Bay for life, if it were only that he might be banished from his wicked companions.

Loveg. Sir, had we not better walk to the Hall, and consult with Mr. Worthy on this unhappy occasion ?

Far. If the 'Squire should not think us intruding, I

should be very glad if his honor would but suffer us to trespass a little on his time, that we may have some of his good advice.

Loveg. We all know how willing he is to give his kind counsel on every needed occasion—Come Sir, let us go directly.

Mrs. Loveg. Oh my dear ! you must not go to Mr. Worthy's in that shabby hat and coat. [To the maid.] Nelly, step up stairs, and bring down your Master's other coat and waiscoat, and his best hat.

Loveg. Never mind my dear, Mr. Worthy won't be offended at my old coat ; no man more easily dispenses with the formalities of dress.

Mrs. Loveg. But you know, Sir Thomas and Lady Friend are there, and I should be ashamed to see you go out of the house, without something better to appear in before such company.

[Mr. Lovegood submits, and is properly equipped. The Farmer and he are introduced into the library ; where Mr. Worthy and Sir Thomas were in conversation over some new-invented models, for the improvement of husbandry.]

Loveg. Sir, I am afraid we interrupt you, but we wait upon you for your advice, respecting the distressing situation of Mr. Littleworth's family.---His wife and daughter are almost broken-hearted.

Wor. Come in ; sit down : Sir Thomas and I were only talking over this new-invented threshing machine, and some other improvements in husbandry ; but we will lay that aside, and shall be ready to give you our best advice. I have already told Sir Thomas, some of the circumstances of this unhappy event.

Sir Thos. Yes Sir, but I don't know many of the particulars.

Loveg. We are ready to furnish you Sir, with the best information in our power, and what are the designs of our present application.---Perhaps Sir, we may be favored with your assistance, as you are so well known in the county, on my distressed friend's behalf.

Far. O Sir ! if your honor could but lend your aid with our worthy 'Squire, to save my poor son-in-law from the gallows, that is all I want. I confess he is unfit to live, but I am sure he is very unfit to die.

Sir Thos. How came the youth in this unhappy situation ?---What are his connexions ? It is much to be lamented that your daughter made such an unfortunate choice.

Far. Ah Sir ! I did all in my power to *thwart* the match ; and so did my wife too at the first ; but somehow, at last, he contrived to get on her *blind side*, as we say, by making such promises and vows, how he would mend his manners, and reform his life, if we would but consent to the match. And then there was a little money in the case ; for old master Frolic, of the Nag's head, who has always been fond of entertaining his customers, out of a set of low vulgar joke books, used to get a number of them together, and has been making himself rich by the *ruination* of half the Parish ; for his house was never clear from a set of tipplers, and dram-drinkers, *of all sorts and sizes*. And then he used to tell us what famous expectations he had from an old *miserly* rich uncle who lived in our Town, provided he did but reform.

Loveg. I can assure you Sir Thomas, no sort of blame rests on Mr. Littleworth on that score ; for he always suspected the fallacy of the young man's resolutions and pretensions to reformation : but the young woman's foolish fondness for the unhappy rake, carried all before it, while my good old friend always disliked the *man*, and his connexions, as bad as his occupation.

Far. Why your honor, what could be expected from a wicked, wild young chap, who was acquainted with all the rakes up and down the country, far and wide ; while his father's house was the *main* place of their resort ! and though my dear Harry was once almost as bad, yet there is no trusting any one till they are converted by the grace of God, as I am sure he is,—the Lord be praised !

Sir Thos. Yes, my respectable neighbour, Dr. Orderly was telling me what a wonderful reformation had taken place on your son. It is a pity the young man could not have been persuaded to *fortify his purposes of amendment with stronger resolutions*, after his marriage.

Loveg. Ah Sir! the worthy Doctor and I, have had many a long conversation on that subject, but our firmest resolutions are sure to fail, while corrupted nature prevails. Good can never stand, while it has nothing but an evil heart for its foundation.

Far. Aye, in my wicked days, I was a wonderful great resolution-maker, but I no sooner made them, than I was sure to break them; yet this makes me pity the poor youth to the bottom of my heart, though by his wicked ways, especially since his father's death, he has been the *ruination* of his mother, my daughter, and himself.

Sir Thos. What, then is his poor father lately dead?

Far. Oh yes Sir he died about two months after my daughter was married to his son, he was *desperate* ill about that time; and though he was one of the most wicked, *romancing* fellows in the Parish, and kept up a deal of *merrymen*t in his house to entertain his customers; yet when he came to die, he had a *conceivance* that his son would ruin his family by his wicked, wild ways, and would oftentimes talk to him very gravely, about reforming his manners, but it was more out of fear lest he should spend all his money, than any thing else; and that made him so mighty desirous that he should marry my daughter, that he might get into a sober family, as he called it, though he had drunk himself into a dropsy, by tippling with every body who came into his house.

Sir Thos. The father then was not such an extravagant spendthrift as his son.

Far. Oh no, his *main* delight was to get all the custom he could: he did not care who was ruined by

their drunken ways at his house, if he could but make himself rich, through their wickedness and folly.

Sir Thos. The existence of such houses is a very great evil. They are the ruin of thousands.

Wor. You should have said, of tens of thousands—If however, I could but reach them, they should not long exist; but as almost all the Town of Mapleton is under the influence of Lord Rakish, there is no doing any good in that place; what I attempt to suppress, that he is sure to support. Our own Village and neighbourhood is kept in tolerable order, and it grieves me that I can proceed no further.

Sir Thos. Well, and I have attempted to persuade my worthy friend Doctor Orderly, to act with me as a Magistrate; but his objection always was, that he should only perplex his mind, and, after all, be able to do little or no good: for that there are two or three of the Clergy, who are by no means like the Doctor, and they are entirely under the management of some of the gentry in the neighbourhood, who are in the commission, and who are quite loose and careless, and mind nothing but their sports; and no good can be expected, while it rests with bad people, to correct the bad manners of others, especially when the Clergy degrade themselves, by submitting to be the dupes of the profligate among the great: but as the old man was so very anxious that his son might reform, I hope before he died, *he reformed himself*.

Far. Ah Sir! we make a bad hand of it when we *reform ourselves*. There is an old schoolmaster in our Parish, Master Goodenough, the Squire knows him, and he desired him to settle his affairs, and to send for Mr. Dolittle to give him the sacrament; and while they were lifting him up in his bed, he fell back and died before ever he had made his will, or received the sacrament; and his death soon proved the *ruination* of all the family.

Sir Thos. How so, Mr. Littleworth?

Far. Why Sir, directly as his father died, he laid

his hands upon all he had left behind him; and before he was well cold in his grave, he set off at such a rate, while every good-for-nothing fellow was after him, far and near. For though his old father in his wicked way, had mustered up full two thousand pounds, yet in a little more than fourteen months, it was all gone.

Sir Thos. How, in the name of wonder, could he, in his line, squander away such a deal of money in so short a time!

Far. Why Sir, first of all, the extravagant *blade* gave eighty guineas for a very fine hunter; but this he said would pay him very well, as it would bring a deal of their sort of rakish company to his house: but instead of their being his guests, he would treat them all; and then try if he could not pay himself back again by gaming with them; and then they would make him half drunk, and pick his pocket of hundreds.

Sir Thos. No wonder that he so soon ruined himself, if he got connected with a set of gamblers and sharpers.

Far. Why your Honor, he was after them morning, noon, and night; and then he got acquainted with that strange wild *blade*, 'Squire Madcap, who knows how to take care of himself, while he can trick others; and because the 'Squire knew he had a little money, he pretended to be very gracious with him; and he got him to give two hundred guineas for a race-horse, which was to beat all the horses in the country. And away he went with him to Gambleton races, cracking and boasting *as how* he was worth double the money, as he thought he was to get thousands by him. And there, by his gamings and bettings, he lost five hundred pounds, and came home to his wife half mad, through disappointment and rage.

Sir Thos. No wonder that he brought himself to ruin by such extravagances as these.—Those public

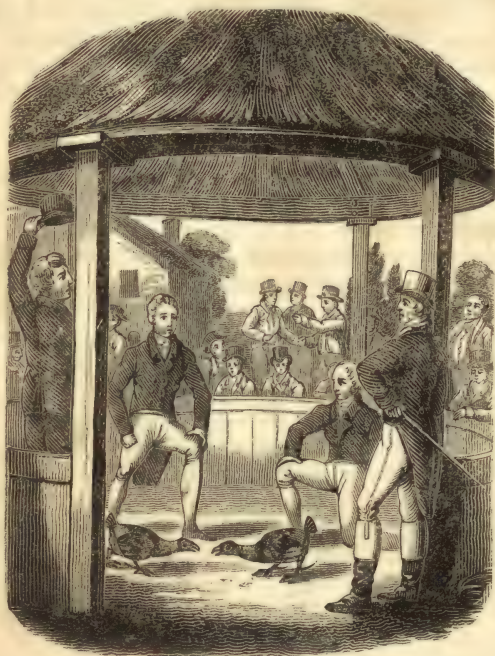
horse-races are the destruction of thousands. I never suffer any of my family to go near them.

Far. Aye, and when he found that his money was almost all gone, he would be swearing by his maker, in the most *blaspheming* way, that either he would go on to *ruination*, or fetch it all back again; and it was not above fourteen months after his father's death, before what the old man had got in his wicked ways, was all spent by this rakish blade, in ways if possible, much *wickeder* still. Aye, and what is worse than all, he has ruined his poor mother, and unmarried sister into the bargain, by spending what by right, should have come to them; though as to his sister, she is a *sad saucy puss* as ever lived; and no wonder, when we consider how they bred her up; but I must say nothing on that score: the Lord be praised that I was not permitted to live according to the natural corruptions of my heart, all the days of my life!

Sir Thos. This has proved a very unfortunate match for your daughter.

Far. Ah Sir, though he appeared mighty loving to her at first, yet they had not been married together above a month, before she began to *rue* the day that ever she saw him. There she would be coming to our house, to tell of all her grievances, when he would be away from her upon his rakish tricks, night after night; and when I heard that he had got linked in with that desperate fellow, Sam Blood, who has been in goal before now, I thought what would become of it; and my poor daughter feels all the more since she knows I could not advise her against the match; but now she hears he is cast for death, and left for execution, she is almost distracted.

Wor. This is a terrible family calamity, and justice must at times, be stern. I fear it will be very difficult to prevent the fatal stroke, especially as the young man has been known to be so wild and worthless. And his connexion with that horrid fellow, Sam Blood, will go much against both him and young Sparkish,



COCK-FIGHTING.

Farmer. Why your Honour knows how Sam Blood, Ned Sparkish, and my son-in-law, all went to that wicked town where Lord Rakish and Squire Wild were to have first a bull-baiting, next a boxing-match, then a badger-playing, and afterwards a cock-fighting.

Lovegood. These abominably cruel sports are productive of a deal of evil, wherever they are permitted to exist.

Sir Thomas. I suppressed one of their cock-pits not long ago, that some loose rakes were attempting to promote in our neighbourhood.

though I am told that Sam Blood is by far the most daring and villanous of the three.

Sir Thos. I am not as yet acquainted with the particulars of the offence.

Far. If your honor can but save his life, I shall be glad to tell you all I know. After he had lost all he was worth among these gamblers by his horse-racings, excepting the little maintenance I settled on my daughter, and what he still got by selling liquors, his next project was to see if he could not fetch back his money again, by cock-fighting.

Wor. So that when he could not afford to game in a more extravagant way, he attempted it in another style.

Loveg. These abominably cruel sports are productive of a deal of evil, wherever they are permitted to exist.

Sir Thos. I suppressed one of their cock-pits not long ago, that some loose rakes were attempting to promote in our neighbourhood, though it was with some difficulty, through the negligence and connivance of some other magistrates in those parts.

Far. It had been well for Will Frolic, if there had been none of those places within his reach; for there he went off to Gambleton with his fighting-cocks, and we never heard of him for three days, till after he was committed to gaol.

Wor. Will you tell Sir Thomas how this unhappy event took place?

Far. Why your Honor knows how Sam Blood and Ned Sparkish, and my Son-in-law, all went to that wicked Town, where Lord Rakish and 'Squire Wild were to have first a bull-baiting, next a boxing-match, then a cudgel-playing, and afterwards a cock-fighting, in the evening. I don't think there are two such *gentlemen* blackguards to be found any where like them; for all the other *common* blackguards, are sure to be after them, far and wide.

Loveg. You must excuse the strong language of my good old friend, Sir Thomas. And no wonder, since

he has felt such mischievous consequences from their bad example.

Sir Thos. Oh no, Mr. Littleworth is quite right.— If I thought I had two such blackguards as helpers in my stables, I should surely turn them off, lest they should corrupt the rest; neither estate nor titles can make the real gentleman after all; [to Farmer Littleworth,] But Sir, will you continue your story?

Far. Why Sir, after they had been at it all day, betting and gaming with the swindlers and sharpers, who came together from all parts of the country, they were in hopes that they should get it back again by their cock-fightings in the evening: and there they quite did it all up, and got themselves in debt into the bargain; and then as they say, by the persuasion of Sam Blood, they agreed to get up at two o'clock in the morning, and rob the public-house where they were; and after they had broken open different cupboards and places, to get all the money and plate, by throwing down a large tea-board, they awakened the landlord and his family; and just as they were opening the door to run off with their prey, such an alarm was made by the firing of a pistol, that they were all directly stopped in the street.

Wor. I fear it will be a difficult task to save their lives, for it seems they had all loaded pistols; and though Sam Blood first snapt his pistol at the landlord's son, without effect, yet he took a second aim at the young man, while he was attempting to escape for his life, and gave him a very dangerous wound upon his shoulder.

Far. Now William Frolic says, he can declare on the word of a dying man, that he had no pistol of his own, but that Sam Blood, while all in a hurry, that they might make their escape, lent him one of his, though he never attempted to fire it; and as for that poor simple fellow, Ned Sparkish, no matter if he was to be wipt at the cart's tail, from one end of the Parish to the other, yet he had no pistol at all, only he made a flourish with an old rusty sword which he found in

the house, that he might make his escape; and they say he was a very orderly lad, till Sam Blood got hold on him and led him astray.

Sir Thos. If these circumstances might be made known to the Judge, perhaps life might be granted to your son-in-law and the other youth.

Wor. As to Sam Blood, I should suppose that no interference for him can be attended with success.—Justice, at times, demands a sacrifice which must not be dispensed with; and where an attempt to commit murder is added to thievery, the crime becomes very heinous indeed.

Far. But as neither my Son-in-law, nor Ned Sparkish had any thoughts of that sort, perhaps my Lord Judge might yet send them a pardon, if he knew the rights of it. Oh if your Honor could but get the Judge to spare his life, how thankful should I be!

Wor. Why there is one favorable event. Mr. Lovely, in consequence of his possessing his old Uncle's property, has been appointed Sheriff for the County: perhaps he may obtain mercy for two of them, when it is fully understood that no intentional murder was designed, though under such a supposition, no wonder that they were all left for death.

Far. O Sir! if you two worthy gentlemen would but write out a petition, I know that dear Gentleman, 'Squire Lovely would be mighty glad to present it to his Lordship. As to my daughter, poor girl, she has miscarried once; and she begins again to draw near her time, and she sits crying and sobbing all the day long: it breaks our very hearts to hear her,—and as to my wife and I, especially as the infirmities of old age begin to creep fast upon us, these troubles are enough to bring down our grey hairs, with sorrow to the grave.

Mrs. Wor. But as the assizes are now over, the Judge must have left the county, and Mr. Lovely must have returned; and I am told, Mrs. Lovely expects to be confined the latter end of this month, or perhaps sooner; and as this is rather an unexpected event

from the weak state of her health, I dont know he will choose to leave the house again, under such circumstances, though none of us can have a doubt respecting the affectionate willingness of his mind.

Sir Thos. Why, I am told, Mr. Lovely stands very high in the Judge's favor, on account of his excellent character, and engaging conduct; and as it is the same Judge who favored me with a visit when he went this circuit on the last summer assizes, I will venture to write myself on the behalf of these unhappy creatures. I know the Judge to be a very considerate and merciful man: he will be glad to hear of any circumstances which lessens their guilt.

Wor. Well then Mr. Littleworth, that no time may be lost, we will write directly, and state these favorable circumstances, and send the letters by this night's post.

Far. O Sir! but if young 'Squire Lovely should be called from home, or the letter should miscarry, had I not better send my dear child Harry with the letters?

Wor. It will be certainly the safest, and at the same time it will look more respectful. And if our worthy Minister could go too, it would be the better still.

Loveg. Oh Sir! you are for sending me upon every errand.

Wor. Because no one is so fit. And I am sure it would be a great satisfaction to Mr. Henry Littleworth, if you could but attend him with your counsel and advice.

Far. Aye, that it would, and I am sure he will sadly need such company. Dear child! what must he feel, when he goes to see those poor creatures in irons, and locked up in a gaol like so many wild beasts, when he recollects what a wicked *blade* he was, before he felt the converting grace of God in his own heart. [To Mr. Lovegood.] And oh Sir! what a blessing it might be to the souls of these poor thoughtless creatures, now they have brought themselves into

such trouble, if you could but go and tell them of the free grace and mercy of Jesus Christ to poor perishing sinners, and how blessedly he can change their hearts.

Loveg. Oh Mr. Littleworth, your son will know how to talk upon that subject from his own experience better than I should.

Wor. Well I find at times, we must come to a point with you directly. It is now Monday, and Saturday being the market-day, is the appointed time for their execution; therefore not an hour can be lost. I shall send for a chaise from Mapleton, and you shall both be off by six o'clock to-morrow morning, that you may if possible see Mr. Lovely by noon: we will this very evening draw up the petition, Sir Thomas, and I will sign it: and I am sure Mr. Lovely will take it immediately to the Judge, if possible: perhaps he will have to follow him some way through the circuit, though I dare say he'll soon overtake him.

Loveg. Indeed Sir, you put too much upon me.

Wor. No Sir, nor half enough. I know the defects of your disposition better than you know them yourself: your modesty and diffidence cramp your zeal, and limit your usefulness; how wrong you did in resisting the overtures of Mr. Lovely, to be his Sheriff's Chaplain, though he has certainly fixed on a very proper person, in appointing young Mr. Brightman to that office.

Loveg. Ah Sir! if there had not been a Mr. Brightman in the case, I might have accepted the appointment: and you know how well he can perform the office.

Wor. I believe, whenever you are appointed to a Bishoprick, no man upon earth will say with a better conscience, "nolo episcopari," than yourself.

Loveg. Under such positive orders, I must obey; and, as I can return again to my station by the next Sunday, I am not inclined to urge another objection.

Far. Oh Sir, the Lord be praised . the Lord be praised ! I'll go home directly and tell Harry to get ready as fast as he can, and he shall tell Patty what we are about. Poor Girl ! she is ready to break her heart.

Wor. [To Mr. Lovegood.] But won't you drop us a short prayer before we part. [Lovegood complies, and only uses the following collect :]

“ Prevent us O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help ; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and, finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Wor. [After prayer.] Sir, you are never too long in prayer, but now you have been much too short.

Loveg. Yes Sir, but time directed us to comprise much in a little ; and if God prevents,* or goes before us in all our doings, we cannot have a better guide ; and while we ask that all our works may be begun, continued, and ended in him, we can neither request, nor receive a greater blessing, and then we shall certainly glorify his holy name. They all retire.

* Such is the original meaning of the word, from *Prævenio*, to be before.

DIALOGUE XLV.

MR. WORTHY AND FAMILY, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND HENRY
LITTLEWORTH.

PRISON MEDITATIONS.

NO other alteration in the plan settled in the former dialogue took place, than that by the humble request of Mrs Sparkish, she might be permitted to take a part in the same chaise procured for Mr. Lovegood and Mr. H. Littleworth, by the benevolent Mr. Worthy, that she might know how far the present attempt to save her son's life might succeed ; or else bathe him in her tears, before he was given over into the hands of the executioner for death.

On the return of Henry and Mr. Lovegood, they both went to Mr. Worthy's by his peculiar desire. Mrs. Sparkish alighted at her own house, as they passed through Mapleton to Brookfield Hall ; they did not arrive till late on the Saturday afternoon ; the dialogue thus began :

Wor. [To Mr. Lovegood.] How do you do my good Sir ? [to Henry.] How are you Mr. Henry ? we have scarcely finished our tea, will you take a cup with us ?

[They accept it ; and while the tea was handed about, the conversation continued.]

Wor. We have followed you with many an anxious thought, since you left us. I almost fear by your looks to ask what has been the result.

Loveg. Sir, I never was so agitated in all my life,

what I have seen this morning, and indeed all through, has almost entirely overset me.

Wor. What, then have all of them been left to suffer?

Loveg. Oh no Sir, Sam Blood alone was, and I think very deservedly, given over to death: he was a most desperate, hardened, bloody-minded man.

Wor. Our Judges are very merciful.—They will always save lives if they can; though justice must not always sleep, or we should not be permitted to sleep in our beds.

Loveg. Sir, we have just proved that to be the case, as it respects poor Frolic and Sparkish.—But still, to see a fellow-creature hung up by the neck like a dog, as unfit to live, what a mortifying event! what a proof of the fall!—The first man born into the world by natural generation, was as bad as he could be.—A murderer of his righteous brother.

Mrs. Wor. But Sir, we are solicitous to hear a more regular narration of these events.

Loveg. Madam, it begins to be late, and it is Saturday evening, and Mrs. Lovegood and the children will be anxious to see me as soon as may be.

Mrs. Wor. But Sir, we will send word to Mrs. Lovegood that you are returned safe, though we would not wish to detain you long, while you give us a short detail of the result of your journey.

Loveg. Well, then Mr. Henry, you must assist me, if I omit any circumstances which are material.

Hen. Sir, I dare say you will remember most of them—I never shall forget what I have seen. If it had not been for the grace of God, William Frolic and I, who have been such sinners together, might have been hanged together on that very day on which Sam Blood was called to suffer.

Mrs. Wor. [To Mrs. Merryman.] My dear, won't the story be too much for you, as your spirits are so weak?

Mrs. Mer. Oh my dear Mr. Merryman! how he used to say he always aimed at the worst first, because

he was once so thoughtless himself: I think I shall be able to bear the story, and I beg it may not be shortened on my account.

Loveg. Why Madam, there was a deal of mercy intermixed with judgment: I hope the hearing of it may not be too much for you, though altogether, it has been almost too much for me.

Wor. How long was it, after you set out, before you reached Mr Lovely?

Loveg. Not till near two o'clock. Those cross roads you know, run bad, and it is too far for one stage, so that we were obliged to bait, or the poor horses would have suffered exceedingly.

Wor. And how did you find the dear creatures?

Loveg. Oh Sir! we were almost as much overcome with joy when there, as we were afterwards with grief and suspense. Dear Mrs. Lovely was brought to bed of a fine boy the very day before we went. It seems this event took place rather sooner than was expected, though the mother and the child, are both in a fair way to do well. The dear young man was so overcome by this mercy, that he could do nothing but weep for joy.

Mrs. Wor. Why I told her when she was in the family way, that I had no doubt but she would do well, as her mind was so much more at rest since their marriage.

Hen. But oh the joy of the neighbourhood on this event! It is amazing how much they are both beloved.

Wor. And not without cause. His very natural disposition, prompts him to every thing that is kind; and since he has been blessed with the grace of God, and has been possessed of his old uncle's property, he has both the will and the power, to do almost all the good his heart could wish.—In this instance it has been thoroughly verified, that “the wealth of the sinner, has been laid up for the just.”

Loveg. But this joyful event in Mr. Lovely's family, had nearly been attended with very fatal con-

sequences to the unhappy youths ; for Mr. Lovely, supposed at first, that we were only come on a congratulatory visit, on the birth of his son ; though he was surprised how we could have heard of the news so soon ; and it was sometime before we could interrupt him with our message, he was so overcome with joy.

Mrs. Wor. Certainly it was a hard request, to ask the dear young man, at such an early stage of his wife's delivery, to leave her so soon.

Loveg. Oh Sir, his attachment to his dear wife and child, is beyond description, as you may naturally suppose from his most amiable disposition. And after we had told him our errand, and shewed him the petition to the judge, you may easily guess what a struggle his mind was in. Every quarter of an hour he was enquiring after, or repeating his visits to his dearest Ann, and the little one ; and to think of such a sudden and hasty separation, though but for a day or two, perplexed him exceedingly.

Wor. You really had a difficulty to surmount, how did you accomplish it ?

Loveg. Yes Sir ; and besides this, he had another difficulty before him. An express was sent him but the day before, informing him of the dangerous illness of his rich uncle, and was in hourly expectation to hear of his death ; but notwithstanding all, he immediately expressed his willingness to be the intercessor for these poor creatures ; and however painful, even an hour's absence from Mrs. Lovely might now be, yet as she appeared so well, and as life or death depended on the journey, he was determined to undertake it : the only remaining difficulty was, how to open matters to her, so as to create the least possible pain, or anxiety on her mind.

Wor. And how did you contrive it ?

Loveg. Why about half an hour after we had been in the house, after some conversation on these difficulties, he determined that I should be introduced into Mrs. Lovely's chamber, and in the most gentle

manner, open the business to her; making it my request, together with Mr. Henry Littleworth's, that he might be spared but for two or three days at furthest, to petition for the lives of these poor creatures.

Mrs. Mer. I hope the story was not too much for her.

Loveg. She was almost as much affected at my unexpected visit, as she was at hearing my story; but directly as she heard it, she was as desirous as we could be, that Mr. Lovely should immediately undertake the journey, and addressed him in such language, as was very affecting and kind.

Mrs. Wor. I suppose she would. Both their minds are admirably calculated for each other.

Loveg. When Mr. Lovely expressed his sorrow at the thoughts of leaving her, even for so short a time, and how grieved he should be, if any thing should happen during his short absence: her language was, "Oh no, my dear George, you and I have given ourselves up a thousand times into the hands of our most merciful God. I have a number of good friends around me; I shall want for nothing while you are absent. I know it would almost break your heart, were any thing to keep you back from saving the lives of these poor creatures: I know your disposition so well, that it would be the cruellest thing to prevent you. Oh no, no! go my dear George, go directly, go if it were only for the sake of good old farmer Littleworth; such a trial is enough to break his very heart: you and I know what it was once to be under very sharp trials ourselves; and we make ourselves happy, only as we make others happy in return."

Wor. What a kind amiable creature she is!

Mrs. Wor. It must have been very affecting, to see with what meekness she submitted to the call, while she was lying on her bed with her babe by her side, and her affectionate husband ready to weep, even under this temporary separation, while still so

anxious to perform this act of mercy towards these condemned criminals.

Mrs. Mer. Ah me !—I had such a husband once—
[She weeps, and retires out of the room.]

Loveg. [To Mrs Worthy.] Oh Madam, I am sorry I touched upon that subject.

Mrs. Wor. Ah Sir, it cannot be helped.---Mr. Merryman is scarce ever out of my daughter's mind ; and though we all loved him so much, yet we scarce ever mention his name, as at all times it so exceedingly revives her grief, she cannot bear to hear any body speak of him but herself.

Wor. But how did you next proceed ?

Loveg. Why Sir, after a short prayer, Mr. Lovely immediately prepared for the journey, while it was determined that he should set off early on the next morning to overtake the judge, before he left the circuit, and present him with the petition ; and that Mr. Henry Littleworth, the unhappy Mrs. Sparkish, and myself, should go and visit the condemned prisoners in the county goal ; but then we all agreed, that it would be highly improper to give them the most distant hint that application was making by Mr. Lovely to save their lives, as it might buoy them up with false hopes, had he failed in his attempt.

Wor. Certainly that was the most prudent.—This must have been a very affecting interview.

Loveg. A very affecting one indeed.—After we had refreshed ourselves at the inn, we immediately repaired to the prison, but found we were too late to gain admittance till the next morning.—Poor Mrs. Sparkish was exceedingly affected at this refusal, who had frequently mentioned, during the journey, what her mind had felt from the example she had set before her son.

Wor. Ah ! that is the case with many, who never repent of an evil, till they see its bad consequences and effects.

Loveg. And no doubt, but it was, on this account, that

the first interview which took place the next morning, was so very affecting. There was nothing but sobbing and weeping between them for a considerable time : at length she cried, " Oh my child, what would I give if I could but save your life ! Oh that I had set you a better example ; I fear my behavior has been the cause of your ruin ! " He then cried out, Oh mother, we must forgive each other, as I am now so soon to die ! " Then he looked at me and cried, " Oh Mr. Lovegood ! had I minded what you have preached, I never had worn these irons, or have been condemned to such a disgraceful end.

Wor. How such miserable sinners are led to reproach themselves, after they have accomplished their own ruin, by their extravagance and folly, and profane neglect of God.

Loveg. And such indeed, were the feelings of the unhappy youth ; for first he began telling me such an history of his life, as was quite shocking, till I was obliged to beg of him to desist, by advising him rather to confess the sins of his abominably profligate life before God, rather than before man. It seems that his connexion with common prostitutes, was the cause of his ruin, and that rendered his conscience the very sink of sin, and a very hell of guilt. He then pointed to Mr. Henry, who was retired to the further part of the room, with his Brother-in-law, William Frolic, crying, " Oh what fools ! what devils Frolic and I have been, not to follow the example of Henry Littleworth ! we have ruined ourselves, both soul and body, while he has nothing before him, though once so wild, and now so changed, but a prosperous and a happy life."

Wor. Such sort of expressions sound like genuine repentance.

Loveg. Oh Sir ! there is no knowing under such circumstances.—There was one speech of his, which made me fear that all his repentance was more the effects of terror than of grace : he said that if Mr. Worthy or Lord Rakish, for that he had the honor

to know his lordship, could but get him a pardon, he would lead quite another life for the time to come. And his poor mother had almost said too much, as she knew the plan laid for the saving of his life ; but I immediately checked her, by observing that false hopes, were sometimes attended with more fatal consequences, than downright despair.

Wor. But Mr. Henry, do let us hear how you succeeded with your unhappy Brother-in-law.

Hen. Oh Sir ! I cannot but entertain a hope that as he has been saved from the gallows, so he will be saved from hell, but God only knows. A future day alone can prove the fact.

Mrs. Wor. Come then, I hope you will be able to tell us a more pleasing story ; if so, I'll call in my daughter.---Any thing which gives her comfort, greatly promotes ours. [It is done,---Mrs. Merryman attempts to attend to the utmost of her power.]

Mrs. Wor. My dear, I called you in to hear what Mr. Henry has to say about poor William Frolic, he hopes, that by the grace of God, this awful dispensation may have been over-ruled for the salvation of his soul.

Wor. Now Mr. Henry, we are quite prepared to hear what passed between you both.

Hen. Why Sir, I perceived he was remarkably struck at the unexpected visit from Mr. Lovegood and myself ; and while Edward Sparkish, his Mother and Mr. Lovegood, were in conversation with each other, he and I retired into a corner of the room : he directly burst into tears, and cried, " Oh Henry ! what could influence you to come to see such a horrid wretch as I have been, before I am given over to die for my crimes, when I once did all in my power to make you as bad as myself ; and then I should have had to answer for the damnation of your soul, as well as my own.---Can you forgive me ? " I directly cried " yes, and Christ can forgive us both. " ---He answered, " he has forgiven you : you have been a true penitent ; but God only knows, what

sort of repentance mine is, for on Saturday I am sure to die, and have no time to prove the sincerity of my heart, by better ways." As I could not but help crying all the time I talked to him, I could only say to him, "Oh William! remember the thief upon the cross."

Loveg. No wonder that you were so much affected, when you recollected the terrible attachment which subsisted between you, when you were both "living without God in the world."

Hen. Oh Sir! that was just the point. He directly cried out, "Oh that I might be yet permitted to live, that you might take me as your companion! I hope I should prove the sincerity of my repentance, both before God and man.—But it is now too late. We have been the partakers of the crimes of that hardened desperate fellow, Sam Blood; and though we always dissuaded him against murder, yet being linked in with him, we thought it necessary, at least in appearance, to act as he directed; and by that means we have forfeited our lives. And then he cried, "O good God, what a most wicked heart mine must be, or I could not have been so sinful and abominable all the days of my short life! I have ruined myself; I have ruined my wife: I have ruined the peace of your family by marrying your Sister; and I fear, I shall be ruined to all eternity."

Wor. All this sounds well.

Hen. He once said that he heard Mr. Merryman preach, soon after his conversion; curiosity having excited him to hear one that he had frequently been with, on his different hunting expeditions, how he would act as a serious preacher of the gospel; and conviction, he says, though he continued so wicked, never ceased to follow him after that time.

Wor. [Sighs and says] Ah dear Mr. Merryman!

[Here Mrs. Merryman's feelings were again revived, while the recollection of such a loss of one so useful as a Minister; so pleasant as a man; so devoted as a Christian, ran throughout the company,

and created among them that sympathetic silent grief, as prevented the continuation of the conversation till, Mr. Worthy rang the bell, and ordered a glass of wine for each of the parties : this, though an unusual custom after tea at Brookfield Hall, was now acceptable, especially to the travellers, who had but just finished their journey, and whose minds were so much agitated by those very impressive events which were now the subject of conversation : the writer also will take this opportunity to lay aside his pen, that his spirits and recollection, may be recruited, before he attempts the concluding narration of this tale of woe.

DIALOGUE XLVI.

MR. WORTHY AND FAMILY, MR. LOVEGOOD, AND
HENRY LITTLEWORTH

PRISON MEDITATIONS CONTINUED.

AFTER having given the present room-full of company time to recruit their spirits, the recommencement of the same dialogue may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Wor. As I suppose you have given us the substance of what occurred upon your first visit to the prison, we shall be glad to hear what took place afterwards.

Loveg. Why, after concluding with prayer, we went to the inn, where we passed, or meant to pass, a serious retired evening among ourselves, in order that we might communicate to Mrs. Sparkish, all the instruction and advice, her situation seemed to require.

Hen. [To Mr. Lovegood.] But Sir, you should tell what passed at your introduction of family prayer, while you were at the inn.

Loveg. Oh no Mr. Henry, you should let that pass.

Hen. I am sure Sir, it is a pity it should, for you know it was attended with a great blessing.

Wor. Come Mr. Henry, if Mr. Lovegood won't tell his own stories, you must tell them for him. His modesty at all times stands much in his way.

Hen. Why Sir, you must know, it soon began to be rumored about who Mr. Lovegood was, as his preaching at Locksbury, and the conversion of Mrs.

Chipman, had made a considerable talk, even in those parts, which was, I suppose, the reason why the landlady of the inn, asked him, if they should not be favored with a sermon, at any of the Churches belonging to their Town.

Loveg. Yes Sir, but you know that was entirely out of the question, as I was under the necessity of returning to attend to my own duty at home; and if not, I fear there was no probability of gaining admission into any of the pulpits in that town; for two of the ministers are constant attendants at the assembly-room, at the George inn, where we were; and one of them is said to be quite a vociferous bully: there is a third minister whose name is Primrose, who is a very decent character;—they say he is a distant relation of Dr. Orderly's, yet he is so far convinced that I preach *faith without works*, that I am quite out of his good graces also. However, by this event, I thought I had an opening to invite as many of the household as could attend to prayer; and they soon collected themselves together, and nearly filled the room; and an impressive time I must confess it was.

Wor. It is best to follow the scriptures, and “sow beside all waters:” but there is one text you do not take into sufficient consideration.

Loveg. What is that Sir?

Wor. “Be instant—*Out of season.*”

Loveg. Oh Sir! I am not Mr. Slapdash,

Wor. Ah, but you are Mr. Lovegood, and we shall never be ashamed of you.

Hen. I am sure there was no occasion to be ashamed of our Minister on that night, nor the two nights afterwards. [To Mr. Lovegood.] You know Sir, what a blessing went with every word you spoke, and with every prayer you offered up.

Loveg. Oh Mr. Henry! you did not use me well on that occasion.

Wor. What have you done Mr. Henry?

Hen. Why Sir, what I could not help. The landlord's eldest son was so impressed with what Mr.

Lovegood said at family prayer, that I verily believe God has sent a signal blessing home to his heart. And after having received so much good himself, no wonder that he was desirous others should enjoy the same; and after he had mentioned his wish very earnestly to me, that he might invite some of his friends and companions to hear Mr. Lovegood, I told him I thought there could be no sort of harm in it.

Wor. No more there could Mr. Henry; and I hope you and the young man together, got Mr. Lovegood a good congregation.

Hen. Why really Sir, the parlor in which we were, was so full, that it could not hold all who were willing to attend, and I had the greatest difficulty in the world, to persuade Mr. Lovegood to adjourn into the assembly-room.

Wor. [To Lovegood.] And could you have suffered a set of poor sinners “perishing for lack of knowledge,” to have gone away without the word of life, while they were so eager to attend it?

Hen. I believe Sir, our Minister would have run out of town, if he possibly could.

Wor. If he had, I think I should have sent him back again by force of arms.

Loveg. Sir, I was never taken to, in such a manner before in all my life.

Wor. I am glad of it, you will get no pity from me; I hope you had double the congregation the last night before you left town.

Loveg. Why Sir, I am quite ashamed of myself.

Wor. Ashamed of yourself!—What for? If you had been *dancing* in the assembly-room, instead of *preaching* in it, we should all have been ashamed of you too.

Loveg. O Sir! you should not call it preaching.

Wor. I hope it was something very like it. For if you had got upon a table, and taken a text, as you do in Brookfield Church, who would have been the most

inconsistent, the minister ; (though I hate to give them the name, when applied to such characters,) who is jigging and dancing about, with all the frothy, vain people in the town ; or the Minister, who takes a similar opportunity to preach among his fellow sinners, "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ ?" And so the apostles acted, when they preached among the Heathens ; and you have frequently told us, how nearly allied the Heathens in ancient times, were to the nominal professors of Christianity in the present day, who scarcely hold the form of godliness, while they not only totally deny, but even ridicule the power. (To Henry.) But Mr. Henry, if Mr. Lovegood is so much ashamed to tell of all *his wicked ways*, during his absence, I must request you to tell them for him.

Hen. Sir, the last meeting in the assembly-room—
[Mrs. Worthy interrupts, to Mr. Lovegood.] Sir, whenever you chuse to call on me upon a similar occasion, I'll go with you, and we won't mind what people say about our going together to the assembly with such a design, and in such company ;—but Mr. Henry, we must not interrupt you in telling us about your last meeting at the assembly-room.

Hen. Madam, the people crowded in so fast, as that our Minister was almost like Jonah in the city of Nineveh, ready "to fly from the presence of the Lord." I told him, as the providence of God had directed him there, and as the same divine providence had sent the people to hear, and all entirely without his own seeking, that he might resist a call which God might have designed for the eternal salvation of many souls ; and I never heard our dear Minister so much at liberty in his blessed work before. It is astonishing how his whole soul was led out after them, while he was pressing upon them the necessity of seeking for salvation by Jesus Christ : and when he came to pray for the condemned prisoners, (for as we had heard nothing from Mr. Lovely, we began to conclude they would all suffer on the next day,) it is

astonishing how the whole multitude were melted into tears.

Wor. Though he preached upon such an unconsecrated spot! Yet I dare say an abundance of good was done.

. *Hen.* Sir, a gentleman and a lady who were guests at the house on that night, were very much affected indeed: they afterwards called me into their room, and I had a deal of conversation with them, upon the very serious and important subjects which Mr. Lovegood had been delivering among us: besides, we picked up a very excellent acquaintance there.—The dissenting Minister, who lives in that town, was one of Mr. Lovegood's hearers, on the last evening of our meeting, and a very worthy, serious, good man, he seems to be. He came in afterwards, and passed the rest of the evening with us. Some people however, got hold of this, and said, this was a full proof that Mr. Lovegood was *nothing better than a Presbyterian in heart.*

Loveg. I wish they had just such pious ministers as I believe he is, in every Church in the Town. But while dissenters are at liberty to provide for themselves whatever ministers they chuse, who are pious and good, many of the Churches are left to be supplied with those who are dissolute and profane, no wonder, under such circumstances, that matters are frequently so bad with us.

Hen. Well Sir, you know it is quite as it should be, respecting that worthy Minister: we were told with what a deal of diligence and attention, he goes about preaching and exhorting from village to village, and how much good he does, not only by his preaching, but by his exemplary conduct wherever he goes. But Sir, you cannot conceive what a state of perplexity our Minister was in, by a letter he received from the Minister of the Parish, in which the George Inn stands, after Mr. Lovegood had finished his last meeting in the assembly-room.

Wor. (To Mr. Lovegood.) Dear Sir, I should be glad to see it, if you have it with you.

Loveg. (handing the letter.) Sir, you are very welcome, it is a strange production! (The letter is read.)

Rev. Sir,

I hear, that you have had the audacity to fly in the face of all decency and order, by making your *ranting extemporaneous preachments* in the assembly-room in this town, which stands in my Parish. Sir, I charge you to desist coming into this Town on the same errand any more, or I will send you a citation from the Spiritual court. Sir, I hear you are come after some of your followers, who are to be hanged to-morrow, and no wonder at it, for I am told, by Mr. Primrose, one of the Ministers in this Town, that you preach *faith without works*, excepting when you are *ranting upon inspiration*.

I am Sir, and I will soon give you to know who I am,

JOHN BELLWEATHER.

Wor. Well, well, Sir, you have very little to fear from such letter-writers as these: if they were to send their citations after those of the Clergy, who can follow up their midnight revellings and dancings from time to time in these assembly-rooms, it would be much more to the purpose, than to talk of citations for those who use them, for the praise-worthy purpose of the service of God.

Hen. Why, they say, that that Minister is very little better than a common bully, and that when he is at the assembly, calling after the waiter for more wine, or cards, or what they may want, he has a voice like a town bull; but when he is in the pulpit, he mutters over his sermons in such a miserable, low, mumbling voice, that nobody can hear him. "Like a humble bee in a pitcher," as my good old father used to say.

Wor. Ah! his heart goes with his words, while he

is roaring in the assembly-room; but when he gets into the pulpit, he leaves his heart behind him.

Mrs. Wor. [To Mr. Lovegood.] But do Sir, let us now hear what was the result of your second visit to the gaol.—You mentioned nothing about Sam Blood.

Loveg. Oh Madam! the poor creature was a malignant, bitter, hard-hearted papist; and cried, all the world should not make him change his religion, and die a heretic.—He would not hear a word we said; but when we prayed, got from us as far as he could: I suppose by the command of his Priest.

Wor. Oh the horrid delusion that others, besides papists, are under! Who can deceive themselves by a superstitious confidence, in mere forms and modes, independent of every principle of inward and personal holiness, so essential to the salvation of the soul!—But I hope you found the other poor prisoners, on this second visit, in a better frame of mind.

Loveg. Really Sir, I have some hope of poor William Frolic; he not only could speak of the *outward* wickedness of his conduct, but he had also a deal to say against the *inward* depravity of his heart.

Hen. Several things that he said to me, affected me very much. After Mr. Lovegood had given them a most solemn exhortation and prayer, taking some hints from what our dear minister said, he thus exclaimed: “And must this horrid tongue of mine, which has been so ready to utter so much blasphemous, filthy, and lying conversation: and never thought of uttering one word of prayer, till I had brought myself to the very door of death by my crimes, after one day more, never be allowed to speak again? And must these eyes, that have been the inlet of every evil, and my guide to seek after a thousand wicked devices, be so soon sealed up in eternal darkness and death? And must these hands—oh! these thievish hands, and hateful feet, what have they been at? O what a wretch! what a filthy and abominable wretch! body, soul, and spirit!—And must I in a few hours, stand before that God, whom I have insulted all the days of

my life ?"—Poor creature, it made my heart bleed to hear how he exclaimed against himself.

Loveg. I confess I had not half the hope from what Edward Sparkish said ; for he talked, amidst all his occasional exclamations against himself, that he *repented as well as he could*, that he *said his prayers as well as he could* ; and he would do all in his power to receive the sacrament *worthily*, the morning before he died : and that when the minister pronounced the absolution, he would believe in it with all his heart, and that he trusted God would forgive him, as he was sure from his heart, he forgave every body else.

Wor. Why he seemed to have darker conceptions how fallen sinners are to be saved, than he had the day before.

Loveg. Oh Sir, I found that the ordinary of the gaol was Mr. Primrose, who though an orderly, decent man, and well-intentioned, was very ignorant of the gospel way of salvation ; and he had been putting a book into his hands, quite in the pharisaic, proud, free-will style, as though by a certain process of repenting, praying, receiving the sacrament, forgiving his enemies, all of which he conceived to be within his own reach, he was to be saved ; instead of his being brought to cry out, in the name of Christ, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And yet at other times, he would speak in very humiliating language, against his sinful life, and sinful ways ; in short, he appeared quite inconsistent with himself ; but his pharisaic hope on himself, gives me but little reason to believe that his repentance is genuine and sincere.

Hen. Well, I hope that William Frolic is better taught: when he heard Edward Sparkish speak in that manner, he cried : "As to myself, how can I dare to trust in any thing that I say or do? As it respects my prayers, I question if ever I should have prayed at all, if I had not the halter nearly about my neck, and these irons on my legs, the just reward of my hateful ways ; so in regard to my repentance, even the very devils have that, and are none the better for it ; and I fear,

lest my repentance should be no better than theirs. And as to my prayers, what right have I to call them prayers, while I never thought of prayer, till after I was cast into prison, and condemned to die?"

Wor. I think if the repentance of either of these two unhappy youths, should prove to be genuine, it will be evidenced on the side of William Frolic.—But can you tell us of any conversation, which further took place?

Hen. Why Sir, the personal conversation did not last long on that morning, as the gaoler seemed very desirous that Mr. Lovegood should give an exhortation and prayer, to all the wretched objects of his charge: and the ordinary was to be there by twelve o'clock, and after that time, it is not the custom to admit strangers to visit the prisoners who are condemned to die. But I must add this, that many of the prisoners seemed very much affected: and one poor youth, who was in prison for debt, came to Mr. Lovegood, begging a portion of his prayers, in very humble and broken language indeed. And the gaoler's wife seemed very much struck, while she mentioned the formal uninteresting manner in which the ordinary performed his office, and what a different effect the style and spirit of Mr. Lovegood's exhortations and prayers, had upon the prisoners at large. And before we left the gaol, it is amazing how very earnest all the poor creatures were with us, to repeat our visit to them on the morrow, and especially William Frolic and Edward Sparkish, who begged we would not leave them, till we saw them launched into the eternal world.

Wor. It seems then at that time, you had heard nothing of Mr. Lovely?

Loveg. No, nor for some hours afterwards: we had many apprehensions that somewhat must have happened to have prevented the success of the journey; but before we had dismissed the people in the evening of the day, from the assembly-room, he joined the company, though I did not see him till they were

nearly all dismissed. We perceived immediately, by his cheerful looks, that his journey had been attended with the desired effect.

Wor. What could be the cause why he came so late : had he any difficulty with the Judge, in procuring a pardon for them ?

Loveg. Not the least. The Judge thanked him very kindly, and expressed how glad he was to hear of these lenient circumstances, which did not appear upon the trial, so as that he could with any degree of consistency spare the lives of at least, two of the malefactors : and then he told me after he had been with the Judge, as he had so much time before him, he could not rest contented till he had given a call on his dearest Ann, as it was but five miles round : and then when he set off very early in the morning, he had the misfortune to break the axletree of his carriage, coming over that terrible rough place, Starvington Forest, a few miles from Grediton, where he was quite at a distance from any help, so that he was afraid he should have been obliged to have walked to us on foot, in order that he might be time enough to bring the pardon, before the fatal moment arrived.

Mrs. Wor. Was Mrs. Sparkish in the room when Mr. Lovely first arrived ?

Loveg. Oh no Madam, she was up in her chamber, with her eyes red with tears, and her heart ready to break with grief, being now fully apprehensive that her son would suffer on the morrow.

Mrs. Wor. Poor woman, what she must have felt, when she heard that a message of mercy was arrived at last ! how did you break it to her ?

Loveg. Why Madam, when we were consulting the best way of telling her the good news by degrees, we found that Mr. Lovely's servant had been whispering it about the house, that his Master had obtained a pardon for two of the prisoners. It seems it was the chamber-maid that went and told her of the report. Immediately she flew out of her chamber, came into the room in which we were, and under the greatest

extacy of mind, fell down at Mr. Lovely's feet, crying, "O tell me, tell me! are the good news true? Is my dear child to live?" Dear Mr. Lovely was so affected for a while, that he could scarcely speak; after a second attempt, he cried: "Yes, your son is permitted to live; I have his pardon in my possession: and life has been granted to William Frolic also!" Immediately the agitation of her mind was so great, that she fell into strong hysterics, and could say nothing for a considerable time. Directly as she began to recover, her cry was, "O let me go this moment to the prison, and tell my dear child that he is yet to live!"

Wor. It would have been very improper to have suffered her to have carried the glad tidings to her son in so abrupt a manner.---How did you manage matters?

Loveg. Sir, we told her that as it was then so late, that her gaining admission might not only be attended with much difficulty, but that the surprise might be too powerful for her son, as it had been for her, unless it were opened to them by degrees, as there have been instances of sudden joy, being the cause of sudden death. After some further persuasions, that she would be calm and composed, as her son's life would certainly be saved, we entreated her to be at rest, till the next morning: and that for the present we would only send a line to the gaoler, informing him that he might give the two prisoners, Spark and Frolic, a distant hint that their lives might yet be saved.

Wor. Certainly this was the best plan, to guard against the two powerful effects of sudden surprize. I suppose you made an early visit on the next morning, to confirm the good news.

Loveg. Why Sir, we were informed the night before, that we could not well be admitted till after nine o'clock, as the ordinary was to be there before, as they expressed it, *to prepare them for death*, so that we thought the hint already sent to them, might be quite sufficient, without being followed up by another,

till we were admitted to see them. But when we came there, we found that the gaoler had concluded, he had not sufficient warrant to give them the hint we had transmitted to him. And oh, what a distressing scene was immediately presented before us ! The halters thrown upon the table, the executioner ready to pinion their arms, and tie their hands ; the blacksmith at hand to saw off their irons, three coffins piled on each other to be conveyed with them in the cart, to receive their dead bodies after the execution, while the under sheriff and a heap of constables, were getting ready below stairs, to receive their charge ; and crowds of spectators were beginning to assemble, to see them conducted near a mile out of Town, to the fatal tree. However, after we had called the under sheriff and the gaoler aside, and given them the respite, they came with us into the room ; though we requested they would leave it with us to tell them the news, by cautious and slow degrees.

Mrs. Wor. What must Mrs. Sparkish have felt !—how could she contain herself !

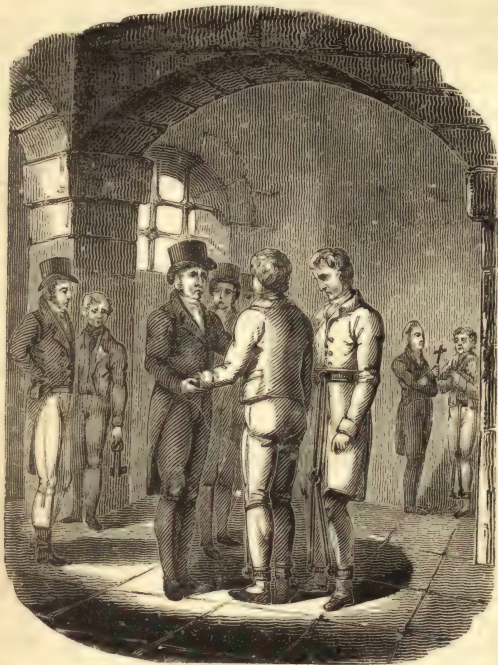
Loveg. Madam, we insisted upon it that she should not be admitted into the room till after we had made known to the young men, that their lives were to be spared : being satisfied, that from the agitated state of her mind, she could have no command over herself ; besides, it was my design to try to make some improvement on these events, while I told them of the merciful dispensation of those providential occurrences, whereby their lives were still preserved.

Hen. In all my life, I never saw such an affecting scene.

Mrs. Wor. [To Mrs. Merryman.] My dear, I perceive you are much affected.—Won't the story be too much for you ?

Mrs. Mer. Oh no : I can bear to hear of any thing, but the loss of my dear husband.

Wor. [To Mr. Lovegood.] Let us now hear how you introduced the subject,



**SAM BLOOD, WILL FROLIC, AND NED SPARKISH,
IN PRISON.**

Mr. Lovegood. As soon as Mr. Lovely, Henry, and I were conducted into the cell by the gaoler and under sheriff, I gave each of them my hand, called them my fellow-sinners, and begged them to pray for mercy; they both of them accepted it, and wept plentifully, while Sam Blood, as usual, retired to a corner of the cell with his priest.

Loveg. Sir, as soon as Mr. Lovely, Henry, and I, were conducted into the room, by the gaoler and under sheriff, I gave each of them my hand, called them my fellow sinners, and begged them to pray for mercy; they both of them accepted it, and wept plentifully; while Sam Blood, as usual, retired to a corner of the room with his priest. As to William Frolic, when I gave him my hand, he kissed it, and quite bedewed it with his tears.—Poor fellow! I really hope his heart has received a wound under a sense of the evil of sin, which none but Christ can heal.

Hen. Sir, you spoke with so much affection and tenderness, that it was enough to draw tears out of a flint; for all the poor prisoners, and especially the gaoler's wife, were so overcome, that there was nothing but sighing and sobbing throughout the room; while you were enforcing Christ's ability, *to save to the uttermost*. And as to Mr. Lovely, dear creature——
[Here Henry could scarcely proceed.]

Wor. Mr. Henry, if you can't continue the story, let Mr. Lovegood try and tell the rest of it.

Loveg. Sir, I next drew a parable for these poor criminals:—I asked them, that if a hope could exist, that some kind friend, unknown, unsolicited by them; should out of the mere good will of his affectionate mind, have taken up their ruined cause, and sought their pardon, and obtained it, would they not love such a friend? Frolic immediately cried—"Love him, how could they do otherwise!" Then said I, remember the grace and mercy of God our Savior, who came down from his Father's glory, purchased our pardon at the expence of his most precious blood, when we were sinking into ruin, and sentenced to everlasting death; ought you not to love such a friend as this, and to commit your ruined souls into such a dear Redeemer's hands? Poor Frolic immediately addressed young Sparkish.—"Though it is now too late to expect such a friend on earth, yet may two such

most miserable sinners, find out a friend in Christ, or else within less than three hours longer, we shall be ruined souls to all eternity!" I then looked at them both and said, What then are you both sure that your lives cannot be saved? and that no such friend has interfered to obtain a pardon for you, however desperate your state may appear? Immediately they caught my eye, and cried, "What, is it possible! can there be a hope!" The eager and affectionate Mr. Lovely cried, "Oh! tell them—tell them there is a hope!"

Mrs. Wor. Oh! what an affecting scene this must have been!

Loveg. Madam, it was impossible that any thing could have been more affecting: they were both so overcome with such astonishment and surprize, as that they fell down upon their knees, as though they had been iron. Immediately we took the opportunity to kneel down with them, and prayed that their spared lives, though deservedly forfeited, yet now mercifully preserved, might be dedicated to God's future praise and glory.

Mrs. Wor. O how delightful that dear man, Mr. Lovely, must have been in their sight! by whose kind interposition, their lives were spared, especially at that very moment when they had given up all for lost.

Loveg. After prayer Madam, the Sheriff shewed them the respite, and I pointed them to Mr. Lovely, and said, There stands that most tender-hearted, though unknown friend of yours, by whose merciful solicitations your lives are spared, just as you were going to be led as victims of justice to the place of execution. Their eyes were immediately fixed upon him: they stood for a while motionless, like statues, till tears of gratitude began to run down their cheeks, intermixed with several broken expressions, arising from the most grateful sensations of their hearts; while dear Mr. Lovely, was quite as much affected as the prisoners

themselves. Just then Mrs. Sparkish knocked at the door, and would rather abruptly enter the room, that she might congratulate her son on this, not less merciful, than unexpected event. She fled directly to him, embraced him, and cried, "Oh my child!" they wept together for a considerable time. In short, we were all so affected, that immediately a very impressive silence took place.

Wor. No wonder that you were all so exceedingly overcome.---How could you proceed?

Loveg. Sir, at length I mustered together all the spirits I had left, and gave them a short exhortation on the evil tendency of a corrupted heart, and its horrid effects, unrestrained by grace; cautioning them, lest the same vicious principle should, after a while, prompt them to a similar practice to their eternal ruin, both of body and soul.

After this the keeper requested of me, that I would give an address to the rest of the prisoners, and while I was about to offer up another prayer, the under sheriff, with great civility said, "Sir, I am sorry to interrupt you, but according to my office, it is necessary that I should be punctual to the time." And directly the executioner was ordered to proceed. Sam Blood, at that time, was walking about with his priest, perfectly inattentive to all that passed with us, muttering their prayers, and crossing themselves, after their superstitious customs; even while we were at prayer, they would behave with equal inattention and disrespect. And when the sheriff came to address the priest, telling him that the time was now come, he said, "Sir, Mr. Blood is now perfectly prepared for death, according to the rules of the Catholic Church;" and while the executioner was taking the cord to bind his arms and hands together, the under sheriff caught the opportunity to say to him, "that he hoped he confessed that his sentence was just;" he abruptly answered, "I have confessed all I shall confess, to the priest, and that is enough;" and when

he further said, "I hope you are a true penitent for all your past offences!" his answer was, "I have *done penance*, according to the rules of the only true church, and am determined to die in that faith. If I had turned heretic, I suppose I should have been pardoned as well as the rest."

Grieved at his ignorance, I attempted to speak to him, for the last time, though I made two efforts before, but he always walked off sulky and reserved. —The priest immediately interrupted me; and with a considerable degree of sharpness and acrimony, gave me to understand, that it is unlawful for their people, to hear any thing from those who are of the protestant religion; or to hold any argument with them, which they conceived to be heretical, as being contrary to the faith of the infallible Catholic Church.

Wor. In what a dreadful state of mind this poor fellow went into the eternal world!

Loveg. Oh Sir! it could not be worse. Soon afterwards he was conducted by the under sheriff and the executioner into the cart; his coffin being sent before him down stairs, and his priest went with him to the place of execution. He left the prison apparently quite hardened and sullen. And as we stopt this morning in Town, a little time after the execution, by report, we have every reason to fear, that he died in the same horrid state of mind, in which he had lived all the days of his life.

Wor. And yet he conceived that all would be safe, because he had one of their priests at his elbow, and that he died a papist.

Loveg. Had he been a Mahomedan, a Jew, or any thing but a Papist, I might have been able to have got at him: but such is the subtilty and craft of these Romish-priests, that they shut up the people's minds from all instruction, but what they chuse to administer themselves, and send them thus deluded, and unconverted from sin, with a rotten confidence in

their priestly power, to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.*

Wor. But what became of the ordinary all this time?

Lovey. Sir, you remember I told you before, that he had done his duty, as it is called, in the former part of the morning ; and it was his design to have conducted them to the place of execution, but having been informed of the respite, he did not suppose it was necessary for him to attend any further : he is a very decent young man, but he wants the candor of the worthy Dr. Orderly.

Wor. Did you stop long after Sam Blood was carried to execution ?

Lovey. Oh Sir, we should have been glad if time would but have allowed us to have stopt longer still. I was highly pleased at what William Frolic said, after all his present fear of death was over.

Mrs. Wor. You really think then, that his mind has been much softened by these events ?

Lovey. I hope so Madam ; but I have long learnt, not to draw hasty conclusions from appearances of this sort ; yet he really seemed to be more anxious that I should pray for the conversion of his heart, after he had heard the good news of his pardon, than he was before ; and as he said he could expect nothing less than to be transported, and that he well deserved it, yet that wherever he went, if he took the same evil heart with him, he should be liable to fall into the same evil ways, all the world over.

Hen. And Sir, it was very affecting to me, to hear him confess how ill he had treated my poor Sister, almost ever since she has been his wife ; and how concerned he was at what my dear aged Father and Mother must have felt, since he has been connected with our family. He really wept more then, than at

* Though I am satisfied this is no more than a just representation of the sad effects of popery upon the human mind, yet I by no means conclude that all papists are equally vitiated and corrupted, by that system they unhappily profess.

any time before, when he begged me to take home his most humble acknowledgments for all his past cruel conduct and misbehaviour ; and that as he could not come and see any of them, he begged that they might come and see him, before he was sent abroad, that he might ask their pardon upon his bended knees ; and as to his wife, it were too much to expect that she would go with him into transportation, at least, not till he had given some evidence, that his heart was truly changed, so as that she might depend upon this, that he would never treat her as he had done ; and that while he suffered for his crimes, he would do all in his power to make her happy in her settlement in those parts, and that then he should be away from all such companions as had formerly drawn him aside.

Loveg. Yes, and then he cried, which pleased me most of all, “but none of these resolutions will ever do, if God does not change my heart ;” adding, “Oh Mr. Lovegood ! pray, pray, above all things, that God would change my heart !”

Wor. One would hope that he could not have expressed himself in such language, without somewhat of the grace of God. But how did Ned Sparkish appear ?

Loveg. Why sir, he could make a number of vows and resolutions, but he soon began asking his Mother about different people in the neighbourhood ; and that as he was now to live, he should want some fresh clothes while he was in gaol. I am greatly afraid that all his repentance will evaporate with his fears.

Hen. Ah Sir ! but that which affected us as much as any thing before, was what Mr. Lovely did.

Wor. Whatever he does is done so much like himself, that I beg we may hear it.

Loveg. [Takes out his watch.] Oh Sir, it is past eight o'clock, I must hasten home : what will Mrs. Lovegood think of me ?

Wor. Can't you stop a quarter of an hour longer,

and tell the rest of your story? Mrs. Lovegood knows you are in good hands.

Loveg. Oh Sir, I begin exceedingly to want retirement, after so much fatigue of body and mind; especially as it is Saturday evening.

Wor. Well Sir, we would not press upon your spirits, or your time; we'll wait till Monday, when you always come to see us. I wish you would bring Mrs. Lovegood and the children oftener than you do.

Loveg. My good Mary is frequently obliged to act a Martha's part; and children are apt to be troublesome guests.

Wor. Perhaps Mr. Henry, after you have seen your Father, you may have something more to communicate respecting William Frolic; if so, we shall be glad to see you at the same time.

Hen. Somehow Sir, it seems quite impertinent in me, to come so often to your house; though you are so condescending to invite me.

Mrs. Wor. And Mr. Henry, let me also invite your wife to attend you: you have married into a very worthy family.

Hen. Indeed I have Madam, and have reason to thank God for it. Mr. and Mrs. Considerate are very excellent people.

Wor. Mr. Henry, as I like to have my friends about me, I beg that you will request them to be of the party.

Hen. Sir, as they generally come by our house, down the hill from Mapleton to Brookfield Church, I will tell them of your kind invitation. I dare say they will be very happy to accept it.

Mrs. Mer. Let me request also, that dear old Mr. Littleworth may be one of the party.—How my dear husband delighted to talk with him, and to talk about him!

Hen. Oh Madam, his want of education always keeps him back from such invitations.

Mrs. Wor. I beg you will bring him. We are

charmed at the plain, unaffected simplicity of his manners: it is quite a treat to us.

Hen. Madam, I will tell him of your kind invitation, but we cannot well be both absent from the farm at the same time, about this season of the year.

Loveq. Come Mr. Henry, we must be going, and as we walk together through the park, I am ready to attend you. [They all depart till Monday.]

DIALOGUE XLVII.

MR. LOVEGOOD; MR. AND MRS. WORTHY; MRS. MERRY-
MAN; MR. AND MRS. CONSIDERATE; AND
FARMER LITTLEWORTH.

BENEVOLENCE TRIUMPHANT.

THE writer of these dialogues, begs to apologise for his old and useful friend, Thomas Newman, who first introduced himself into his imagination; as it respects his fears, a little selfish I confess, lest Mr. Lovegood should be made the Archbishop of Canterbury.* His mind was perfectly correct; his ideas of the distribution of such high ecclesiastical preferments, were not only as honorable to the state, as they were respectful to the characters who should be promoted to receive them.

Who then can presume to cast a second smile on the simple supposition, as it originated with this honest peasant, that such a man as Mr. Lovegood should be thus preferred:—a Minister so truly pious and devoted to God; with so much judgment and wisdom; with so much purity and integrity; with so much simplicity and godly sincerity: so completely delivered from all the fleshly wisdom of the world; who could address a country congregation with such lovely familiarity, and yet with such solemn dignity, so as to make the wisest to wonder, and the most unlettered to understand; who could reason, alarm, allure, as the subject required: in short, who had no fault but his overmodesty; while at the same time, he was possessed of every ability, capable of rendering him truly splen-

* See Dialogue II.

did and great. At one time a Paul in argument ; then an Apollos in eloquence ; next a Peter in bold simplicity ; and at other times, not less a John in child-like familiarity : on the one hand, when the language of a Boanerges was necessary ; such a son of thunder was he, that his auditory would stand trembling before him, struck with astonishment and holy awe ; and when the balmy language of a Barnabas was required, he proved such a son of consolation also, as that no man living was better qualified to bind up the broken hearted, with so much tenderness and love.

Notwithstanding Thomas Newman's selfishness, who would not wish for at least episcopal honors, on behalf of such a man of God as this ?—Happy therefore, shall I be, if this slight sketch of a character so great and good, might be the means of making known his excellent worth, so as that he may be called to fill the next vacant Bishopric, whether great or small ; and long in that situation may he live, to lay his hallowed hands, on many wise heads, with upright hearts, who shall prove themselves "workmen that need not be ashamed," to the honor and credit of the established Church, and to the salvation of thousands, who love to worship within her sacred walls.

One circumstance I acknowledge, I fear may operate against such high preferment, being conferred on such a man, however eminent and good. It must be observed, that he rather made a breach in his accustomed ecclesiastical good manners, while by the imperious command of a hungry starving company of sinners, he was compelled to make use of an assembly-room, when it was not in his power to procure a Church. What could he do, what must others of the regular Clergy do under the like devotedness of spirit, under the same fervent desire for the salvation of souls ? Let charity under the like feelings plead their cause, before a contracted spirit, presumes to condemn.

Doubtless, the Rev. Mr. Bellweather will make known the crimes of this ecclesiastical delinquent, far

and wide; let envy, like the serpent, lick the file, as long as its envenomed tongue can last. Mr. Lovegood is still the same, while his very faults prove his fitness for the episcopal office. Give him but a Bishopric, and he can command all the Churches in his diocese at his will: he wants but scope equal to his wisdom and zeal, and then he will act regularly in course; and under such a call, at least as I conjecture, may we not ask the question, where shall we find the Bishop upon earth, however warmed by his indefatigable zeal; though like Bishop Jewel, who wished to die preaching; who shall outshine the character of Bishop Lovegood, in his unwearied labors for the salvation of souls? Oh that such heavenly-minded men, may never be wanted to fill that sacred office in our British Sion! then shall the Church be blessed indeed, while men, so truly great and good, shall be made the instruments of conferring the solemn character on others also, not less diligent and devoted than the renowned, though retired, vicar of Lower Brookfield himself.

Sorry am I, that my kind readers have now to be in the company of this excellent servant of God for the last time. That the lovely peasant, Thomas Newman, that the simple-hearted Farmer Littleworth, his truly converted son Henry, his worthy sister Nancy, Mrs. Traffic, and their family, the judicious Mr. Considerate, and his family, the plain and honest Mr. Steadymen, the truly catholic and mild-spirited dissenting minister, Mr. Peaceful, the deeply wounded, and contrite Mrs. Chipman, the serious and reflecting Mr. Reader, the most amiable and delightful Mr. and Mrs. Lovely, the pleasant and lively Mr. Merryman, and the very admirable and respectable family of the Worthys:—sorry I am to say, that after this last dialogue, they are to appear no more. And let such characters, held forth as a warning, which have been brought forward as a contrast to their excellent qualifications, vanish from our imaginations without regret.

And should the writer of these dialogues have so conducted himself, as that he can be followed by his readers, even to the last page of the publication, without a nod ; while they are read as an evening's entertainment, even to a late hour, he shall not regret the many late hours he also has spent, in prosecuting the work ; and especially if any of his dear readers, should be brought near to God thereby.

The general invitation given at the conclusion of the last Dialogue, brought on the Monday, to the family repast of the hospitable Mr. Worthy, the following guests: Mr. Lovegood, Mr. and Mrs. Considerate, and Farmer Littleworth. After the accustomed *how do you do* salutations, the good old farmer thus began.

Far. An't please your honor, my dear child Harry, did insist upon it that I should come to-day, agreeably to your honor's invitation, and that he would stay at home at this busy time, to mind the farm, especially as my poor daughter has got a letter from her husband, which old Nelly Trot brought from the post-office to our house yesterday, after we returned from Brookfield Church ;—and I should be very glad of a little of your honor's good advice upon the subject. Poor fellow ! he writes in a very humble style. What a mercy it will be, if the Lord brings about the salvation of his soul, by these sore afflictions !

[The farmer gives Mr. Worthy the letter.]

Wor. Mr. Littleworth, would you wish me to read it out ?

Far. Oh yes Sir, I should like that Mr. Considerate, and our Minister may hear it, that we may all consult together. [The letter is read to the company.]

“ My dear wife,

“ You must have heard from your brother Henry, how my wicked and unworthy life has been preserved, by that worthy gentleman, Mr. Lovely, the

high-sheriff who brought us a pardon from the Judge just when we were all ordered to prepare for death. What a merciful man Mr Lovely has proved himself to be! And as to Mr. Lovegood, oh that I had not despised him as I have done! for I am sure in despising such men, I have been setting at nought my own good, all my days. I now see and feel it was through the most vile wickedness of my heart, that the whole of my life has been so abominably profane. What Mr. Lovegood preaches from the pulpit, I now know must be true; and the faith of his preaching has been so set before us in the wonderful change that has appeared on you Father, your Brother, and your Sister Nancy, as should shame us, while we cannot but admire what the grace of God has wrought on them.

Oh! my dear Patty, let me intreat you no longer to be regardless of what your good old Father has to say. Do not grieve his heart, do not send him any more, as we have often done, with tears of sorrow to his bed, by neglecting family prayer, and by despising his good advice. I know he was right, and that we were wrong; tell him I beg his pardon in the most humble manner, for all that I have done to grieve him; beg your aged Mother also to forgive me, and your Brother to pray for me. Oh what a happy life he has led, since God has changed his heart! and how comfortable he and his wife live together! --and we might have been quite as happy as they, if it had not been through our own wicked natures, whereby we have been living in such perpetual and shameful neglect, of all the ways of a holy life.—It was on this account, my dear wife, that I so frequently used you cruelly, and with so much unkind neglect; while I had to run after every abominable evil, far and wide: but now I most humbly request your forgiveness for what is passed. And oh! that God would change both your heart and mine, that if we are permitted to live together again,

we may live to see better days than ever we have seen yet.

Though my life has been spared, yet my circumstances are ruined by my folly. Transportation, I confess, I well deserve : and as to myself, I had rather be sent abroad, if I work as a slave, that I may get out of the reach of my wicked companions, lest I should be drawn into sin again, by those who can never cease from sin, till God shall change their hearts.

Now my dear wife, I would not wish to be so cruel as to desire you to go into banishment with me, unless I had some hope that God has so far given me to abhor my past life, so as, that I shall not be permitted to return into my old ways of sin again.

I am ashamed to desire you to consult with your Father, how far he would advise you to this step ; no wonder if he should at once determine that you never should go with such an abominable wretch as I have been : nor will I ask it, but as during my future continuance in this land, I should give evidence that my repentance is sincere. But remember my dear Patty, that you are my wife ; and that if God, in great mercy, should bless us both with his converting grace, as it is with your brother Henry and his wife, so you and I shall be happy wherever we may be sent.

I have only one request further to make to you, my dear wife : I beseech you, at all times, go with your worthy Father to Brookfield Church : do not let your sister Polly keep you back ; her laughing and scoffing at religion, did me a deal of harm. Surely dear Mr. Lovegood is one of the best men that ever lived, his exhortations and prayers among the poor prisoners, will never be forgotten : he appeared more like an angel than a man. [Here Mr. Lovegood cried, I cannot stand all this, and was going to leave the room ; Mr. Worthy stopt him by saying, there was scarce a line more about him, as the letter was just

finished ;] and by all accounts of his preaching in the assembly room, it had such an effect upon the people of the town, as never was known before ; and they are very much grieved that all the Clergy did not ask him to preach in their Churches, but I fear it was their wicked envy that prevented them, while the bad lives of too many of the Clergy, greatly hardened me in my wicked ways.

Present him with my most dutiful respects ; tell him I hope I shall never forget his good advice, to the day of my death ; and believe me to be, my dear wife, though once your very cruel, yet now, I trust,

Your truly penitent

And affectionate husband,

WILLIAM FROLIC.

Wor. Really Sir, I should hope that the grace of God has reached the young man's heart after all. He confesses himself in language very becoming his situation.

Far. Oh Sir ! I hope the Lord in mercy has met with him at last. It cost me many a tear before I could read his letter through : to be sure, there is a wonderful difference in the wild *blade* ; nothing is too hard for the Lord. But I don't know what to say about my daughter's going with him into transportation : my poor wife is *desperately* afraid, lest he should turn back again into his old ways, and then the poor girl would be miserable, all the days of her life.

Consid. Very true Mr. Littleworth ; I would by no means determine upon any thing hastily. He has had enough to make him penitent for a while. If his repentance be genuine, it will be evidenced by his "bringing forth fruits, meet for repentance ;" but I think much should depend upon the feelings of your daughter's own mind.

Far. Why, I believe the poor silly girl loved him very much, and that was the cause of all her troubles ; and she would be willing to go with him, if she

could thoroughly depend upon it, that he is an altered man.

Consid. Under such circumstances, I would advise your daughter, by all means, to go with him : I think their separation from each other, might be attended with bad consequences. Besides, what is the way of duty ? they are united for life ; we have no right even to propose a separation, while they are willing to continue in connexion with each other : and from his present broken and contrite state of mind, we have much reason to hope that his repentance may be sincere ; and if God in mercy does the same for her, they will be happy all the world over.

Far. Though I should be sorry to have my daughter so far from home, if she has not been the child I could have wished, yet I know that he will be in much less danger, if he were to be sent abroad, than if he were to continue within the reach of his rakish companions about home ; and he says the same in his letter to Patty.

Wor. But his staying in this country is quite out of the question : thank God, that his life has been spared ; and what justice still demands, he well deserves : there is nothing left but that we do our best for him, till he is sent abroad, and by that time we shall better understand the real state of his mind, and shall be able to determine, how far it may be adviseable for your daughter to attend him, or not. [To Mr. Lovegood.] Come Sir, let us have a little of your advice on this occasion—what makes you so silent ?

Loveg. Oh Sir, what I only meant as private family service and prayer, I find by William Frolic's letter, is taken for public preaching all the town over : but if the people would come in, how could I prevent them ?

Wor. What are you frightened at Mr. Bellweather's letter ? are you afraid of a citation to the spiritual court ? or are you sorry you did so much good in the town ?

Loveg. Oh Sir ! I don't know what to say to it.

Consid. Sir, from your own good sense, you must be satisfied that mere places are all the same before the eternal God ; and that there is no difference where good is done, provided it be done, whether in a ball-room, or a play-house, a meeting-house, a cathedral, or a barn.

Far. As our dear Minister preached with such wonderful success in the assembly-room, he shall be heartily welcome to preach in the large hall of our old house ; and, if that won't hold the people, I have a *rare* large barn, that will hold half the Parish, for I am sure the generality of the people in our town, are in a *desperate* ignorant state ; and Thomas Newman will be clerk ; and pitch the tune, for he sings many a *brave* hymn, while he is thrashing.

Loveg. Sir, do let us wave the present conversation ; we can hit upon a better subject.

Wor. What can be a better subject than the great good you did in preaching in the assembly-room ? I am sure it was holy ground then, if it never was so before, when God was pouring down such an abundant blessing upon the hearers. But what do you mean by a better subject ?

Loveg. Oh ! the endearing conduct of Mr. Lovely.

Wor. Yes, you promised to tell us more of this, when you were obliged to leave us on Saturday evening last.

Mrs. Wor. I remember you left us full of expectation about him ; I suppose it was some kind actions among the prisoners in the gaol.

Hen. Why Sir, while I was exhorting the prisoners, and praying with them, Mr. Lovely was very much struck with the young man I mentioned to you on Saturday, who was in prison for debt, and who seemed to be so much more affected than any of the rest. Immediately he made enquiry from the gaoler and others, respecting his circumstances : it seems his name was Hyde, and he discovered, that though he might have got forward in a profitable line of business, as a Carrier, and was very decently educated, yet from a

degree of misconduct, which arose more from thoughtlessness, than intentional wickedness, and which had also laid him open to the villany of others, he was cast into prison by the cruelty of only one of his creditors, for a bond debt of a hundred pounds, and was thereby separated from his wife and four children, who were all obliged to live nearly a starving life, on a small jointure belonging to his wife's mother; and because she would not give up that to pay this mercenary creditor, he not only threw him into gaol, but was determined to keep him there, notwithstanding the rest of the creditors were willing to accept thirteen shillings in the pound, with a promise to pay all the rest, should it ever be in his power.

Wor. Well, and as times go, this was an honorable composition. No doubt but that such a story would immediately captivate the attention of the tender-hearted Mr. Lovely, especially if he saw the young man broken and penitent under the evil of sin. And how did Mr. Lovely proceed?

Loveg. After we took leave of the prisoners, who followed us with a thousand blessings, Mr. Lovely, on enquiry, found that this cruel voracious creditor, was possessed of a lease which his old uncle had purchased at a low rate, many years ago, which now only depended on one old infirm life. It seems the old miser was very fond of buying leases of this sort, if he could get them at a cheap rate, as he knew what their future advantages would be; and by a clause in his will, Mr. Lovely is prevented from renewing them, so that it is probable he will be twice as rich as his uncle was, notwithstanding his liberality, if he lives a few years longer.

Wor. Pray who was this hard-hearted wretch?

Loveg. Sir, his name is Squeezer, his family it seems, originally came from Grediton; he is a patent screw maker; and Mr. Lovely would insist upon it, that I should go with him immediately from the gaol to his house. He did not at first let him know who he was; only began after his mild style and

manner, to expostulate with him on the injustice of attempting to extort from a poor widow, her daughter and her children, that which in conscience he had no right to expect, or demand; and that he ought to accept the same compromise offered by the rest of the creditors. Supposing him to be some lawyer's clerk, that Mr. Hyde had sent to him, he began blustering about, asking what business it was of his? and declaring he would see him rot in gaol, unless he paid the whole of the debt, and the lawyer's expences into the bargain. Immediately Mr. Lovely, fired in a manner I never saw him before,* though I could not but admire the cause of his displeasure, yet I had my fears, lest, contrary to the natural suavity of his temper, he might have gone a little too far. He directly told his name, while Mr. Squeezer colored up to his ears, and then added, "Sir, I give you to understand, that if you do not come into the compromise with the rest of the creditors, I'll turn screw-maker as well as yourself; and if you don't liberate the young man directly, who has been cast into prison by your bond, as sure as you have a head upon your shoulders, I'll screw you tight enough, by doubling and trebling your rent directly as the lease drops, or turn you and your screws into the streets." Mr. Squeezer said, "Sir, I'll consider of it." Lovely fired again, "Sir, you shall have no time to consider of it, I'll have the young man out of prison before three o'clock, at the very latest, as by then I must leave the town.

Wor. Well, I must confess this was a delightful way of falling into a passion, on so good a cause. You know what St. Anthony discovered, that there was no taking the Devil by the nose, but with a pair of tongs; and how did matters succeed?

Loveg. Sir, within about an hour afterwards, all things were completely settled, and his discharge was actually procured. The young man wanted to run home to his wife and family directly; for though he

• I believe he was angry and sinned not.

had been thoughtless and giddy, yet he was of an affectionate disposition. However, Mr. Lovely insisted upon it, that he and his family, should come and dine with him at the inn, as he wanted to give them all some further advice; and to see the rapture and astonishment of the youth, while he followed his kind deliverer to the inn, is not to be described. Mr. Lovely ordered a plentiful repast, and sent a note to the young man's wife and her mother, requesting their attendance, as they might hear of something considerably to their advantage.

Mrs. Wor. What a meeting this must have been!

Loveg. Quite as affecting as any we had before in the gaol, though of a very different sort. After the young man had been with us about a quarter of an hour, the mother and daughter, and her two children came in—the daughter, the young man's wife, ran to her husband, and cried “Oh my dear! what are you here? Tell me how it was that you could get out of prison!” He answered, “That dear gentleman has procured me my release.” She immediately cried, “Oh Sir! who are you? who can you be? I heard it was Mr. Lovely, the sheriff, who has procured a pardon for two of the poor criminals who were to have been executed this day—are you that gentleman?” He answered, “Yes Madam, my name is Lovely; but you must compose your mind, and after dinner, which is coming up directly, I have to give you and your husband some further advice, for your future good.”

Wor. But what were the mother's feelings on this occasion?

Loveg. Sir, though I am neither a dreamer of dreams, nor an interpreter of dreams, nor in the general, a believer in dreams, yet I was much surprised to hear the old lady cry, after a solemn pause, “That was the very gentleman I saw the night before last in my dream, who came to me, and said he was going to bring my son-in-law out of gaol; and that they

would be a very happy couple for the time to come : and when he appeared to be going from me, I thought it was certainly an Angel."

Wor. She really was not far beside the mark ; for no man living deserves to be taken for an Angel, more than he. But I remember he acted the same part once before, when he released a poor creature, whom his great uncle had confined.

Loveg. Yes Sir, but with this difference ; that poor man had a sort of a claim upon him, having been thrown into gaol by the extortionate disposition of his uncle, while he possessed the property ; but this unfortunate youth, had no sort of claim upon him, but upon his humanity.

Wor. And that is the best claim after all. But what did he do with him afterwards ?

Loveg. Oh Sir, he first gave him some most solemn cautions and admonitions, against that giddy and thoughtless turn of mind which had, in a great measure, been the cause of his failure in the world ; and then, most affectionately recommended him to seek for the power and grace of God upon his heart, whereby alone he could be made "sober and temperate in all things." That all he could do would be of no avail to make him happy, unless he was possessed of that heavenly wisdom, and sedateness of mind, which was the constant concomitant of the grace of God upon the soul. He next gave a similar exhortation to his wife, at the same time putting into her hands, Witherspoon's Essay on Regeneration, beseeching her that she would not cease to pray to God, till she found the same change was wrought in her, which she would find so well described in that book ; that glorious change being the only groundwork, on which the good of our future conduct could depend. Then he advised them both to put their shoulders to the same burden ; observing, that if they paid due diligence to their business, their business would duly pay them for their attention. He next took out his pocket book, and said, "Sir, you want

something to begin your business anew—here is fifty pounds for you, and as I wish you to go to work directly, having given you one fifty, I shall lend you fifty more ; nor shall I hastily demand the debt, if you are more attentive, industrious, and diligent for the time to come.

Consid. With what wisdom, zeal, and liberality this incomparable young gentleman conducts himself in all his noble acts of charity ! what Minister upon earth could have given better advice, as it relates to our social and relative connexions through life !

Wor. [To Mr. Lovegood.] Why Sir, he quite took your office as an exhorter out of your hands.

Loveg. Indeed Sir, none of us had power to say a single word, we were all so struck and surprised. And it was much more consistent that he should give the advice, by whose liberality the young man was redeemed from ruin, and restored to the enjoyment of the comforts of life, from which he was so cruelly debarred. But I have not told you all yet. While his poor wife was weeping with astonishment and surprise, quite overcome with gratitude, he immediately cried, “ Madam, you must not be so downcast—I was once afflicted by some family difficulties as well as yourself : drink another glass of wine, and see how that reads.” She attempts it and fails. He cries, “ Madam, it is only another twenty pound Bank-note from Mrs. Lovely : she is one of the most tender-hearted women on the earth, and I should be sure to have one of her good-natured lectures, if I did not communicate a present from her to you.” And this most elegant and affectionate method of administering relief, instead of drying our eyes, affected us more than ever. And just then, one of the little children who came with the mother to meet the husband, not capable of understanding the cause of our being so affected, ran to the mother and cried, “ Old Squeezer sha’nt send my dear papa again to gaol ;” expressing its grief in such affecting

language as might be expected from a child, who just began to feel a parent's worth, and a parent's grief. This put Mr. Lovely in mind of another method of displaying his easy, pleasant way of gratifying the feelings of his most generous heart. He called the little child to him, and said, "No my dear, Old Squeezer sha'n't take away your dear papa any more : and here is some money for you to buy a great strong lock and key, to lock old Squeezer out, whenever he comes your way," thereby putting five guineas more into their possession.

Mrs. Wor. What a princely mind he has ! I wish his generosity may not out-run his income !

Loveg. Oh no Madam, when I ventured to give him a check, he said that as their family expences did not equal half his fortune, as a plain, retired, though hospitable way of living suited them best, such occasional exertions were by no means beyond his income : and that he should make it up a round hundred before he left town : so he sent for Mr. Workman, the dissenting Minister, as he heard he was very diligent, while others were very lazy in preaching the gospel in the villages in those parts, and gave him five pounds for the poor, five pounds to assist him in his itinerant expences, and ten pounds for himself, as he found his family large, and the congregation that supported him, principally among the poor.

Wor. Noble ! He forgot Mr. Belweather I suppose ?

Loveg. Yes Sir, and we had better all forget him.

Mrs. Wor. What a delightful youth ! and they say his other uncle, notwithstanding his displeasure about his marriage, means to make him his heir ; if so, it will fall into excellent hands. If you have any thing more to say about him, let us hear all you can.

Loveg. I recollect nothing further than that Mr. Cater, the inn-keeper's son, who was so much affected, and more so, when he waited on us during our last dinner ; that he would sacrifice all his expectations, provided he might but follow him wherever he went ; that if he were only permitted to be his foot-

man, or even his shoeblack, he should be glad to serve him, especially as living in such a public line, though not an unlawful occupation in itself, yet as it still exposed him to so many temptations, he felt himself exceedingly anxious to relinquish it, as soon as he could.

Wor. I'll warrant he added him to his train.

Loveg. I believe not : he advised him by all means to continue in the same situation, as decent and orderly inns, were a great accommodation to the public.

Wor. I am told, he has manifested the same benevolent disposition towards his present housekeeper, since he has come to his fortune ; that she was a person of a very respectable character ; and though she brought her husband a decent fortune, and had two children by him, yet the worthless villain submitted to the intrigues of a female servant, whereby her ruin was completely accomplished.

Consid. What astonishing evils arise from these adulterous amours !

Wor. Such was the case in this instance ; for this artful wretch persuaded the man to forsake the house where they then were, and live at a distance, as he had the fortune of this unhappy woman to live upon as they liked. Thus this monster of a fellow, left his wife and two children without a single pilling for their support.

Far. What devils in human shape some people are !

Wor. Directly however, as Mr. Lovely heard of this story, he sent for the forsaken woman, treated her more like a sister than a servant, and provides for the children also.

Mrs. Mer. The lord bless him with a thousand times more ! I never shall forget the many anxious enquiries he sent after my dear husband, while he was ill ; and when he came to condole with me after my heavy loss, dear man, he could not speak a word without a tear.

Loveg. No wonder at it, dear Madam ; they were kindred spirits as far as dear Mr. Merryman's circum-

stances would allow. After his heart was under the influences of divine grace, he was quite another Lovely. Whatever he did, was done with such simplicity and zeal, and devotedness to God, as perhaps in so short a time, was scarce ever exemplified before.

Mrs. Mer. Ah me! I twice told him, that if he went on so fast, we should have scarcely enough to pay our weekly housekeeping accounts; and three times over dear Mr. Lovely sent us ten pounds to be distributed among the poor, just about the time when his generous heart had led him a little beyond the mark. And I must confess, that my religious education only instructed me to be decent, till I saw the wonderful effects of real religion upon my dear husband's heart. (A deep sigh fetches a tear.) Oh my loss! I cannot talk any more about him.

Wor. We must out of respect to my daughter's feelings, suspend the present conversation, and enquire if you have any thing farther to relate about this amiable pair.

While the company were thus occupied in conversation respecting these delightful youths, they were surprised by an express sent by Mr. Lovely to Brookfield-hall, announcing the death of his rich uncle or Grediton; and that, though he had left a large portion of his ill-gotten wealth to bad women, and base-born children, yet that the greater part of the family estate, which at least doubled his former income, was bequeathed to him.

The purport of the express was to request a speedy interview, that he might be favored with the advice of Mr. Worthy, and blessed with the prayers of Mr. Lovegood, as he felt how much he needed both of wisdom and grace, to expend all this accumulated wealth to the glory of God.

The Reader may easily judge what a large field again opens before us from this new event, for other dialogues. Such wealth, in such hands, and under such circumstances, could not but produce matter

for fresh volumes, of the most-pleasing and interesting detail: but where then shall we end? I fear, lest these, my dramatic attempts, should swell beyond the size of an easy purchase. Rather then let the Reader's imagination be left with some further scope for the exercise of his contemplative faculties, on all such displays of mercy and benevolence, in which such a delightful youth would naturally abound. All is summed up in one passage from the sacred word, and with that passage I close the scene, and give my kind and patient Readers, an affectionate adieu. "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things—and the God of peace shall be with you."

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